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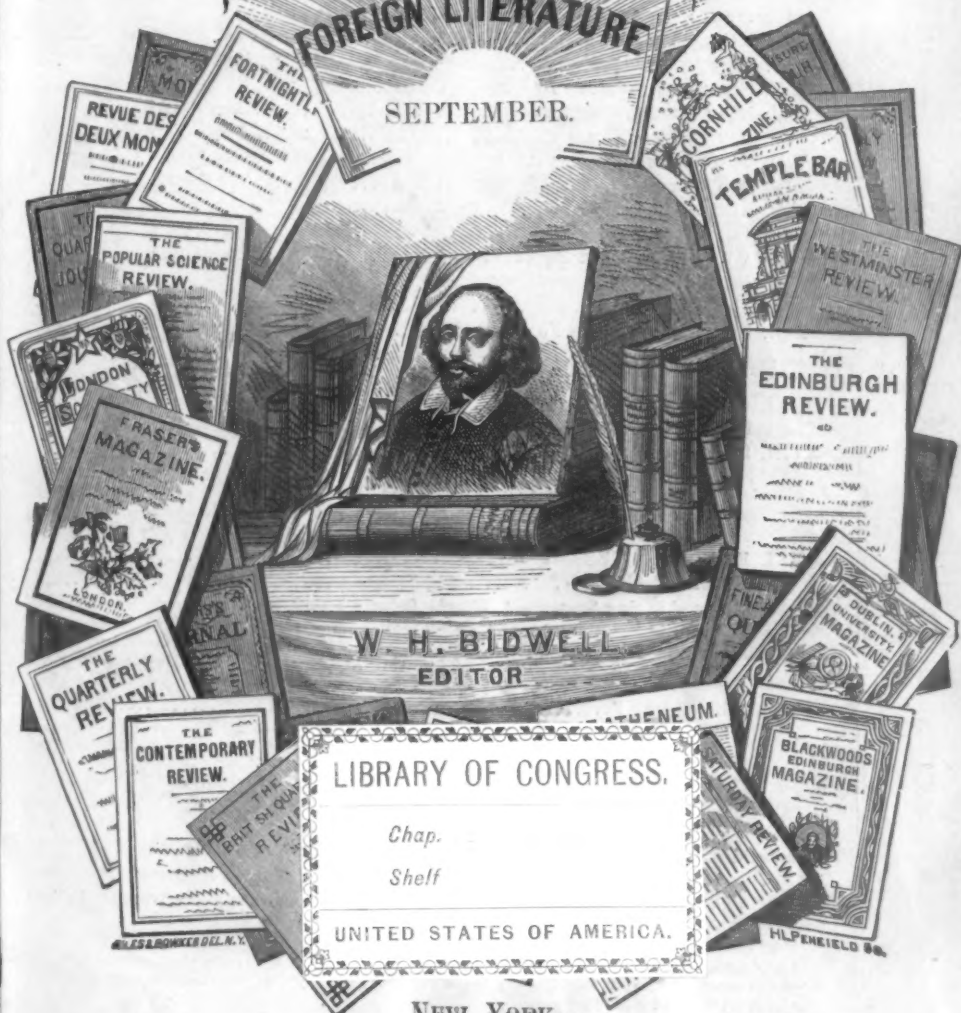
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SEPTEMBER.



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EDITOR

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Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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Vol. XXXIV., No. 3.

SEPTEMBER, 1881.

Old Series Com-
plete in 63 vols.

THE EARLY LIFE OF THOMAS CARLYLE.

BY JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

THE River Annan, rising above Moffat in Hartfell, in the Deil's Beef Tub, descends from the mountains through a valley gradually widening and spreading out, as the fells are left behind, into the rich and well-cultivated district known as Annandale. Picturesque and broken in the upper part of its course, the stream, when it reaches the level country, steals slowly among meadows and undulating wooded hills, till at the end of fifty miles it falls into the Solway at Annan town. Annandale, famous always for its pasturage, suffered especially before the union of the kingdoms from border forays, the effects of which were long to be traced in a certain wildness of disposition in the inhabitants. Dumfriesshire, to which it belongs, was sternly Cameronian. Stories of the persecutions survived in the farmhouses as their most treasured historical traditions. Cameronian congregations lingered till

the beginning of the present century, when they merged in other bodies of seceders from the established religion. In its hard fight for spiritual freedom Scotch Protestantism lost respect for kings and nobles, and looked to Christ rather than to earthly rulers. Before the Reformation all Scotland was clannish or feudal; and the Dumfriesshire yeomanry, like the rest, were organized under great noble families, whose pennon they followed, whose name they bore, and the remotest kindred with which, even to a tenth generation, they were proud to claim. Among the families of the western border the Carlyles were not the least distinguished. They were originally English, and were called probably after Carlisle town. They came to Annandale with the Bruces in the time of David the Second. A Sir John Carlyle was created Lord Carlyle of Torthorwald in reward for a beating

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which he had given the English at Annan. Michael, the fourth lord, signed the Association Bond among the Protestant lords when Queen Mary was sent to Lochleven, the only one among them, it was observed, who could not write his name. Their work was rough. They were rough men themselves, and with the change of times their importance declined. The title lapsed, the estates were dissipated in lawsuits, and by the middle of the last century nothing remained of the Carlyles but one or two households in the neighborhood of Burnswark who had inherited the name either through the adoption by their forefathers of the name of their leader, or by some descent of blood which had trickled down through younger sons.*

In one of these families, in a house which his father, who was a mason, had built with his own hands, Thomas Carlyle was born on the 4th of December 1795. Ecclefechan, where his father lived, is a small market town on the east side of Annandale, six miles inland from the Solway, and about sixteen on the Great North Road from Carlisle.† It consists of a single street, down one side of which, at that time, ran an open brook. The aspect, like that of most Scotch towns, is cold, but clean and orderly, with an air of thrifty comfort. The houses are plain, that in which the Carlyles lived alone having pretensions to originality. In appearance one, it is really double, a central arch dividing it. James Carlyle, Thomas Carlyle's father, occupied one part. His brother, who was his partner in his trade, lived in the other.

In 1791, having then a house of his own, James Carlyle married a distant cousin of the same name, Janet Carlyle. They had one son, John, and then she died of fever. Her long fair hair, which had been cut off in her illness, remained as a memorial of her in a drawer, into which the children afterward looked

with wondering awe. Two years after the husband married again Margaret Aitken, "a woman," says Carlyle, "of to me the fairest descent, that of the pious, the just, and the wise." Her character will unfold itself as the story goes on. Thomas Carlyle was her first child; she lived to see him at the height of his fame, known and honored wherever the English language was spoken. To her care "for body and soul" he never ceased to say that "he owed endless gratitude." After Thomas came eight others, three sons and five daughters, one of whom, *Janet*, so called after the first wife, died when she was a few months old.

The family was prosperous, as Ecclefechan working men understood prosperity. In one year, his best, James Carlyle made in his business as much as £100. At first he earned an artisan's substantial wages, and was thrifty and prudent. The children, as they passed out of infancy, ran about barefoot, but otherwise cleanly clothed, and fed on oatmeal, milk, and potatoes. Our Carlyle learned to read from his mother too early for distinct remembrance; when he was five his father taught him arithmetic, and sent him with the other village boys to school. Like the Carlyles generally he had a violent temper. John, the son of the first marriage, lived generally with his grandfather, but came occasionally to visit his parents. Carlyle's earliest recollection is of throwing his little brown stool at his brother in a mad passion of rage, when he was scarcely more than two years old, breaking a leg of it, and "feeling for the first time the united pangs of loss and remorse." The next impression which most affected him was the small round heap under the sheet upon a bed where his little sister lay dead. Death, too, he made acquaintance with in another memorable form. His father's eldest brother John died. "The day before his funeral, an ill-behaving servant wench lifted the coverlid from off his pale ghastly befilleted head to show it to some crony of hers, unheeding of the child who was alone with them, and to whom the sight gave a new pang of horror." The grandfather followed next, closing finally his Anson and his Arabian Nights. He had a brother whose ad-

* When Carlyle became famous, a Dumfries antiquary traced his ancestry with apparent success through ten generations to the first Lord Torthorwald. There was much laughter about it in the house in Cheyne Row, but Carlyle was inclined to think on the whole that the descent was real.

† Ecclefechan—Kirkfechan, Church of St. Fechan, an Irish saint supposed to have come to Annandale in the seventh century.

ventures had been remarkable. Francis Carlyle, so he was called, had been apprenticed to a shoemaker. He, too, when his time was out, had gone to England, to Bristol among other places, where he fell into drink and gambling. He lost all his money; one morning after an orgie he flung himself desperately out of bed and broke his leg. When he recovered he enlisted in a brig of war, distinguished himself by special gallantry in supporting his captain in a mutiny, and was rewarded with the command of a Solway revenue cutter. After many years of rough creditable service he retired on half-pay to his native village of Middlebie. There had been some family quarrel, and the brothers, though living close to one another, had held no intercourse. They were both of them above eighty years of age. The old Thomas being on his death-bed, the sea captain's heart relented. He was a grim, broad, fierce-looking man; "prototype of Smollet's Trunnion." Being too unwieldy to walk, he was brought into Ecclefechan in a cart, and carried in a chair up the steep stairs to his dying brother's room. There he remained some twenty minutes, and came down again with a face which printed itself in the little Carlyle's memory. They saw him no more, and after a brief interval the old generation had disappeared.

Amidst such scenes our Carlyle struggled through his early boyhood.

It was not a joyful life (he says); what life is? yet a safe and quiet one, above most others, or any other I have witnessed, a wholesome one. We were taciturn rather than talkative, but if little was said that little had generally a meaning.

More remarkable man than my father I have never met in my journey through life; sterling sincerity in thought, word, and deed, mostly quiet, but capable of blazing into whirlwinds when needful, and such a flash of just insight and brief natural eloquence and emphasis, true to every feature of it as I have never known in any other. Humour of a most grim Scandinavian type he occasionally had; wit rarely or never—too serious for wit—my excellent mother with perhaps the deeper piety in most senses had also the most sport. No man of my day, or hardly any man can have had better parents.

Education is a passion in Scotland. It is the pride of every honorable peasant, if he has a son of any promise, to

give him a chance of rising as a scholar. As a child Carlyle could not have failed to show that there was something unusual in him. The schoolmaster in Ecclefechan gave a good account of his progress in "figures." The minister reported favorably of his Latin. "I do not grudge thee thy schooling, Tom," his father said to him one day, "now that thy uncle Frank owns thee a better arithmetician than himself." It was decided that he should go to Annan Grammar School, and thence, if he prospered, to the University, with final outlook to the ministry.

He was a shy, thoughtful boy, shrinking generally from rough companions, but with a hot and even violent temper. His mother, naturally anxious for him, and fearing perhaps the family tendency, extracted a promise before parting with him that he would never return a blow, and, as might be expected, his first experiences of school were extremely miserable. Boys of genius are never well received by the common flock, and escape persecution only when they are able to defend themselves.

Sartor Resartus is generally mythic, but parts are historical, and among them the account of the first launch of Teufelsdröckh into the Hinterschlag Gymnasium. Hinterschlag (smack behind) is Annan. Thither leaving home and his mother's side Carlyle was taken by his father, being then in his tenth year, and "fluttering with boundless hopes," at Whitsuntide, 1805, to the school which was to be his first step into a higher life.

Well do I remember (says Teufelsdröckh) the red sunny Whitsuntide morning when, trotting full of hope by the side of Father Andreas, I entered the main street of the place and saw its steeple clock (then striking eight) and Schuldthurn (jail) and the aproned or disaproned Burghers moving in to breakfast; a little dog, in mad terror, was rushing past, for some human imps had tied a tin kettle to its tail, fit emblem of much that awaited myself in that mischievous den. Alas! the kind beech rows of Entepfuhl (Ecclefechan) were hidden in the distance. I was among strangers harshly, at best indifferently, disposed to me; the young heart felt for the first time quite orphaned and alone. . . . My schoolfellows were boys, mostly rude boys, and obeyed the impulse of rude nature which bids the deer-herd fall upon any stricken hart, the duck-flock put to death any broken-winged brother or sister, and on all hands the strong tyrannize over the weak.

Carlyle retained to the end of his days a painful and indeed resentful recollection of these school experiences of his. "This," he said of the passage just quoted from "Sartor," "is true, and not half the truth. Unspeakable is the damage and defilement I received from those coarse misguided tyrannous cubs. One way and another I had never been so wretched as here, and the first two years of my time I still count among the miserable of my life."

He had obeyed his mother's injunctions. He had courage in plenty to resent ill usage, but his promise was sacred. He was passionate, but fight he would not, and every one who knows English and Scotch life will understand what his fate must have been. One consequence was a near escape from drowning. The boys had all gone to bathe; the lonely child had strayed apart from the rest, where he could escape from being tormented. He found himself in a deep pool which had been dug out for a dock and had been filled with the tide. The mere accident of some one passing at the time saved him. At length he could bear his condition no longer; he turned on the biggest bully in the school and furiously kicked him; a battle followed in which he was beaten; but he left marks of his fists upon his adversary, which were not forgotten. He taught his companions to fear him, if only like Brasidas's mouse. He was persecuted no longer, but he carried away bitter and resentful recollections of what he had borne, which were never entirely obliterated.

The teaching which Carlyle received at Annan, he says, "was limited, and of its kind only moderately good. Latin and French I did get to read with fluency. Latin quantity was left a frightful chaos, and I had to learn it afterward; some geometry; algebra, arithmetic tolerably well. Vague outlines of geography I learnt; all the books I could get were also devoured. Greek consisted of the alphabet merely." Of holidays we hear nothing, though holidays there must have been at Christmas and Midsummer; little also of school friendships or amusements. In the last, in such shape as could have been found in boys of his class in Annan, Carlyle could have had little interest. He spoke

warmly of his mathematical teacher, a certain Mr. Morley from Cumberland, "whom he loved much, and who taught him well." He had formed a comradeship with one or two boys of his own age, who were not entirely uncongenial to him; but only one incident is preserved which was of real moment. In his third year Carlyle first consciously saw Edward Irving. Irving's family lived in Annan. He had himself been at the school, and had gone thence to the University of Edinburgh. He had distinguished himself there, gained prizes, and was otherwise honorably spoken of. Annan, both town and school, was proud of the brilliant lad that they had produced; and Irving one day looked in upon the school, the masters out of compliment attending him. "He was scrupulously dressed, black coat, tight pantaloons, in the fashion of the day, and looked very neat, self-possessed, and amiable; a flourishing slip of a youth with coal-black hair, swarthy clear complexion, very straight on his feet, and, except for the glaring squint, decidedly handsome." The boys listened eagerly as he talked in a free airy way about Edinburgh and its professors. A University man who has made a name for himself is infinitely admirable to younger ones; he is not too far above them to be comprehensible; they know what he has done, and they hope distantly that the too one day may do the like. Of course Irving did not distinguish Carlyle. He walked through the rooms and disappeared.

The Hinterschlag Gymnasium was over soon after, and Carlyle's future career was now to be decided on. The Ecclefechan family life did not look with favor on displays of precocious genius. Vanity was the last quality that such a man as James Carlyle would encourage, and there was a severity in his manner which effectively repressed a disposition to it.

We had all to complain (Carlyle says) that we dared not freely love our father. His heart seemed as if walled in. My mother has owned to me that she could never understand him, and that her affection and admiration of him were obstructed. It seemed as if an atmosphere of fear repelled us from him, me especially. My heart and tongue played freely with my mother. He had an air of deepest gravity and even sternness. He had the most

entire and open contempt for idle tattle—what he called clatter. Any talk that had meaning in it he could listen to; what had no meaning in it, above all what seemed false, he absolutely could not and would not hear, but abruptly turned from it. Long may we remember his "I don't believe thee;" his tongue-paralyzing cold indifferent "Hah."

Besides fear, Carlyle, as he grew older, began to experience a certain awe of his father as of a person of altogether superior qualities.

None of us (he writes) will ever forget that bold glowing style of his, flowing free from the untutored soul, full of metaphor, though he knew not what metaphor was, with all manner of potent words which he appropriated and applied with surprising accuracy—brief, energetic, conveying the most perfect picture, definite, clear, not in ambitious colors, but in full white sunlight. Emphatic I have heard him beyond all men. In anger he had no need of oaths; his words were like sharp arrows that smote into the very heart.

Such a father may easily have been alarming and slow to gain his children's confidence. He had silently observed his little Tom, however. The reports from the Annan masters were all favorable, and when the question rose what was to be done with him, inclined to venture the University. The wise men of Ecclefechan shook their heads. "Educate a boy," said one of them, "and he grows up to despise his ignorant parents." Others said it was a risk, it was waste of money, there was a large family to be provided for, too much must not be spent upon one, etc. James Carlyle had seen something in his boy's character which showed him that the risk, if risk there was, must be ventured; and to Edinburgh it was decided that Tom should go and be made a scholar of.

To English ears university life suggests splendid buildings, luxurious rooms, rich endowments as the reward of successful industry; the students as young men between nineteen and twenty-three with handsome allowances, spending each of them on an average double the largest income which James Carlyle had earned in any year of his life. Universities north of the Tweed had in those days no money prizes to offer, no fellowships and scholarships, nothing at all but an education and a discipline in poverty and self-denial. The lads who went to them were the

children, for the most part, of parents as poor as Carlyle's father. They knew at what a cost the expense of sending them to college, relatively small as it was, could be afforded; and they went with the fixed purpose of making the very utmost of their time. Five months only of each year they could remain in their classes; for the rest of it they taught pupils themselves or worked on the farm at home to pay for their own learning.

Each student, as a rule, was the most promising member of the family to which he belonged, and extraordinary confidence was placed in them. They were sent to Edinburgh, Glasgow, or wherever it might be, when they were mere boys of fourteen. They had no one to look after them either on their journey or when they came to the end. They walked from their homes, being unable to pay for coach-hire. They entered their own names at the college. They found their own humble lodgings, and were left entirely to their own capacity for self-conduct. The carriers brought them oatmeal, potatoes, and salt butter from the home farm, with a few eggs occasionally as a luxury. With their thrifty habits they required no other food. In the return cart their linen went back to their mothers to be washed and mended. Poverty protected them from temptations to vicious amusements. They formed their economical friendships; they shared their breakfasts and their thoughts, and had their clubs for conversation or discussion. When term was over they walked home in parties, each district having its little knot belonging to it; and, known along the roads as University scholars, they were assured of entertainment on the way.

As a training in self-dependence no better education could have been found in these islands. If the teaching had been as good as the discipline of character, the Scotch universities might have competed with the world. The teaching was the weak part. There were no funds, either in the colleges or with the students, to provide personal instruction as at Oxford and Cambridge. The professors were individually excellent, but they had to teach large classes, and had no leisure to attend particularly to this

or that promising pupil. The universities were opportunities to boys who were able to take advantage of them, and that was all.

Such was the life on which Carlyle was now to enter, and such were the circumstances of it. It was the November term, 1809. He was to be fourteen on the fourth of the approaching December. Edinburgh is nearly one hundred miles from Ecclefechan. He was to go on foot like the rest, under the guardianship of a boy named "Tom Smail," two or three years his senior, who had already been at college, and was held, therefore, to be a sufficient protector.

How strangely vivid (he says in 1866), how remote and wonderful, tinged with the hues of far-off love and sadness, is that journey to me now after fifty-seven years of time! My mother and father walking with me in the dark frosty November morning through the village to set us on our way; my dear and loving mother, her tremulous affection, my, etc.

Of the University he says that he learned little there. In the Latin class he was under Professor Christieson, who "never noticed him nor could distinguish him from another Mr. Irving Carlyle, an older, bigger boy, with red hair, wild buck teeth, and scorched complexion, and the worst Latinist of his acquaintance."

In the classical field (he writes elsewhere) I am truly as nothing. Homer I learned to read in the original with difficulty, after Wolf's broad flash of light thrown into it: Æschylus and Sophocles mainly in translations. Tacitus and Virgil became really interesting to me; Homer and Æschylus above all; Horace egotistical, *leichtfertig*, in sad fact I never cared for; Cicero, after long and various trials, always proved a windy person and a weariness to me, extinguished altogether by Middleton's excellent though misjudging life of him.

It was not much better with philosophy. Dugald Stewart had gone away two years before Carlyle entered. Brown was the new professor, "an eloquent, acute little gentleman, full of enthusiasm about simple and relative suggestions," to Carlyle unprofitable utterly, and bewildering and dispiriting, as the autumn winds among withered leaves.

In mathematics only he made real progress. His temperament was impatient of uncertainties. He threw himself with delight into a form of knowledge in which the conclusions were in-

disputable, where at each step he could plant his foot with confidence. Professor Leslie (Sir John Leslie afterward) discovered his talent, and exerted himself to help him with a zeal of which Carlyle never afterward ceased to speak with gratitude. Yet even here, on ground with which he was familiar, his shy nature was unfitted for display. He carried off no prizes. He tried only once, and though he was notoriously superior to his competitors, the crowd and noise of the class room prevented him from even attempting to distinguish himself. I have heard him say late in life that his thoughts never came to him in proper form except when he was alone.

The teaching at a university is but half what is learned there; the other half, and the most important, is what young men learn from one another. Carlyle's friends at Edinburgh, the eleven out of the eleven hundred, were of his own rank of life, sons of peasants who had their own way to make in life. From their letters, many of which have been preserved, it is clear that they were clever good lads, distinctly superior to ordinary boys of their age, Carlyle himself holding the first place in their narrow circle. Their lives were pure and simple. Nowhere in these letters is there any jesting with vice, or light allusions to it. The boys wrote to one another on the last novel of Scott or poem of Byron, on the *Edinburgh Review*, on the war, on the fall of Napoleon, occasionally on geometrical problems, sermons, college exercises, and divinity lectures, and again on innocent trifles, with sketches now and then, humorous and bright, of Annandale life as it was seventy years ago. They looked to Carlyle to direct their judgment and advise them in difficulties. He was the prudent one of the party, able, if money matters went wrong, to help them out of his humble savings. He was already noted, too, for power of effective speech—"far too sarcastic for so young a man" was what elder people said of him. One of his correspondents addressed him always as "Jonathan," or "Dean," or "Doctor," as if he was to be a second Swift. Others called him Parson, perhaps from his intended profession. All foretold future greatness

to him of one kind or another. They recognized that he was not like other men, that he was superior to other men, in character as well as intellect. "Knowing how you abhor all affectation" is an expression used to him when he was still a mere boy.

His destination was "the ministry," and for this, knowing how much his father and mother wished it, he tried to prepare himself. He was already conscious, however, "that he had not the least enthusiasm for that business, that even grave prohibitory doubts were gradually rising ahead." It has been supposed that he disliked the formalism of the Scotch Church; but formalism, he says, was not the pinching point, had there been the preliminary of belief forthcoming. "No church or speaking entity whatever can do without formulas, but it must *believe* them first if it would be honest."

Two letters to Carlyle from one of these early friends may be given here as specimens of the rest. They bring back the Annandale of 1814, and show a faint kind of image of Carlyle himself reflected on the writer's mind. His name was Hill. He was about Carlyle's age, and subscribes himself Peter Pindar.

To T. Carlyle.

CASTLEBANK, Jan. 1, 1814.

Wind S.W. Weather hazy.

What is the life of man? Is it not to shift from trouble to trouble and from side to side? to button up one cause of vexation and unbutton another? So wrote the celebrated Sterne, so quoted the no less celebrated Jonathan, and so may the poor devil Pindar apply it to himself. You mention some two or three disappointments you have met with lately. For shame, sir, to be so peevish and splenetic! Your disappointments are "trifles light as air" when compared with the vexations and disappointments I have experienced. I was vexed and grieved to the very soul and beyond the soul, to go to Galloway and be deprived of the pleasure of—something you know nothing about. I was disappointed on my return at finding *her* in a devil of a bad shy humor. I was—but why do I talk to *you* about such things? There are joys and sorrows, pleasures and pains, with which a Stoic Platonic humdrum bookworm sort of fellow like you, sir, intermeddleth not, and consequently can have no idea of. I was disappointed in Bonaparte's escaping to Paris when he ought to have been taken prisoner by the allies at Leipsic. I was disappointed at your not mentioning anything about our old acquaintances at Edinburgh. Last night there was a flag on the mail, and to-

night, when I expected a gazette announcing some great victory, the taking of Bayonne or the marching of Wellington to Bourdeaux, I was disappointed that the cause of all the rejoicing was an engagement with the French under the walls of Bayonne, in which we lost upward of 500 men killed and 3000 wounded, and drew off the remainder of our army safe from the destroying weapons of the enemy. I was disappointed last Sunday, after I had got my stockings on, to find that there was a hole in the heel of one of them. I read a great many books at Kirkton, and was disappointed at finding faults in almost every one of them. I will be disappointed; but what signifies going on at this rate? Unmixed happiness is not the lot of man—

"Of chance and change, oh! let not man complain,
Else never, never, will he cease to wail."

The weather is dull; I am melancholy.
Good night.

P.S.—My dearest Dean—The weather is quite altered. The wind has veered about to the north. I am in good spirits, am happy.

From the same.

CASTLEBANK, May 9, 1814.

DEAR DOCTOR: I received yours last night, and a scurrilous, blackguarding, flattering, vexing, pernicked, humorous, witty, daft letter it is. Shall I answer it piecemeal as a certain Honorable House does a speech from its Sovereign, by echoing back each syllable? No. This won't do. Oh! how I envy you, Dean, that you can run on in such an offhand way, ever varying the scene with wit and mirth, while honest Peter must hold on in one numbskull track to all eternity pursuing the even tenor of his way, so that one of Peter's letters is as good as a thousand.

You seem to take a friendly concern in my *affaires de cœur*. By the bye, now, Jonathan, without telling you any particulars of my situation in these matters, which is scarcely known to myself, can't I advise *you* to fall in love? Granting as I do that it is attended with sorrows, still, Doctor, these are amply compensated by the tendency that this tender passion has to ameliorate the heart, "provided always, and be it further enacted," that, chaste as Don Quixote or Don Quixote's horse, your heart never breathes a wish that angels may not register. Only have care of this, Dean, and fall in love as soon as you can—you will be the better for it.

Pages follow of excellent criticism from Peter on Leyden's poems, on the Duke of Wellington, Miss Porter, etc. Carlyle has told him that he was looking for a subject for an epic poem. Peter gives him a tragic-comic description of a wedding at Middlebie, with the return home in a tempest, which he thinks will answer; and concludes:

Your reflections on the fall of Napoleon bring to my mind an observation of a friend of mine the other day. I was repeating these

lines in Shakespeare and applying them to Bony—

"But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence."

"Aye, very true," quote he; "the fallow
could na be content wi' maist all Europe, and
now he's glad o' Elba room."

Now, doctor, let me repeat my instructions
to you in a few words. Write immediately a
very long letter; write an epic poem as soon
as may be. Send me some more "remarks."
Tell me how you are, how you are spending
your time in Edinburgh. Fall in love as soon
as you can meet with a proper object. Ever
be a friend to Pindar, and thou shalt always
find one in the heart-subdued, not subduing.

PETER.

In default of writings of his own,
none of which survive out of this early
period, such lineaments of Carlyle as ap-
pear through these letters are not with-
out instructiveness.

Having finished his college course,
Carlyle looked out for pupils to main-
tain himself. The ministry was still his
formal destination, but several years had
still to elapse before a final resolution
would be necessary—four years if he
remained in Edinburgh attending lec-
tures in the Divinity Hall; six if he pre-
ferred to be a rural divinity student, pre-
senting himself once in every twelve
months at the University and reading a
discourse. He did not wish to hasten
matters, and the pupil business being
precarious and the mathematical tutor-
ship at Annan falling vacant, Carlyle
offered for it, and was elected by com-
petition in 1814. He never liked teach-
ing. The recommendation of the place
was the sixty or seventy pounds a year
of salary, which relieved his father of
further expense upon him, and enabled
him to put-by a little money every year,
to be of use in future either to himself
or his family. In other respects the life
at Annan was only disagreeable to him.
His tutor's work he did scrupulously
well, but the society of a country town
had no interest for him. He would not
visit. He lived alone, shutting himself
up with his books, disliked the business
more and more, and came finally to hate
it. Annan had indeed but one recom-
mendation—that he was within reach of
his family, especially of his mother, to
whom he was attached with a real pas-
sion.

His father had by this time given up

business at Ecclefechan, and had taken
a farm in the neighborhood. The Great
North Road which runs through the vil-
lage rises gradually into an upland tree-
less grass country. About two miles
distant on the left-hand side as you go
toward Lockerby, there stands, about
three hundred yards in from the road, a
solitary low whitewashed house, with a
few poor outbuildings attached to it.
This is Mainhill, which was now for
many years to be Carlyle's *home*, where
he first learned German, studied *Faust*
in a dry ditch, and completed his trans-
lation of "Wilhelm Meister." The
house itself is, or was when the Carlyles
occupied it, of one story, and consisted
of three rooms, a kitchen, a small bed-
room, and a large one connected by a
passage. The door opens into a square
farmyard, on one side of which are sta-
bles, on the side opposite the door the
cow byres, on the third a washhouse and
dairy. The situation is high, utterly
bleak and swept by all the winds. Not
a tree shelters the house; the fences are
low, the wind permitting nothing to grow
but stunted thorn. The view alone
redeems the dreariness of the situa-
tion. On the left is the great hill of
Burnswark. Annandale stretches in
front down to the Solway, which shines
like a long silver riband; on the right
is Hoddam Hill with the Tower of Re-
pentance on its crest, and the wooded
slopes which mark the line of the river.
Beyond Hoddam towers up Criffel, and
in the far distance Skiddaw, and Sad-
dleback, and Helvellyn, and the high
Cumberland ridges, on the track of the
Roman wall. Here lived Carlyle's father
and mother with their eight children,
Carlyle himself spending his holidays
with them; the old man and his younger
sons cultivating the sour soil and win-
ning a hard-earned living out of it, the
mother and daughters doing the house-
hold work and minding cows and poul-
try, and taking their turn in the field
with the rest in harvest time.

So two years passed away. Of Car-
lyle's own writing during this period there
is still nothing preserved, but his corre-
spondence continued, and from these let-
ters glimpses can be gathered of his
temper and occupations. He was main-
ly busy with mathematics, but he was
reading incessantly, Hume's "Essays"

among other books. He was looking out into the world, meditating on the fall of Napoleon, on the French Revolution, and thinking much of the suffering in Scotland which followed the close of the war. There were sarcastic sketches, too, of the families with which he was thrown in Annan and the neighborhood. Robert Mitchell (an Edinburgh student who had become master of a school at Ruthwell) rallies him on "having reduced the fair and fat academicians into scorched, singed, and shrivelled hags;" and hinting a warning "against the temper with respect to this world which we are sometimes apt to entertain," he suggests that young men like him and his correspondent "ought to think how many are worse off than they," "should be thankful for what they had, and should not allow imagination to create unreal distresses."

To another friend, Thomas Murray, author afterward of a history of Gallo-way, Carlyle had complained of his fate in a light and less bitter spirit. To an epistle written in this tone Murray replied with a description of Carlyle's style, which deserves a place if but for the fulfilment of the prophecy which it contains.

5 CARNEGIE STREET, July 27, 1816.

I have had the pleasure of receiving, my dear Carlyle, your very humorous and friendly letter, a letter remarkable for vivacity, a Shandean turn of expression, and an affectionate pathos which indicate a peculiar turn of mind, make sincerity doubly striking and wit doubly poignant. You flatter me with saying my letter was good; but allow me to observe that among all my elegant and respectable correspondents there is none whose manner of letter-writing I so much envy as yours. A happy flow of language either for pathos, description, or humor, and an easy, graceful current of ideas appropriate to every subject, characterize your style. This is not adulation; I speak what I think. Your letters will always be a feast to me, a varied and exquisite repast; and the time, I hope, will come, but I trust is far distant, when these our juvenile epistles will be read and probably applauded by a generation unborn, and that the name of Carlyle, at least, will be inseparably connected with the literary history of the nineteenth century. Generous ambition and perseverance will overcome every difficulty, and our great Johnson says, "Where much is attempted something is performed." You will, perhaps, recollect that when I conveyed you out of town in April, 1814, we were very sentimental; we said that few knew us, and still fewer took an interest in us, and that we would slip through the world

inglorious and unknown. But the prospect is altered. We are probably as well known, and have made as great a figure, as any of the same standing at college, and we do not know, but will hope, what twenty years may bring forth.

A letter from you every fortnight shall be answered faithfully, and will be highly delightful; and if we live to be seniors, the letters of the companions of our youth will call to mind our college scenes, endeared to us by many tender associations, and will make us forget that we are poor and old. . . . That you may be always successful and enjoy every happiness that this evanescent world can afford, and that we may meet soon, is, my dear Carlyle, the sincere wish of

Yours most faithfully,

THOMAS MURRAY.

These college companions were worthy and innocent young men; none of them, however, came to much, and Carlyle's career was now about to intersect with a life of a far more famous contemporary who flamed up a few years later into meridian splendor and then disappeared in delirium. Edward Irving was the son of a well-to-do burgess of Annan, by profession a tanner. Irving was five years older than Carlyle; he had preceded him at Annan School. He had gone then to Edinburgh University, where he had specially distinguished himself, and had been selected afterward to manage a school at Haddington, where his success as a teacher had been again conspicuous. Among his pupils at Haddington there was one gifted little girl who will be hereafter much heard of in these pages, Jane Baillie Welsh, daughter of a Doctor Welsh, whose surgical fame was then great in that part of Scotland, a remarkable man who liked Irving and trusted his only child in his hands. The Haddington adventure had answered so well that Irving, after a year or two, was removed to a larger school at Kirkcaldy, where, though no fault was found with his teaching, he gave less complete satisfaction. A party among his patrons there thought him too severe with the boys, thought him proud, thought him this or that which they did not like. The dissentients resolved at last to have a second school of their own to be managed in a different fashion, and they applied to the classical and mathematical professors at Edinburgh to recommend them a master. Professor Christieson and Professor Leslie, who had noticed Carlyle more than he was aware of, had decided that he was the fittest person

that they knew of ; and in the summer of 1816 notice of the offered preferment was sent down to him at Annan.

He had seen Irving's face occasionally in Ecclefechan Church, and once afterward, when Irving, fresh from his college distinctions, had looked in upon Annan School ; but they had no personal acquaintance, nor did Carlyle, while he was a master there, ever visit the Irving family. Of course, however, he was no stranger to the reputation of their brilliant son, with whose fame all Annandale was ringing, and with whom kind friends had compared him to his own disadvantage.

I (he says) had heard much of Irving all along, how distinguished in studies, how splendidly successful as a teacher, how two professors had sent him out to Haddington, and how this new academy and new methods were illuminating and astonishing everything there. I don't remember any malicious envy toward this great Irving of the distance for his greatness in study and learning. I certainly might have had a tendency hadn't I struggled against it, and tried to make it emulation. "Do the like, do the like under difficulties."

In the winter of 1815 Carlyle for the first time personally met Irving, and the beginning of the acquaintance was not promising. He was still pursuing his Divinity course. Candidates who could not attend the regular lectures at the University came up once a year and delivered an address of some kind in the Divinity Hall. One already he had given in the first year of his Annan mastership—an English sermon on the text "Before I was afflicted I went astray," etc. He calls it "a weak flowery sentimental piece," for which, however, he had been complimented "by comrades and professors." His next was a discourse in Latin on the question whether there was or was not such a thing as "Natural religion." This too, he says was "weak enough." It is lost, and nothing is left to show the view which he took about the matter. But here also he gave satisfaction, and was innocently pleased with himself. It was on this occasion that he fell in accidentally with Irving at a friend's rooms in Edinburgh, and there was a trifling skirmish of tongue between them, where Irving found the laugh turned against him.

A few months after came Carlyle's

appointment to Kirkcaldy as Irving's *quasi* rival, and perhaps he felt a little uneasy as to the terms on which they might stand toward each other. His alarms, however, were pleasantly dispelled. He was to go to Kirkcaldy in the summer holidays of 1816 to see the people there and be seen by them before coming to a final arrangement. Adam Hope, one of the masters in Annan School, to whom Carlyle was much attached, and whose portrait he has painted, had just lost his wife. Carlyle had gone to sit with the old man in his sorrows, and unexpectedly fell in with Irving there, who had come on the same errand.

If (he says) I had been in doubts about his reception of me, he quickly and forever ended them by a friendliness which on wider scenes might have been called chivalrous. At first sight he heartily shook my hand, welcomed me as if I had been a valued old acquaintance, almost a brother, and before my leaving came up to me again and with the frankest tone said, "You are coming to Kirkcaldy to look about you in a month or two. You know I am there ; my house and all that I can do for you is yours ; two Annandale people must not be strangers in Fife." The doubting Thomas durst not quite believe all this, so chivalrous was it, but felt pleased and relieved by the fine and sincere tone of it, and thought to himself, "Well, it would be pretty."

To Kirkcaldy, then, Carlyle went with hopes so far improved. How Irving kept his word ; how warmly he received him ; how he opened his house, his library, his heart to him ; how they walked and talked together on Kirkcaldy Sands on the summer nights, and toured together in holiday time through the Highlands ; how Carlyle found in him a most precious and affectionate companion at the most critical period of his life—all this Carlyle has himself described. The reader will find it for himself in the reminiscences of Edward Irving.

Irving (he says) was four years my senior, the *facile princeps* for success and reputation among the Edinburgh students, famed mathematician, famed teacher, first at Haddington, then here a flourishing man whom cross fortune was beginning to nibble at. He received me with open arms, and was a brother to me and a friend there and elsewhere afterward—such friend as I never had again or before in this world, at heart constant till he died.

I am tempted to fill many pages with extracted pictures of the Kirkcaldy life,

as Carlyle has drawn them. But they can be read in their place, and there is much else to tell; my business is to supply what is left untold, rather than give again what has been told already.

Correspondence with his family had commenced and was regularly continued from the day when Carlyle went first to college. The letters, however, which are preserved begin with his settlement at Kirkcaldy. From this time they are constant, regular, and from the care with which they have been kept on both sides, are to be numbered in thousands. Father, mother, brother, sisters, all wrote in their various styles, and all received answers. They were "a clan-nish folk," holding tight together, and Carlyle was looked up to as the flower of the whole flock. Of these letters I can give but a few here and there, but they will bring before the eyes the Mainhill farm, and all that was going on there in a sturdy, pious, and honorable Annadale peasant's household. Carlyle had spent his Christmas holidays 1816-17 at home as usual, and had returned to work.

James Carlyle to Thomas Carlyle.

MAINHILL, Feb. 12, 1817.

DEAR SON: I embrace this opportunity of writing you a few lines with the carrier, as I had nothing to say that was worth postage, having written to you largely the last time. But only I have reason to be thankful that I can still tell you that we are all in good health, blessed be God for all his mercies toward us. Your mother has got your stockings ready now, and I think there are a few pairs of very good ones. Times is very bad here for laborers—work is no brisker and living is high. There have been meetings held by the lairds and farmers to assist them in getting meal. They propose to take all the meal that can be sold in the parish to Ecclefechan, for which they shall have full price, and there they sign another paper telling how much money they will give to reduce the price. The charge is given to James Bell, Mr. Miller, and William Graham to sell it.

Mr. Lawson, our priest, is doing very well, and has given us no more paraphrases; but seems to please every person that hears him, and indeed he is well attended every day. The sacrament is to be the first Sabbath of March, and he is visiting his people, but has not reached Mainhill. Your mother was very anxious to have the house done before he came, or else she said she would run over the hill and hide herself. Sandy (Alexander Carlyle, the second son) and I got to work soon after you went away, built partitions, and ceiled—a good floor laid—and indeed it is very dry

and comfortable at this time, and we are very snug and have no want of the necessaries of life. Our crop is as good as I expected, and our sheep and all our cattle living and doing very well. Your mother thought to have written to you; but the carrier stopped only two days at home, and she being a very slow writer could not get it done, but she will write next opportunity. I add no more but your mother's compliments, and she sends you half the cheese that she was telling you about. Say in your next how your brother is coming on, and tell us when it is done and we will send you more. Write soon after you receive this, and tell us all your news and how you are coming on. I say no more; but remain,

Dear son, your loving father,

JAMES CARLYLE.

Thomas Carlyle to Mrs. Carlyle (Mainhill).

KIRKCALDY, March 17, 1817.

MY DEAR MOTHER: I have been long intending to write you a line or two in order to let you know my state and condition, but having nothing worth writing to communicate I have put it off from time to time. There was little enjoyment for any person at Mainhill when I was there last, but I look forward to the ensuing autumn, when I hope to have the happiness of discussing matters with you as we were wont to do of old. It gives me pleasure to hear that the bairns are at school. There are few things in this world more valuable than knowledge, and youth is the period for acquiring it. With the exception of the religious and moral instruction which I had the happiness of receiving from my parents, and which I humbly trust will not be entirely lost upon me, there is nothing for which I feel more grateful than for the education which they have bestowed upon me. Sandy was getting fond of reading when he went away. I hope he and Aitken* will continue their operations now that he is at home. There cannot be imagined a more honest way of employing spare hours.

My way of life in this place is much the same as formerly. The school is doing pretty well, and my health through the winter has been uniformly good. I have little intercourse with the natives here; yet there is no dryness between us. We are always happy to meet and happy to part; but their society is not very valuable to me, and my books are friends that never fail me. Sometimes I see the minister and some others of them, with whom I am very well satisfied, and Irving and I are very friendly; so I am never wearied or at a loss to pass the time.

I had designed this night to write to Aitken about his books and studies, but I will scarcely have time to say anything. There is a book for him in the box, and I would have sent him the geometry, but it was not to be had in the town. I have sent you a scarf as near the kind as Aitken's very scanty description would allow me to come. I hope it will please you. It is as good as any that the merchant had. A shawl of the same materials would have been

* John Aitken Carlyle, the third son, afterward known as John.

warmer, but I had no authority to get it. Perhaps you would like to have a shawl also. If you will tell me what color you prefer, I will send it you with all the pleasure in the world. I expect to hear from you as soon as you can find leisure. You must be very minute in your account of your domestic affairs. My father once spoke of a threshing machine. If twenty pounds or so will help him, they are quite ready at his service.

I remain, dear mother, your affectionate son,
THOMAS CARLYLE.

Mrs. Carlyle could barely write at this time. She taught herself later in life for the pleasure of communicating with her son, between whom and herself there existed a special and passionate attachment of a quite peculiar kind. She was a severe Calvinist, and watched with the most affectionate anxiety over her children's spiritual welfare, her eldest boy's above all. The hope of her life was to see him a minister—a "priest" she would have called it—and she was already alarmed to know that he had no inclination that way.

Mrs. Carlyle to Thomas Carlyle.

MAINHILL, June 10, 1817.

DEAR SON: I take this opportunity of writing you a few lines, as you will get it free. I long to have a craik,* and look forward to August, trusting to see thee once more, but in hope the mean time. Oh, Tom, mind the golden season of youth, and remember your Creator in the days of your youth. Seek God while He may be found. Call upon Him while He is near. We hear that the world by wisdom knew not God. Pray for His presence with you, and His counsel to guide you. Have you got through the Bible yet? If you have, read it again. I hope you will not weary, and may the Lord open your understanding.

I have no news to tell you, but thank God we are all in an ordinary way. I hope you are well. I thought you would have written before now. I received your present and was very proud of it. I called it "my son's venison." Do write as soon as this comes to hand and tell us all your news. I am glad you are so contented in your place. We ought all to be thankful for our places in these distressing times, for I daresay they are felt keenly. We send you a small piece of ham and a minding of butter, as I am sure yours is done before now. Tell us about it in your next, and if anything is wanting.

Good night, Tom, for it is a very stormy night, and I must away to the byre to milk.

Now, Tom, be sure to tell me about your chapters. No more from

Your old
MINNIE.

* Familiar talk.

The letters from the other members of the family were sent equally regularly whenever there was an opportunity, and give between them a perfect picture of healthy rustic life at the Mainhill farm—the brothers and sisters down to the lowest all hard at work, the little ones at school, the elders ploughing, reaping, tending cattle, or minding the dairy, and in the intervals reading history, reading Scott's novels, or even trying at geometry, which was then Carlyle's own favorite study. In the summer of 1817 the mother had a severe illness, by which her mind was affected. It was necessary to place her for a few weeks under restraint away from home—a step no doubt just and necessary, but which she never wholly forgave, but resented in her own humorous way to the end of her life. The disorder passed off, however, and never returned.

Meanwhile Carlyle was less completely contented with his position at Kirkcaldy than he had let his mother suppose. For one thing he hated schoolmastering; he would, or thought he would, have preferred to work with his hands, and except Irving he had scarcely a friend in the place for whom he cared. His occupation shut him out from the best kind of society, which there, as elsewhere, had its exclusive rules. He was received, for Irving's sake, in the family of Mr. Martin, the minister, who was in some degree of intimacy there, liking Martin himself, and to some extent, but not much, his wife and daughters, to one of whom Irving had perhaps too precipitately become engaged. There were others also—Mr. Swan, a Kirkcaldy merchant, particularly—for whom he had a grateful remembrance; but it is clear, both from Irving's letters to him and from his own confession, that he was not popular either there or anywhere. Shy and reserved at one moment, at another sarcastically self-asserting, with forces working in him which he did not himself understand, and which still less could be understood by others, he could neither properly accommodate himself to the tone of Scotch provincial drawing-rooms, nor even to the business which he had specially to do. A man of genius can do the lowest work as well as the highest; but genius in the process of

developing, combined with an irritable nervous system and a fiercely impatient temperament, was not happily occupied in teaching stupid lads the elements of Latin and arithmetic. Nor were matters mended when the Town Corporation, who were his masters, took upon them, as sometimes happened, to instruct or rebuke him.

Life, however, even under these hard circumstances, was not without its romance. I borrow a passage from the "Reminiscences":—

The Kirkcaldy people were a pleasant, solid, honest kind of fellow mortals, something of quietly fruitful, of good old Scotch in their works and ways, more vernacular, peaceably fixed and almost genial in their mode of life, than I had been used to in the border home land. Fife generally we liked. Those ancient little burghs and sea villages, with their poor little havens, salt-pans and weather-beaten bits of Cyclopean breakwaters, and rude innocent machineries, are still kindly to me to think of. Kirkcaldy itself had many looms, had Baltic trade, whale fishery, etc., and was a solidly diligent and yet by no means a panting, puffing, or in any way gambling "Lang Town." Its flax-mill machinery, I remember, was turned mainly by wind; and curious blue-painted wheels with oblique vans rose from many roofs for that end. We all, I in particular, always rather liked the people, though from the distance chiefly, chagrined and discouraged by the sad trade one had. Some hospitable human friends I found, and these were at intervals a fine little element; but in general we were but onlookers, the one real society our books and our few selves. Not even with the bright young ladies (which was a sad feature) were we generally on speaking terms. By far the brightest and cleverest, however, an ex-pupil of Irving's, and genealogically and otherwise, being poorish and well-bred, rather an alien in Kirkcaldy, I did at last make some acquaintance with—at Irving's first, I think, though she rarely came thither—and it might easily have been more, had she and her aunt and our economics and other circumstances liked. She was of the fair-complexioned, softly elegant, softly grave, witty and comely type, and had a good deal of gracefulness, intelligence, and other talent. Irving, too, it was sometimes thought, found her very interesting, could the Miss Martin bonds have allowed, which they never would. To me, who had only known her for a few months, and who within a twelve or fifteen months saw the last of her, she continued, for perhaps three years, a figure hanging more or less in my fancy, on the usual romantic, or latterly quite elegiac and silent terms, and to this day there is in me a good will to her, a candid and gentle pity, if needed at all. She was of the Aberdeenshire Gordons. Margaret Gordon, born I think in New Brunswick, where her father, probably in some official post, had

died young and poor; but her accent was prettily English, and her voice very fine.

An aunt (widow in Fife, childless with limited resources, but of frugal cultivated turn; a lean proud elderly dame, once a Miss Gordon herself; sang Scotch songs beautifully, and talked shrewd Aberdeenshire in accent and otherwise) had adopted her and brought her hither over seas; and here, as Irving's ex-pupil, she now, cheery though with dim outlooks, was. Irving saw her again in Glasgow one summer's touring, etc.; he himself accompanying joyfully—not joining, so I understood, in the retinue of suitors or potential suitors; rather perhaps indicating gently "No, I must not." A year or so after we heard the fair Margaret had married some rich insignificant Mr. Something, who afterward got into Parliament, thence out to "Nova Scotia" (or so) as governor, and I heard of her no more, except that lately she was still living childless as the "dowager lady," her Mr. Something having got knighted before dying. Poor Margaret! I saw her recognizable to me here in her London time, 1840, or so, twice; once with her maid in Piccadilly promenading—little altered; a second time that same year, or next, on horseback both of us, and meeting in the gate of Hyde Park, when her eyes (but that was all) said to me almost touchingly, yes, yes, that is you.

Margaret Gordon was the original, so far as there was an original, of Blumine in "Sartor Resartus." Two letters from her remain among Carlyle's papers, which show that on both sides their regard for each other had found expression. Circumstances, however, and the unpromising appearance of Carlyle's situation and prospects, forbade an engagement between them, and acquit the aunt of needless harshness in peremptorily putting an end to their acquaintance. Miss Gordon took leave of him as a "sister" in language of affectionate advice. A single passage may be quoted to show how the young unknown Kirkcaldy schoolmaster appeared in the eyes of the high-born lady who had thus for a moment crossed his path.

And now, my dear, friend, a long long adieu; one advice, and as a parting one consider, value it. Cultivate the milder dispositions of your heart. Subdue the more extravagant visions of the brain. In time your abilities must be known. Among your acquaintance they are already beheld with wonder and delight. By those whose opinion will be valuable, they hereafter will be appreciated. Genius will render you great. May virtue render you beloved! Remove the awful distance between you and ordinary men by kind and gentle manners. Deal gently with their inferiority, and be convinced they will respect you as much and like you more. Why conceal the real

goodness that flows in your heart? I have ventured this counsel from an anxiety for your future welfare, and I would enforce it with all the earnestness of the most sincere friendship. Let your light shine before men, and think them not unworthy the trouble. This exercise will prove its own reward. It must be a pleasing thing to live in the affections of others. Again adieu. Pardon the freedom I have used, and when you think of me be it as of a kind sister, to whom your happiness will always yield delight, and your griefs sorrow.

Yours, with esteem and regard,
M.

I give you not my address because I dare not promise to see you.

Carlyle had by this time abandoned the "ministry" as his possible future profession—not without a struggle, for both his father's and his mother's hearts had been set upon it; but the "grave prohibitive doubts" which had risen in him of their own accord had been strengthened by Gibbon, whom he had found in Irving's library and had eagerly devoured. Never at any time had he "the least inclination" for such an office, and his father, though deeply disappointed, was too wise a man to remonstrate.* The "schoolmastering" too, after two years' experience of it, became intolerable. His disposition, at once shy and defiantly proud, had perplexed and displeased the Kirkcaldy burghers. Both he and Irving fell into unpleasant collisions with their employers, and neither of them was sufficiently docile to submit to reproof. An opposition school had been set up which drew off the pupils, and finally they both concluded that they had had enough of it—"better die than be a

schoolmaster for one's living"—and would seek some other means of supporting themselves. Carlyle had passed his summer holidays as usual at Mainhill (1818), where he had perhaps talked over his prospects with his family. On his return to Kirkcaldy in September, he wrote to his father explaining his situation. He had saved about 90%, on which, with his thrifty habits, he said that he could support himself in Edinburgh till he could "fall into some other way of doing." He could perhaps get a few mathematical pupils, and meantime could study for the *bar*. He waited only for his father's approval to send in his resignation. The letter was accompanied by one of his constant presents to his mother, who was again at home, though not yet fully recovered.

John Carlyle to Thomas Carlyle.

MAINHILL, September 16, 1818.

DEAR BROTHER: We received yours, and it told us of your safe arrival at Kirkcaldy. Our mother has grown better every day since you left us. She is as steady as ever she was, has been upon haystacks three or four times, and has been at church every Sabbath since she came home, behaving always very decently. Also she has given over talking and singing, and spends some of her time consulting Ralph Erskine. She sleeps every night, and hinders no person to sleep, but can do with less than the generality of people. In fact we may conclude that she is as wise as could be expected. She has none of the hypocritical mask with which some people clothe their sentiments. One day, having met Agg Byers, she says, "Weel, Agg, lass, I've never spoken t'ye sine ye stole our coals. I'll gie ye an advice: never steal nae more."

Alexander Carlyle to Thomas Carlyle.

SEPTEMBER 18, 1818.

MY DEAR BROTHER: We were glad to hear of your having arrived in safety, though your prospects were not brilliant. My father is at Ecclefechan to-day at a market, but before he went he told me to mention that with regard to his advising you, he was unable to give you any advice. He thought it might be necessary to consult Leslie before you gave up, but you might do what seemed to you good. Had my advice any weight, I would advise you to try the law. You may think you have not money enough to try that, but with what assistance we could make, and your own industry, I think there would be no fear but you would succeed. The box which contained my mother's bonnet came a day or two ago. She is very well pleased with it, though my father thought it too gaudy; but she purposes writing to you herself.

The end was, that, when December

* "With me," he says in a private note, "it was never much in favor, though my parents silently much wished it, as I knew well. Finding I had objections, my father, with a magnanimity which I admired and admire, left me frankly to my own guidance in that matter, as did my mother, perhaps still more lovingly, though not so silently; and the theological course which could be prosecuted or kept open by appearing annually, putting down your name, but with some trifling fee, in the register, and then going your way, was, after perhaps two years of this languid form, allowed to close itself for good. I remember yet being on the street in Argyll Square, Edinburgh, probably in 1817, and come over from Kirkcaldy with some intent, the languidest possible, still to put down my name and fee. The official person, when I rung, was not at home, and my instant feeling was, 'Very good, then, very good; let this be Finis in the matter,' and it really was.—T. C."

came, Carlyle and Irving "kicked the schoolmaster functions over," removed to Edinburgh, and were adrift on the world. Irving had little to fear; he had money, friends, reputation; he had a profession, and was waiting only for "a call" to enter on his full privileges. Carlyle was far more unfavorably situated. He was poor, unpopular, comparatively unknown, or, if known, known only to be feared and even shunned. In Edinburgh, "from my fellow-creatures," he says, "little or nothing but vinegar was my reception when we happened to meet or pass near each other—my own blame mainly, so proud, shy, poor, at once so insignificant-looking, and so grim and sorrowful. That in 'Sartor' of the worm trodden on and proving a torpedo, is not wholly a fable, but did actually befall once or twice, as I still with a kind of small, not ungenial, malice can remember." He had, however, as was said, nearly a hundred pounds, which he had saved out of his earnings; he had a consciousness of integrity worth more than gold to him. He had thrifty self-denying habits which made him content with the barest necessities, and he resolutely faced his position. His family, though silently disapproving the step which he had taken, and necessarily anxious about him, rendered what help they could. Once more the Ecclefechan carrier brought up the weekly or monthly supplies of oatmeal, cakes, butter, and, when needed, under-garments, returning with the dirty linen for the mother to wash and mend, and occasional presents which were never forgotten; while Carlyle, after a thought of civil-engineering, for which his mathematical training gave him a passing inclination, set down seriously, if not very assiduously, to study law. Letters to and from Ecclefechan were constant, the carrier acting as postman. Selections from them bring the scene and characters before the reader's eyes.

Sister Mary, then twelve years old, writes:

I take the opportunity of sending you this scrawl. I got the hat you sent with Sandy [brother Alexander], and it fits very well. It was far too good; a worse would have done very well. Boys and I are employed this winter in waiting on the cattle, and are going

on very well at present. I generally write a copy every night, and read a little in the 'Cottagers of Glenburnie,' or some such like; and it shall be my earnest desire never to imitate the abominable slutteries of Mrs. Maclarly. The remarks of the author, Mrs. Hamilton, often bring your neat ways in my mind, and I hope to be benefited by them. In the meantime, I shall endeavor to be a good girl, to be kind and obedient to my parents, and obliging to my brothers and sisters. You will write me a long letter when the carrier comes back.

The mother was unwearied in her affectionate solicitude—solicitude for the eternal as well as temporal interests of her darling child.

Mrs. Carlyle to Thomas Carlyle.

MAINHILL, January 3, 1819.

DEAR SON: I received yours in due time, and was glad to hear you were well. I hope you will be healthier, moving about in the city, than in your former way. Health is a valuable privilege; try to improve it, then. The time is short. Another year has commenced. Time is on the wing and flies swiftly. Seek God with all your heart; and oh, my dear son, cease not to pray for His counsel in all your ways. Fear not the world; you will be provided for as He sees meet for you.

As a sincere friend, whom you are always dear to, I beg you do not neglect reading a part of your Bible daily, and may the Lord open your eyes to see wondrous things out of His law! But it is now two o'clock in the morning, and a bad pen, bad ink, and I as bad at writing. I will drop it and add no more, but remain

Your loving mother,
PEGGIE CARLYLE.

Carlyle had written a sermon on the salutary effects of "affliction," as his first exercise in the Divinity school. He was beginning now, in addition to the problem of living which he had to solve, to learn what affliction meant. He was attacked with dyspepsia, which never wholly left him, and in these early years soon assumed its most torturing form like "a rat gnawing at the pit of his stomach;" his natural irritability found escape in expressions which showed that he was already attaining a mastery of language. The noises of Edinburgh drove him wild and opened the sluices of his denunciatory eloquence.

I find living here very high (he wrote soon after he was settled in his lodgings). An hour, ago I paid my week's bill, which, though 15s. 2d., was the smallest of the three I have yet discharged. This is an unreasonable sum when I consider the slender accommodation and the paltry, ill-cooked morsel which is my

daily pittance. There is also a schoolmaster right overhead, whose noisy brats give me at times no small annoyance. On a given night of the week he also assembles a select number of vocal performers, whose music, as they charitably name it, is now and then so clamorous that I almost wished the throats of these sweet singers full of molten lead, or any other substance that would stop their braying.

But he was not losing heart, and he liked, so far as he had seen into it, his new profession.

The law (he told his mother) is what I sometimes think I was intended for naturally. I am afraid it takes several hundreds to become an advocate. But for this I should commence the study of it with great hopes of success. We shall see whether it is possible. One of the first advocates of the day raised himself from being a disconsolate preacher to his present eminence. Therefore I entreat you not to be uneasy about me. I see none of my fellows with whom I am very anxious to change places. Tell the boys not to let their hearts be troubled for me. I am a stubborn dog, and evil fortune shall not break my heart or bend it either, as I hope. I know not how to speak about the washing which you offer so kindly. Surely you thought, five years ago, that this troublesome washing and baking was all over; and now to recommence! I can scarcely think of troubling you; yet the clothes are ill-washed here; and if the box be going and coming any way, perhaps you can manage it.

While law lectures were being attended, the problem was to live. Pupils were a poor resource, and of his adventures in this department Carlyle gave ridiculous accounts. In February, 1819, he wrote to his brother John:

About a week ago I briefly dismissed an hour of private teaching. A man in the New Town applied to one Nichol, public teacher of mathematics here, for a person to give instruction in arithmetic, or something of that sort. Nichol spoke of me, and I was in consequence directed to call on the man next morning. I went at the appointed hour, and after waiting for a few minutes was met by a stout, impudent-looking man with red whiskers, having much the air of an attorney, or some such creature of that sort. As our conversation may give you some insight into these matters, I report the substance of it. "I am here," I said, after making a slight bow, which was just perceptibly returned, "by the request of Mr. Nichol, to speak with you, sir, about a mathematical teacher whom he tells me you want." "Aye. What are your terms?" "Two guineas a month for each hour." "Two guineas a month! that is perfectly extravagant." "I believe it to be the rate at which every teacher of respectability in Edinburgh officiates, and I *know* it to be the rate below which I never officiate." "That will not do for my friend." "I am sorry that nothing

else will do for me;" and I retired with considerable deliberation.

Other attempts were not so unsuccessful; one, sometimes two, pupils were found willing to pay at the rate required. Dr. Brewster, afterward Sir David, discovered Carlyle and gave him employment on his Encyclopædia. He was thus able to earn, as long as the session lasted, about two pounds a week, and on this he contrived to live without trenching on his capital. His chief pleasure was his correspondence with his mother, which never slackened. She had written to tell him of the death of her sister Mary. He replies—

EDINBURGH, Monday, March 29, 1819.

MY DEAR MOTHER: I am so much obliged to you for the affectionate concern which you express for me in that long letter that I cannot delay to send you a few brief words by way of reply. I was affected by the short notice you give me of Aunt Mary's death, and the short reflections with which you close it. It is true, my dear mother, "that we must all soon follow her," such is the unalterable and not unpleasant doom of men. Then it is well for those who, at that awful moment which is before every one, shall be able to look back with calmness and forward with hope. But I need not dwell upon this solemn subject. It is familiar to the thoughts of every one who has any thought.

I am rather afraid I have not been quite regular in reading that best of books which you recommended to me. However, last night I was reading upon my favorite Job, and I hope to do better in time to come. I entreat you to believe that I am sincerely desirous of being a good man; and though we may differ in some few unimportant particulars, yet I firmly trust that the same power which created us with imperfect faculties will pardon the errors of every one (and none are without them) who seeks truth and righteousness with a simple heart.

You need not fear my studying too much. In fact, my prospects are so unsettled that I do not often sit down to books with all the zeal I am capable of. You are not to think I am fretful. I have long accustomed my mind to look upon the future with a sedate aspect, and at any rate my hopes have never yet failed me. A French author, d'Alembert (one of the few persons who deserve the honorable epithet of honest man), whom I was lately reading, remarks that one who devoted his life to learning ought to carry for his motto, "Liberty, Truth, Poverty," for he that fears the latter can never have the former. This should not prevent one from using every honest effort to attain a comfortable situation in life; it says only that the best is dearly bought by base conduct, and the worst is not worth mourning over. We shall speak of all these matters more fully in summer, for I am meditating just now to come down to stay awhile with you, accompanied with a cargo of books,

Italian, German, and others. You will give me yonder little room, and you will waken me every morning about five or six o'clock. Then *such* study. I shall delve in the garden too, and, in a word, become not only the wisest but the strongest man in those regions. This is all *claver*, but it pleases one.

My dear mother, yours most affectionately,
THOMAS CARLYLE.

D'Alembert's name had probably never reached Annandale, and Mrs. Carlyle could not gather from it into what perilous regions her son was travelling—but her quick ear caught something in the tone which frightened her.

Oh, my dear, dear son (she answered at once and eagerly), I would pray for a blessing on your learning. I beg you with all the feeling of an affectionate mother that you would study the Word of God, which He has graciously put in our hands, that it may powerfully reach our hearts, that we can discern it in its true light. God made man after His own image, therefore he behoved to be without any imperfect faculties. Beware, my dear son, of such thoughts; let them not dwell on your mind. God forbid! But I dare say you will not care to read this scrawl. Do make religion your great study, Tom; if you repent it, I will bear the blame forever.

Carlyle was thinking as much as his mother of religion, but the form in which his thoughts were running was not hers. He was painfully seeing that all things were not wholly as he had been taught to think of them; the doubts which had stopped his divinity career were blackening into thunderclouds; and all his reflections were colored by dyspepsia. "I was entirely unknown in Edinburgh circles," he says, "solitary, eating my own heart, fast losing my health too, a prey to nameless struggles and miseries, which have yet a kind of horror in them to my thoughts, three weeks without any kind of sleep from impossibility to be free of noise." In fact, he was entering on what he called "the three most miserable years of my life." He would have been saved from much could he have resolutely thrown himself into his intended profession; but he hated it, as just then, perhaps, he would have hated anything.

I had thought (he writes in a note somewhere) of attempting to become an advocate. It seemed glorious to me for its independency, and I did read some law books, attend Hume's lectures on Scotch law, and converse with and question various dull people of the practical sort. But it and they and the admired lectur-

ing Hume himself appeared to me mere denizens of the kingdom of dulness, pointing toward nothing but money as wages for all that bug-pool of disgust. Hume's lectures once done with, I flung the thing away forever.

Men who are out of humor with themselves see their condition reflected in the world outside them, and everything seems amiss because it is not well with themselves. But the state of Scotland and England also was fitted to feed his discontent. The great war had been followed by a collapse. Wages were low, food at famine prices. Tens of thousands of artizans were out of work, their families were starving, and they themselves were growing mutinous. Even at home from his own sternly patient father, who never meddled with politics, he heard things not calculated to reconcile him to existing arrangements.

I have heard my father say (he mentions), with an impressiveness which all his perceptions carried with them, that the lot of a poor man was growing worse, that the world would not, and could not, last as it was, but mighty changes, of which none saw the end, were on the way. In the dear years when the oatmeal was as high as ten shillings a stone, he had noticed the laborers, I have heard him tell, retire each separately to a brook and there drink instead of dining, anxious only to hide it.

These early impressions can be traced through the whole of Carlyle's writings, the conviction being forced upon him that there was something vicious to the bottom in English and Scotch society, and that revolution in some form or other lay visibly ahead. So long as Irving remained in Edinburgh "the condition of the people" question was the constant subject of talk between him and Carlyle. They were both of them ardent, radical, indignant at the injustice which they witnessed, and as yet unconscious of the difficulty of mending it. Irving, however, Carlyle had seen little of since they had moved to Edinburgh, and he was left, for the most part, alone with his own thoughts. There had come upon him the trial which in these days awaits every man of high intellectual gifts and noble nature on his first actual acquaintance with human things—the question, far deeper than any mere political one, What is this world then, what is this human life, over which a just God is said to

preside, but of whose presence or whose providence so few signs are visible? In happier ages religion silences scepticism if it cannot reply to its difficulties, and postpones the solution of the mystery to another stage of existence. Brought up in a pious family where religion was not talked about or emotionalized, but was accepted as the rule of thought and conduct, himself too instinctively upright, pure of heart, and reverent, Carlyle, like his parents, had accepted the Bible as a direct communication from Heaven. It made known the will of God, and the relations in which man stood to his Maker, as a present fact, the truth of it, like the truth of gravitation, which man must act upon or immediately suffer the consequences. But religion, as revealed in the Bible, passes beyond present conduct, penetrates all forms of thought, and takes possession wherever it goes. It claims to control the intellect, to explain the past and foretell the future. It has entered into poetry and art, and has been the interpreter of history. And thus there had grown round it a body of opinion on all varieties of subjects assumed to be authoritative; dogmas which science was contradicting; a history of events which it called infallible, yet which the canons of evidence, by which other histories are tried and tested successfully, declared not to be infallible at all. In the Mainhill household the Westminster Confession was a full and complete account of the position of mankind and of the Being to whom they owed their existence. For Carlyle's father and mother this Old and New Testament not only contained all spiritual truth necessary for guidance in word and deed, but every fact related in them was literally true. To doubt was not to mistake, but was to commit a sin of the deepest dye, and was a sure sign of a corrupted heart. His own wide study of modern literature had shown him that much of this had appeared to many of the strongest minds in Europe to be doubtful or even plainly incredible. Young men of genius are the first to feel the growing influences of their time, and on Carlyle they fell in their most painful form. With his pride, he was most modest and self-distrustful. He had been taught that want of faith

was sin, yet, like a true Scot, he knew that he would peril his soul if he pretended to believe what his intellect told him was false. If any part of what was called Revelation was mistaken, how could he be assured of the rest? How could he tell that the moral part of it, to which the phenomena which he saw round him were in plain contradiction, was more than a "devout imagination?" Thus in the midst of his poverty and dyspepsia there had come upon him the struggle which is always hardest in the noblest minds, which Job had known, and David, and Solomon, and Æschylus, and Shakespeare, and Goethe. Where are the tokens of His presence? where are the signs of coming? Is there, in this universe of things, any moral Providence at all? or is it the product of some force of the nature of which we can know nothing, save only that "one event comes alike to all, to the good and to the evil, and that there is no difference?"

Commonplace persons, if assailed by such misgivings, thrust them aside, throw themselves into outward work, and leave doubt to settle itself. Carlyle could not. The importunacy of the overwhelming problem forbade him to settle himself either to law or any other business till he had wrestled down the misgivings which had grappled with him. The greatest of us have our weaknesses, and the Margaret Gordon business perhaps intertwined itself with the spiritual torment. The result of it was that Carlyle was extremely miserable, "tortured," as he says, "by the freaks of an imagination of extraordinary and wild activity."

He went home, as he had proposed, after the session, but Mainhill was never a less happy place of retreat to him than it proved this summer. He could not conceal, perhaps he did not try to conceal, the condition of his mind; and to his family, to whom the truth of their creed was no more a matter of doubt than the presence of the sun in the sky, he must have seemed as if "possessed."

He could not read; he wandered about the moors like a restless spirit. His mother was in agony about him. He was her darling, her pride, the apple of her eye, and she could not restrain her lamentations and remonstrances.

His father, with supreme good judgment, left him to himself.

His tolerance for me, his trust in me (Carlyle says), was great. When I declined going forward into the Church, though his heart was set upon it, he respected my scruples, and patiently let me have my way. When I had peremptorily ceased from being a schoolmaster, though he inwardly disapproved of the step as imprudent and saw me in successive summers lingering beside him in sickness of body and mind, without outlook toward any good, he had the forbearance to say at worst nothing, never once to whisper discontent with me.

In November he was back at Edinburgh again, with his pupils and his law lectures, which he had not yet deserted, and still persuaded himself that he would persevere with. He did not find his friend. Irving had gone to Glasgow to be assistant to Dr. Chalmers.

The law lectures went on, and Carlyle wrote to his mother about his progress with them. "The law," he said, "I find to be a most complicated subject, yet I like it pretty well, and feel that I shall like it better as I proceed. Its great charm in my eyes is that no mean compliances are requisite for prospering in it." To Irving he had written a fuller, not yet completely full, account of himself, complaining perhaps of his obstructions and difficulties. Irving's advice is not what would have been given by a cautious attorney. He admired his friend, and only wished his great capabilities to be known as soon as possible.

Edward Irving to Thomas Carlyle.

34 KENT STREET, GLASGOW,
December 28, 1819.

DEAR CARLYLE: I pray that you may prosper in your legal studies, provided only you will give your mind to take in all the elements which enter into the question of the obstacles. But remember, it is not want of knowledge alone that impedes, but want of instruments for making that knowledge available. This you know better than I. Now my view of the matter is that your knowledge, likely very soon to surpass in extent and accuracy that of most of your compeers, is to be made salable, not by the usual way of adding friend to friend, which neither you nor I are enough patient of, but by a way of your own. Known you must be before you can be employed. Known you will not be for a winning, attaching, accommodating man, but for an original, commanding, and rather self-willed man. Now establish this last character, and you take a far higher grade than any other. How are you to

establish it? Just by bringing yourself before the public as you are. First find vent for your notions. Get them tongue; upon every subject get them tongue, not upon law alone. You cannot at present get them either utterance or audience by ordinary converse. Your utterance is not the most favorable. It convinces, but does not persuade; and it is only a very few (I can claim place for myself) that it fascinates. Your audience is worse. They are generally (I exclude myself) unphilosophical, unthinking drivellers who lie in wait to catch you in your words, and who give you little justice in the recital, because you give their vanity or self-esteem little justice, or even mercy, in the encounter. Therefore, my dear friend, *some other way is to be sought for*. Now pause, if you be not convinced of this conclusion. If you be, we shall proceed. If you be not, read again, and you will see it just, and as such admit it. Now what way is to be sought for? I know no other than the press. You have not the pulpit as I have, and where perhaps I have the advantage. You have not good and influential society. I know nothing but the press for your purpose. None are so good as these two, the *Edinburgh Review* and *Blackwood's Magazine*. Do not start away and say, The one I am not fit for, the other I am not willing for. Both pleas I refuse. The *Edinburgh Review* you are perfectly fit for; not yet upon law, but upon any work of mathematics, physics, general literature, history, and politics, you are as ripe as the average of their writers. *Blackwood's Magazine* presents bad company, I confess; but it also furnishes a good field for fugitive writing, and good introductions to society on one side of the question. This last advice, I confess, is against my conscience, and I am inclined to blot it out; for did I not rest satisfied that you were to use your pen for your conscience I would never ask you to use it for your living. Writers in the encyclopædias, except of leading articles, do not get out from the crowd; but writers in the *Review* come out at once, and obtain the very opinion you want, opinion among the intelligent and active men in every rank, not among the sluggish *savants* alone.

It is easy for me to advise what many perhaps are as ready to advise. But I know I have influence, and I am willing to use it. Therefore, again let me entreat you to begin a new year by an effort continuous, not for getting knowledge, but for communicating it, that you may gain favor, and money, and opinion. Do not disembark all your capital of thought, and time, and exertion into this concern, but disembark a portion equal to its urgency, and make the experiment upon a proper scale. If it succeed, the spirit of adventure will follow, and you will be ready to embark more; if it fail, no great venture was made; no great venture is lost; the time is not yet come. But you will have got a more precise view by the failure of the obstacles to be surmounted, and time and energy will give you what you lacked. Therefore I advise you as a very sincere friend that forthwith you choose a topic, not that you are best informed on, but that you are most likely to find admittance for, and set apart

some portion of each day or week to this object and this alone, leaving the rest free for objects professional and pleasant. This is nothing more than what I urged at our last meeting, but I have nothing to write I reckon so important. Therefore do take it to thought. Depend upon it, you will be delivered by such present adventure from those harpies of your peace you are too much tormented with. You will get a class with whom society will be as pleasant as we have found it together, and you will open up ultimate prospects which I trust no man shall be able to close.

I think our town is safe for every leal-hearted man to his Maker and to his fellow-men to traverse without fear of scaith. Such traversing is the wine and milk of my present existence. I do not warrant against a Radical rising, though I think it vastly improbable. But continue these times a year or two, and unless you unmake our present generation, and unman them of human feeling and of Scottish intelligence, you will have commotion. It is impossible for them to die of starvation, and they are making no provision to have them relieved. And what on earth is for them? God and my Saviour enable me to lift their hearts above a world that has deserted them, though they live in its plenty and labor in its toiling service, and fix them upon a world which, my dear Carlyle, I wish you and I had the inheritance in; which we may have if we will. But I am not going to preach, else I would plunge into another subject which I rate above all subjects. Yet this should not be excluded from our communion either.

I am getting on quietly enough, and, if I be defended from the errors of my heart, may do pretty well. The doctor (Chalmers) is full of acknowledgments, and I ought to be full—to a higher source.

Yours affectionately,
EDWARD IRVING.

Carlyle was less eager to give his thoughts "tongue" than Irving supposed. He had not yet, as he expressed it, "taken the Devil by the horns." He did not mean to trouble the world with his doubts, and as yet he had not much else to trouble it with. But he was more and more restless. Reticence about his personal sufferings was at no time one of his virtues. Dyspepsia had him by the throat. Even the minor ailments to which our flesh is heir, and which most of us bear in silence, the eloquence of his imagination flung into forms like the temptations of a saint. His mother had early described him as "gay ill to live wi'," and while in great things he was the most considerate and generous of men, in trifles he was intolerable irritable. Dyspepsia accounts for most of it. He did not know what was the matter with him, and when the fit was severe he drew pictures of his con-

dition which frightened every one belonging to him. He had sent his family in the middle of the winter a report of himself which made them think that he was seriously ill. His brother John, who had now succeeded him as a teacher in Annan School, was sent for in haste to Mainhill to a consultation, and the result was a letter which shows the touching affection with which the Carlyles clung to one another.

J. A. Carlyle to Thomas Carlyle.

MAINHILL, February, 1820.

I have just arrived from Annan, and we are all so uneasy on your account that at the request of my father in particular, and of all the rest, I am determined to write to call on you for a speedy answer. Your father and mother, and all of us, are extremely anxious that you should come home directly if possible, if you think you can come without danger. And we trust that, notwithstanding the bitterness of last summer, you will still find it emphatically a home. My mother bids me to call upon you to do so by every tie of affection, and by all that is sacred. She esteems seeing you again and administering comfort to you as her highest felicity. Your father, also, is extremely anxious to see you again at home. The room is much more comfortable than it was last season. The roads are repaired, and all things more convenient; and we all trust that you will yet recover, after you shall have inhaled your native breezes and escaped once more from the unwholesome city of Edinburgh, and its selfish and unfeeling inhabitants. In the name of all, then, I call upon you not to neglect or refuse our earnest wishes; to come home and experience the comforts of parental and brotherly affection, which, though rude and without polish, is yet sincere and honest.

The father adds a postscript:

MY DEAR TOM: I have been very uneasy about you ever since we received your moving letter, and I thought to have written to you myself this day and told you all my thoughts about your health, which is the foundation and keystone of all our earthly comfort. But, being particularly engaged this day, I caused John to write. Come home as soon as possible, and forever oblige,

Dear sir, your loving father,
JAMES CARLYLE.

The fright had been unnecessary. Dyspepsia, while it tortures body and mind, does little serious injury. The attack had passed off. A letter from Carlyle was already on the way, in which the illness was scarcely noticed; it contained little but directions for his brother's studies; and an offer of ten pounds out of his scantily filled purse to assist "Sandy" on the farm. With his

family it was impossible for him to talk freely, and through this gloomy time he had but one friend, though he was of priceless value. To Irving he had written out his discontent. He was now disgusted with law, and meant to abandon it. Irving, pressed as he was with work, could always afford Carlyle the best of his time and judgment.

Edward Irving to Thomas Carlyle.

GLASGOW, March 14, 1820.

Since I received your last epistle, which reminded me of some of those gloomy scenes of nature I have often had the greatest pleasure in contemplating, I have been wrought almost to death, having had three sermons to write, and one of them a charity sermon; but I shall make many sacrifices before I shall resign the entertainment and benefit I derive from our correspondence.

Your mind is of too penetrating a cast to rest satisfied with the frail disguise which the happiness of ordinary life has thrown on to hide its nakedness, and I do never augur that your nature is to be satisfied with its sympathies. Indeed, I am convinced that were you translated into the most elegant and informed circle of this city, you would find it please only by its novelty, and perhaps refresh by its variety; but you would be constrained to seek the solid employment and the lasting gratification of your mind elsewhere. The truth is, life is a thing formed for the average of men, and it is only in those parts of our nature which are of average possession that it can gratify. The higher parts of our nature find their entertainment in sympathizing with the highest efforts of our species, which are, and will continue, confined to the closet of the sage, and can never find their station in the drawing-rooms of the talking world. Indeed, I will go higher and say that the highest parts of our nature can never have their proper food till they turn to contemplate the excellencies of our Creator, and not only to contemplate but to imitate them. Therefore it is, my dear Carlyle, that I exhort you to call in the finer parts of your mind, and to try to present the society about you with those more ordinary displays which they can enjoy. The indifference with which they receive them,* and the ignorance with which they treat them, operate on the mind like gall and wormwood. I would entreat you to be comforted in the possession of your treasures, and to study more the times and persons to which you bring them forth. When I say your treasures, I mean not your information so much, which they will bear the display of for the reward and value of it, but of your feelings and affections, which, being of finer tone than theirs, and consequently seeking a keener expression, they are apt to mistake for a rebuke of their own tameness, or for intolerance of ordinary things, and too many of them, I fear, for asperity of mind.

* *I.e.*, the talk to which you usually treat your friends.

There is just another panacea for your griefs (which are not imaginary, but for which I see a real ground in the too penetrating and, at times perhaps, too severe turn of your mind); but though I judge it better and more worthy than reserve, it is perhaps more difficult of practice. I mean the habit of using our superiority for the information and improvement of others. This I reckon both the most dignified and the most kindly course that one can take, founded upon the great principles of human improvement, and founded upon what I am wont, or at least would wish, to make my pattern, the example of the Saviour of men, who endured, in His errand of salvation the contradiction of men. But I confess, on the other hand, one meets with so few that are apt disciples, or willing to allow superiority, that will be constantly fighting with you upon the threshold, that it is very heartless, and forces one to reserve. And besides, one is so apt to fancy a superiority where there is none, that it is likely to produce overmuch self-complacency. But I see I am beginning to prose, and therefore shall change the subject—with only one remark, that your tone of mind reminds me more than anything of my own when under the sense of great religious imperfection, and anxiously pursuing after higher Christian attainments.

I have read your letter again, and, at the risk of further prosing, I shall have another bit at its contents. You talk of renouncing the law, and you speak mysteriously of hope springing up from another quarter. I pray that it may soon be turned into enjoyment. But I would not have you renounce the law unless you coolly think that this new view contains those fields of happiness, from the want of which the prospect of law has become so dreary. Law has within it scope ample enough for any mind. The reformation which it needs, and which with so much humor and feeling you describe,* is the very evidence of what I say. Did Adam Smith find the commercial system less encumbered? (I know he did not find it more); and see what order the mind of one man has made there. Such a reformation must be wrought in law, and the spirit of the age is manifestly bending that way. I know none who, from his capacity of remembering and digesting facts, and of arranging them into general results, is so well fitted as yourself.

With regard to my own affairs, I am becoming too much of a man of business, and too little a man of contemplation. I meet with few minds to excite me, many to drain me off, and, by the habit of discharging and receiving nothing in return, I am run off to the very lees, as you may easily discern. I have a German master and a class in college. I have seen neither for a week, such is the state of my engagements—engagements with I know not what; with preaching in St. John's once a week, and employing the rest of the week in visiting objects in which I can learn nothing, unless I am collecting for a new series of

* Carlyle's letters to Irving are all unfortunately lost.

"Tales of My Landlord," which should range among Radicals and smugglers.

Dr. Chalmers, though a most entire original by himself, is surrounded with a very prosaical sort of persons, who please me something by their zeal to carry into effect his philosophical schemes, and vex me much by their idolatry of him. My comforts are in hearing the distresses of the people, and doing my mite to alleviate them. They are not in the higher walks (I mean as to wealth) in which I am permitted to move, nor yet in the greater publicity and notoriety I enjoy. Every minister in Glasgow is an oracle to a certain class of devotees. I would not give one day in solitude or in meditation with a friend as I have enjoyed it often along the sands of Kirkcaldy for ages in this way. . . .

Yours, most truly,
EDWARD IRVING.

It does not appear what the "other quarter" may have been on which the prospect was brightening. Carlyle was not more explicit to his mother, to whom he wrote at this time a letter unusually gentle and melancholy.

Thomas Carlyle to Mrs. Carlyle.

EDINBURGH, March 29, 1820.

To you, my dear mother, I can never be sufficiently grateful, not only for the common kindness of a mother, but for the unceasing watchfulness with which you strove to instil virtuous principles into my young mind; and though we are separated at present, and may be still more widely separated, I hope the lessons which you taught will never be effaced from my memory. I cannot say how I have fallen into this train of thought, but the days of childhood arise with so many pleasing recollections, and shine so brightly across the tempests and inquietudes of succeeding times, that I felt unable to resist the impulse.

You already know that I am pretty well as to health, and also that I design to visit you again before many months have elapsed. I cannot say that my prospects have got much brighter since I left you; the aspect of the future is still as unsettled as ever it was; but some degree of patience is behind, and hope, the charmer, that "springs eternal in the human breast," is yet here likewise. I am not of a humor to care very much for good or evil fortune, so far as concerns myself. The thought that my somewhat uncertain condition gives you uneasiness chiefly grieves me. Yet I would not have you despair of your *ride* of a boy. He *will* do something yet. He is a shy stingy soul, and very likely has a higher notion of his parts than others have. But, on the other hand, he is not incapable of diligence. He is harmless, and possesses the virtue of his country—thrift; so that, after all, things will yet be right in the end. My love to all the little ones.

Your affectionate son,
T. CARLYLE.

The university term ends early in

Scotland. The expenses of the six months which the students spend at college are paid for in many instances by the bodily labors of the other six. The end of April sees them all dispersed, the class room closed, the pupils no longer obtainable; and the law studies being finally abandoned, Carlyle had nothing more to do at Edinburgh, and migrated with the rest. He was going home; he offered himself for a visit to Irving at Glasgow on the way, and the proposal was warmly accepted. The Irving correspondence was not long continued; and I make the most of the letters of so remarkable a man which were written while he was still himself, before his intellect was clouded.

Edward Irving to T. Carlyle.

34 KENT STREET, GLASGOW, April 15, 1820.

MY DEAR CARLYLE: Right happy shall I be to have your company and conversation for ever so short a time, and the longer the better; and if you could contrive to make your visit so that the beginning of the week should be the time of your departure, I could bear you company on your road a day's journey. I have just finished my sermon—Saturday at six o'clock—at which I have been sitting without interruption since ten; but I resolved that you should have my letter to-morrow, that nothing might prevent your promised visit, to which I hold you now altogether bound.

It is very dangerous to speak one's mind here about the state of the country. I reckon, however, the Radicals have in a manner expatriated themselves from the political co-operation of the better classes; and, at the same time, I believe there was sympathy enough in the middle and well-informed people to have caused a melioration of our political evils, had they taken time and legal measures. I am very sorry for the poor; they are losing their religion, their domestic comfort, their pride of independence, their everything; if timeous remedies come not soon, they will sink, I fear, into the degradation of the Irish peasantry; and if that class goes down, then along with it sinks the morality of every other class. We are at a complete stand here; a sort of military glow has taken all ranks. They can see the houses of the poor ransacked for arms without uttering an interjection of grief on the fallen greatness of those who brought in our Reformation and our civil liberty, and they will hardly suffer a sympathizing word from any one. Dr. Chalmers takes a safe course in all these difficulties. The truth is, he does not side with any party. He has a few political nostrums so peculiar that they serve to detach his ideal mind both from Whigs and Tories and Radicals—that Britain would have been as flourishing and full of capital though there had been round the island a brazen wall a thousand cubits high; that the

national debt does us neither good nor ill, amounting to nothing more or less than a mortgage upon property, etc. The Whigs dare not speak. The philanthropists are so much taken up, each with his own locality, as to take little charge of the general concern; and so the Tories have room to rage and talk big about armaments and pikes and battles. They had London well fortified yesterday by the Radicals, and so forth.

Now it will be like the unimprisoning of a bird to come and let me have free talk. Not that I have anything to say in favor of Radicalism, for it is the very destitution of philosophy and religion and political economy; but that we may lose ourselves so delightfully in reveries upon the emendation of the State, to which, in fact, you and I can bring as little help as we could have done against the late inundation of the Vallois.

I like the tone of your last letter, for, remember, I read your very tones and gestures, at this distance of place, through your letter, though it be not the most diaphanous of bodies. I have no more fear of your final success than Noah had of the Deluge ceasing; and though the first dove returned, as you say you are to return to your father's shelter, without even a leaf, yet the next time, believe me, you shall return with a leaf; and yet another time, and you shall take a flight who knows where? But of this and other things I delay further parley.

Yours affectionately,
EDWARD IRVING.

Carlyle went to Glasgow, spent several days there, noting, according to his habit, the outward signs of men and things. He saw the Glasgow merchants in the Tontine, he observed them, fine, clean, opulent, with their shining bald crowns and serene white heads, sauntering about or reading their newspapers. He criticised the dresses of the young ladies, for whom he had always an eye, remarking that with all their charms they had less taste in their adornments than were to be seen in Edinburgh drawing-rooms. He saw Chalmers too, and heard him preach. "Never preacher went so into one's heart." Some private talk, too, there was with Chalmers, "the doctor" explaining to him "a new scheme for proving the truth of Christianity," "all written in us already in *sympathetic ink*; Bible awakens it, and you can read."

But the chief interest in the Glasgow visit lies less in itself than in what followed it—a conversation between two young, then unknown men, walking alone together over a Scotch moor, the most trifling of actual incidents, a mere feather floating before the wind, yet, like the

feather, marking the direction of the invisible tendency of human thought. Carlyle was to walk home to Ecclefechan. Irving had agreed to accompany him fifteen miles of his road, and then leave him and return. They started early, and breakfasted on the way at the manse of a Mr. French. Carlyle himself tells the rest.

Drumclog Moss is the next object that survives, and Irving and I sitting by ourselves under the silent bright skies among the "peat hags" of Drumclog with a world all silent round us. These peat hags are still pictured in me; brown bog all pitted and broken with heathy remnants and bare abrupt wide holes, four or five feet deep, mostly dry at present; a flat wilderness of broken bog, of quagmire not to be trusted (probably wetter in old days, and wet still in rainy seasons). Clearly a good place for Cameronian preaching, and dangerously difficult for Claverse and horse solidery if the suffering remnant had a few old muskets among them! Scott's novels had given the Claverse skirmish here, which all Scotland knew of already, a double interest in those days. I know not that we talked much of this; but we did of many things, perhaps more confidentially than ever before; a colloquy the sum of which is still mournfully beautiful to me though the details are gone. I remember us sitting on the brow of a peat hag, the sun shining, our own voices the one sound. Far far away to the westward over our brown horizon, towered up, white and visible at the many miles of distance, a high irregular pyramid. "Alisa Craig" we at once guessed, and thought of the seas and oceans over yonder. But we did not long dwell on that—we seem to have seen no human creature after French, to have had no bother and no need of human assistance or society, not even of refection, French's breakfast perfectly sufficing us. The talk had grown ever friendlier, more interesting. At length the declining sun said plainly, you must part. We sauntered slowly into the Glasgow Muirkirk highway. Masons were building at a wayside cottage near by, or were packing up on ceasing for the day. We leaned our backs to a dry stone fence, and looking into the western radiance continued in talk yet a while, loth both of us to go. It was just here as the sun was sinking, Irving actually drew from me by degrees, in the softest manner, the confession that I did not think as he of the Christian religion, and that it was vain for me to expect I ever could or should. This, if this was so, he had pre-engaged to take well from me like an elder brother, if I would be frank with him, and right loyally he did so, and to the end of his life we needed no concealments on that head, which was really a step gained.

The sun was about setting when we turned away each on his own path. Irving would have had a good space further to go than I, perhaps fifteen or seventeen miles, and would not be in Kent Street, till toward midnight. But he feared no amount of walking, enjoyed

it rather, as did I in those young years. I felt sad, but affectionate and good in my clean, utterly quiet little inn at Muirkirk, which and my feelings in I still well remember. An innocent little Glasgow youth (young bagman on his first journey, I supposed) had talked awhile with me in the otherwise solitary little sitting room. At parting he shook hands, and with something of sorrow in his tone said, "Good night. I shall not see you again." I was off next morning at four o'clock.

Nothing further has to be recorded of Carlyle's history for some months. He remained quietly through the spring and summer at Mainhill, occupied chiefly in reading. He was beginning his acquaintance with German literature, his friend Mr. Swan, of Kirkcaldy, who had correspondents at Hamburg, providing him with books. He was still writing small articles, too, for "Brewster's Encyclopædia," unsatisfactory work, though better than none.

I was timorously aiming toward literature (he says—perhaps in consequence of Irving's urgency). I thought in audacious moments I might perhaps earn some wages that way by honest labor, somehow to help my finances; but in that too I was painfully sceptical (talent and opportunity alike doubtful, alike incredible to me, poor downtrodden soul), and in fact there came little enough of produce and finance to me from that source, and for the first years absolutely none, in spite of my diligent and desperate efforts, which are sad to me to think of even now. *Abci labores*. Yes, but of such a futile, dismal, lonely, dim, and chaotic kind, in a scene all ghastly chaos to me. Sad, dim, and ugly as the shores of Styx and Phlegethon, as a nightmare dream become real. No more of that; it did not conquer me, or quite kill me, thank God.

August brought Irving to Annan for his summer holidays, which opened possibilities of renewed companionship. Mainhill was but seven miles off, and the friends met and wandered together in the Mount Annan woods, Irving steadily cheering Carlyle with confident promises of ultimate success. In September came an offer of a tutorship in a "statesman's"* family, which Irving urged him to accept.

You live too much in an ideal world (Irving said), and you are likely to be punished for it by an unfitness for practical life. It is not your fault but the misfortune of your circumstances, as it has been in a less degree of my own. This situation will be more a remedy for that than if you were to go back to Edin-

burgh. Try your hand with the respectable illiterate men of middle life, as I am doing at present, and perhaps in their honesty and hearty kindness you may be taught to forget, and perhaps to undervalue the splendors and envies, and competitions of men of literature. I think you have within you the ability to rear the pillars of your own immortality, and, what is more, of your own happiness, from the basis of any level in life, and I would always have any man destined to influence the interests of men, to have read these interests as they are disclosed in the mass of men, and not in the few who are lifted upon the eminence of life, and when there too often forget the man to ape the ruler or the monarch. All that is valuable of the literary caste you have in their writings. Their conversations, I am told, are full of jealousy and reserve, or perhaps, to cover that reserve, of trifling.

Irving's judgment was perhaps at fault in this advice. Carlyle, proud, irritable, and impatient as he was, could not have remained a week in such a household. His ambition (downtrodden as he might call himself) was greater than he knew. He may have felt like Halbert Glendinning when the hope was held out to him of becoming the Abbot's head keeper—"a body servant, and to a lazy priest!" At any rate the proposal came to nothing, and with the winter he was back once more at his lodgings in Edinburgh, determined to fight his way somehow, though in what direction he could not yet decide or see.

T. Carlyle to Alexander Carlyle.

EDINBURGH, December 5, 1820.

I sit down with the greatest pleasure to answer your most acceptable letter. The warm affection, the generous sympathy displayed in it go near the heart, and shed over me a meek and kindly dew of brotherly love more refreshing than any but a wandering forlorn mortal can well imagine. Some of your expressions affect me almost to weakness, I might say with pain, if I did not hope the course of events will change our feelings from anxiety to congratulation, from soothing adversity to adorning prosperity. I marked your disconsolate look. It has often since been painted in the mind's eye. But believe me, my boy, these days will pass over. We shall all get to rights in good time, and long after, cheer many a winter evening by recalling such pensive, but yet amiable and manly thoughts to our minds. And in the meanwhile let me utterly sweep away the vain fear of our forgetting one another. There is less danger of this than of anything. We Carlyles are a clannish people because we have all something original in our formation, and find therefore less than common sympathy with others; so that we are constrained, as it were, to draw to one another, and to seek that friendship in our own blood which we do not find so readily elsewhere. Jack and I and you will

* "Statesman," or small freeholder farming his own land, common still in Cumberland, then spread over the northern counties.

respect one another to the end of our lives, because I predict that our conduct will be worthy of respect, and we will love one another, because the feelings of our young days—feelings impressed most deeply on the young heart—are all intertwined and united by the tenderest yet strongest ties of our nature. But independently of this your fear is vain. Continue to cultivate your abilities, and to behave steadily and quietly as you have done, and neither of the two literati* are likely to find many persons more qualified to appreciate their feelings than the farmer their brother. Greek words and Latin are fine things, but they cannot hide the emptiness and lowness of many who employ them.

Brewster has printed my article. He is a pushing man and speaks encouragingly to me. Tait, the bookseller, is loud in his kind anticipations of the grand things that are in store for me. But in fact I do not lend much ear to those gentlemen. I feel quite sick of this drivelling state of painful idleness. I am going to be patient no longer, but quitting study or leaving it in a secondary place I feel determined, as it were, to find something stationary, some local habitation and some name for myself, ere it be long. I shall turn and try all things, be diligent, be assiduous in season and out of season to effect this prudent purpose; and if health stay with me I still trust I shall succeed. At worst it is but narrowing my views to suit my means. I shall enter the writing life, the mercantile, the lecturing, any life in short but that of country schoolmaster, and even that sad refuge from the storms of fate, rather than stand here in frigid impotence, the powers of my mind all festering and corroding each other in the miserable strife of inward will against outward necessity.

I lay out my heart before you, my boy, because it is solacing for me to do so; but I would not have you think me depressed. Bad health does indeed depress and undermine one more than all other calamities put together, but with care, which I have the best of all reasons for taking, I know this will in time get out of danger. Steady, then, steady! as the drill-sergeants say. Let us be steady unto the end. In due time we shall reap if we faint not. Long may you continue to cherish the manly feelings which you express in conclusion. They lead to respectability at least from the world, and, what is far better, to sunshine within which nothing can destroy or eclipse.

In the same packet Carlyle inclosed a letter to his mother.

I know well and feel deeply that you entertain the most solicitous anxiety about my temporal, and still more about my eternal welfare; as to the former of which I have still hopes that all your tenderness will yet be repaid; and as to the latter, though it becomes not the human worm to boast, I would fain persuade you not to entertain so many doubts. Your character and mine are far more similar than you imagine; and our opinions too, though clothed in different garbs, are, I well know,

still analogous at bottom. I respect your religious sentiments and honor you for feeling them more than if you were the highest woman in the world without them. Be easy, I entreat you, on my account; the world will use me better than before; and if it should not, let us hope to meet in that upper country, when the vain fever of life is gone by, in the country where all darkness shall be light, and where the exercise of our affections will not be thwarted by the infirmities of human nature any more. Brewster will give me articles enough. Meanwhile my living here is not to cost me anything, at least for a season more or less. I have two hours of teaching, which both gives me a call to walk and brings in four guineas a month.

Again, a few weeks later:

T. Carlyle to Mrs. Carlyle.

January 30, 1821.

My employment, you are aware, is still very fluctuating, but this I trust will improve. I am advancing, I think, though leisurely, and at last I feel no insuperable doubts of getting honest bread, which is all I want. For as to fame and all that, I see it already to be nothing better than a meteor, a will-o'-the-wisp which leads one on through quagmires and pitfalls to catch an object which, when we have caught it, turns out to be nothing. I am happy to think in the meantime that you do not feel uneasy about my future destiny. Providence, as you observe, will order it better or worse, and with His award, so nothing mean or wicked lie before me, I shall study to rest satisfied.

It is a striking thing, and an alarming to those who are at ease in the world, to think how many living beings that had breath and hope within them when I left Ecclefechan are now numbered with the clouds of the valley! Surely there is something obstinately stupid in the heart of man, or the flight of threescore years, and the poor joys or poorer cares of this our pilgrimage would never move us as they do. Why do we fret and murmur, and toil, and consume ourselves for objects so transient and frail? Is it that the soul living here as in her prison-house strives after something boundless like herself, and finding it nowhere still renews the search? Surely we are fearfully and wonderfully made. But I must not pursue these speculations, though they force themselves upon us sometimes even without our asking.

To his family Carlyle made the best of his situation; and indeed, so far as outward circumstances were concerned, there was no special cause for anxiety. His farmhouse training had made him indifferent to luxuries, and he was earning as much money as he required. It was not here that the pinch lay; it was in the still uncompleted "temptations in the wilderness," in the mental uncertainties which gave him neither peace nor respite. He had no friend in Edinburgh

* His brother John and himself.

with whom he could exchange thoughts, and no society to amuse or distract him. And those who knew his condition best, the faithful Irving especially, became seriously alarmed for him. So keenly Irving felt the danger that in December he even invited Carlyle to abandon Edinburgh altogether and be his own guest for an indefinite time at Glasgow.

You make me too proud of myself (he wrote) when you connect me so much with your happiness. Would that I could contribute to it as I most fondly wish, and one of the richest and most powerful minds I know should not now be struggling with obscurity and a thousand obstacles. And yet, if I had the power, I do not see by what means I should cause it to be known; your mind, unfortunately for its present peace, has taken in so wide a range of study as to be almost incapable of professional trammels; and it has nourished so uncommon and so unyielding a character, as first unfits you for, and then disgusts you with, any accommodations which would procure favor and patronage. The race which you have run these last years pains me even to think upon it, and if it should be continued a little longer, I pray God to give you strength to endure it. We calculate upon seeing you at Christmas, and till then you can think of what I now propose—that instead of wearying yourself with endless vexations which are more than you can bear, you will consent to spend not a few weeks, but a few months, here under my roof, where enjoying at least wholesome conversation and the sight of real friends, you may undertake some literary employment which may present you in a fairer aspect to the public than any you have hitherto taken before them. Now I know it is quite Scottish for you to refuse this upon the score of troubling me: but trouble to me it is none, and if it were a thousand times more, would I not esteem it well bestowed upon you and most highly rewarded by your company and conversation? I should esteem it an honor that your first sally in arms went forth from my habitation.

Well might Carlyle cherish Irving's memory. Never had he or any man a truer-hearted, more generous friend. The offer could not be accepted. Carlyle was determined before all things to earn his own bread, and he would not abandon his pupil work. Christmas he did spend at Glasgow, but he was soon back again. He was corresponding now with London booksellers, offering a complete translation of Schiller for one thing, to which the answer had been an abrupt No. Captain Basil Hall, on the other hand, having heard of Carlyle, tried to attach him to himself, a sort of scientific companion on easy terms—Car-

lyle to do observations which Captain Hall was to send to the admiralty as his own, and to have in return the advantage of philosophical society, etc., to which his answer had in like manner been negative. His letters show him still suffering from mental fever, though with glimpses of purer light.

Thomas Carlyle to John Carlyle.

EDINBURGH, March 9, 1821.

It is a shame and misery to me at this age to be gliding about in strenuous idleness, with no hand in the game of life where I have yet so much to win, no outlet for the restless faculties which are up in mutiny and slaying one another for lack of fair enemies. I must do or die then, as the song goes. Edinburgh, with all its drawbacks, is the only scene for me. In the country I am like an alien, a stranger and pilgrim from a far-distant land. I must endeavor most sternly, for this state of things cannot last, and if health do but revisit me as I know she will, it shall ere long give place to a better. If I grow seriously ill, indeed, it will be different, but when once the weather is settled and dry, exercise and care will restore me completely. I am considerably clearer than I was, and I should have been still more so had not this afternoon been wet, and so prevented me from breathing the air of Arthur's seat, a mountain close beside us, where the atmosphere is pure as a diamond, and the prospect grander than any you ever saw. The blue majestic everlasting ocean, with the Fife hills swelling gradually into the Grampians behind; rough crags and rude precipices at our feet (where not a hillock rears its head unsung), with Edinburgh at their base clustering proudly over her rugged foundations, and covering with a vapory mantle the jagged black venerable masses of stonework that stretch far and wide and show like a city of Fairyland. . . . I saw it all last evening when the sun was going down, and the moon's fine crescent, like a pretty silver creature as it is, was riding quietly above me. Such a sight does one good. But I am leading you astray after my fantasies when I should be inditing plain prose.

The gloomy period of Carlyle's life—a period on which he said that he ever looked back with a kind of horror—was drawing to its close, this letter, among other symptoms, showing that the natural strength of his intellect was asserting itself. Better prospects were opening; more regular literary employment; an offer, if he chose to accept it, from his friend Mr. Swan, of a tutorship at least more satisfactory than the Yorkshire one. His mother's affection was more precious to him, however simply expressed, than any other form of earthly consolation.

Mrs. Carlyle to Thomas Carlyle.

MAINHILL, March 21, 1821.

SON TOM : I received your kind and pleasant letter. Nothing is more satisfying to me than to hear of your welfare. Keep up your heart, my brave boy. You ask kindly after my health. I complain as little as possible. When the day is cheerier it has a great effect on me. But upon the whole I am as well as I can expect, thank God. I have sent a little butter and a few cakes with a box to bring home your clothes. Send them all home that I may wash and sort them once more. Oh, man, could I but write ! I'll tell ye a' when we meet, but I must in the meantime content myself. Do send me a long letter ; it revives me greatly ; and tell me honestly if you read your chapter e'en and morn, lad. You mind I hod if not your hand, I hod your foot of it. Tell me if there is anything you want in particular. I must run to pack the box, so I am

Your affectionate mother,

MARGARET CARLYLE.

Irving was still anxious. To him Carlyle laid himself bare in all his shifting moods, now complaining, now railing at himself for want of manliness. Irving soothed him as he could, always avoiding preachment.

I see (he wrote*) you have much to bear, and perhaps it may be a time before you clear yourself of that sickness of the heart which afflicts you ; but strongly I feel assured it will not master you, that you will rise strongly above it and reach the place your genius destines you to. Most falsely do you judge yourself when you seek such degrading similitudes to represent what you call your "whining." And I pray you may not again talk of your distresses in so desperate, and to me disagreeable, manner. My dear sir, is it to be doubted that you are suffering grievously the want of spiritual communion, the bread and water of the soul ? and why, then, do you, as it were, mock at your calamity or treat it jestingly ? I declare this is a sore offence. You altogether mistake at least *my* feeling if you think I have anything but the kindest sympathy in your case, in which sympathy I am sure there is nothing degrading, either to you or to me. Else were I degraded every time I visit a sick bed in endeavoring to draw forth the case of a sufferer from his own lips that I may if possible administer some spiritual consolation. But oh ! I would be angry, or rather I should have a shudder of unnatural feeling, if the sick man were to make a mockery to me of his case or to deride himself for making it known to any physician of body or mind. Excuse my freedom, Carlyle. I do this in justification of my own state of mind toward your distress. I feel for your condition as a brother would feel, and to see you silent about it were the greatest access of painful emotion which you could cause me. I hope soon to look back with you over this scene of trials as the soldier does over a

hard campaign, or the restored captives do over their days of imprisonment.

Again, on the receipt of some better account of his friend's condition, Irving wrote on the 26th of April :

I am beginning to see the dawn of the day when you shall be plucked by the literary world from my solitary, and therefore more clear, admiration ; and when from almost a monopoly I shall have nothing but a mere shred of your praise. They will unearth you, and for your sake I will rejoice, though for my own I may regret. But I shall always have the pleasant superiority that I was your friend and admirer, through good and through bad report, to continue, so I hope, unto the end. Yet our honest Demosthenes, or shall I call him Chrysostom (Boanerges would fit him better),* seems to have caught some glimpse of your inner man, though he had few opportunities ; for he never ceases to be inquiring after you. You will soon shift your quarters, though for the present I think your motto should be, "Better a wee bush than na bield." If you are going to revert to teaching again, which I heartily deprecate, I know nothing better than Swan's conception, although success in it depends mainly upon offset and address, and the studying of humors, which, though it be a good enough way of its kind, is not the way to which I think you should yet condescend.

Friends and family might console and advise, but Carlyle himself could alone conquer the spiritual maladies which were the real cause of his distraction. In June of this year, 1821, was transacted what in "Sartor Resartus" he describes as his "conversion," or "new birth," when he "authentically took the Devil by the nose," when he achieved finally the convictions, positive and negative, by which the whole of his later life was governed.

Nothing in "Sartor Resartus" (he says) is fact ; symbolical myth all, except that of the incident in the Rue St. Thomas de l'Enfer, which occurred quite literally to myself in Leith Walk, during three weeks of total sleeplessness, in which almost my one solace was that of a daily bathe on the sands between Leith and Portobello. Incident was as I went down ; coming up I generally felt refreshed for the hour. I remember it well, and could go straight to about the place.

As the incident is thus authenticated, I may borrow the words in which it is described, and so close what may be called the period of Carlyle's apprenticeship.

But for me so strangely unprosperous had I been, the net result of my workings amounted

* March 15, 1821.

* Dr. Chalmers.

as yet simply to—nothing. How, then, could I believe in my strength when there was as yet no mirror to see it in? Ever did this agitating, yet, as I now perceive, quite frivolous question remain to me insoluble: Hast thou a certain faculty, a certain worth, such as even the most have not; or art thou the completest dullard of these modern times? Alas, the fearful unbelief is unbelief in yourself; and how could I believe? Had not my first last faith in myself, when even to me the heavens seemed laid open, and I dared to love, been all too cruelly belied? The speculative mystery of life grew ever more mysterious to me: neither in the practical mystery had I made the slightest progress, but been everywhere buffeted, foiled, and contemptuously cast out. A feeble unit in the middle of a threatening infinitude, I seemed to have nothing given me but eyes whereby to discern my own wretchedness. Invisible yet impenetrable walls, as of enchantment, divided me from all living. Now when I look back it was a strange isolation I then lived in. The men and women round me, even speaking with me, were but figures; I had practically forgotten that they were alive, that they were not merely automatic. In the midst of their crowded streets and assemblages, I walked solitary, and (except as it was my own heart, not another's, that I kept devouring) savage also as the tiger in his jungle. Some comfort it would have been could I, like Faust, have fancied myself tempted and tormented of the devil; for a hell as I imagine, without life, though only diabolic life, were more frightful: but in our age of downpulling and disbelief, the very devil has been pulled down, you cannot so much as believe in a devil. To me the universe was all void of life, of purpose, of volition, even of hostility: it was one huge, dead, immeasurable steam-engine, rolling on in its dead indifference, to grind me limb from limb. Oh, the vast gloomy, solitary Golgotha and mill of death! Why was the living banished thither companionless, conscious? Why, if there is no devil, nay, unless the devil is your god? From suicide a certain aftershine (Nachschein) of Christianity withheld me, perhaps also a certain indolence of character; for was not that a remedy I had at any time within reach? Often, however, there was a question present to me: should some one now at the turning of that corner blow thee suddenly out of space into the other world or other no-world by pistol-shot, how were it? . . .

So had it lasted, as in bitter protracted death-agony through long years. The heart within me, unvisited by any heavenly dewdrop, was smouldering in sulphurous slow-consuming fire. Almost since earliest memory I had shed no tear; or once only when I, murmuring half audibly, recited Faust's death-song, that wild

"Selig der, den er im Siegesglanze findet," Happy whom he finds in battle's splendor, and thought that of this last friend even I was not forsaken, that destiny itself could not doom me not to die. Having no hope, neither had I any definite fear, were it of man or devil; nay, I often felt as if it might be solacing could the arch-devil himself, though in Tartarean terrors, but rise to me, that I might tell him a little of my mind. And yet, strangely enough, I lived in a continual indefinite pining fear; tremulous, pusillanimous apprehension of I knew not what. It seemed as if all things in the heavens above and the earth beneath would hurt me; as if the heavens and the earth were but boundless jaws of a devouring monster, wherein I palpitating waited to be devoured. Full of such humor was I one sultry dogday after much perambulation toiling along the dirty little *Rue St. Thomas de l'Enfer* in a close atmosphere and over pavements hot as Nebuchadnezzar's furnace; whereby doubtless my spirits were little cheered; when all at once there rose a thought in me, and I asked myself: "What art thou afraid of? wherefore, like a coward, dost thou forever pip and whimper, and go cowering and trembling? Despicable biped! what is the sum total of the worst that lies before thee? Death? Well, death; and say the pangs of Tophet too, and all that the devil and man may, will, or can do against thee! Hast thou not a heart? canst thou not suffer whatsoever it be; and as a child of freedom, though outcast, trample Tophet itself under thy feet, while it consumes thee? Let it come, then, and I will meet it and defy it." And as I so thought, there rushed like a stream of fire over my whole soul, and I shook base fear away from me for ever. I was strong; of unknown strength; a spirit; almost a god. Ever from that time, the temper of my misery was changed; not fear or whining sorrow was it, but indignation and grim fire-eyed defiance.

Thus had the everlasting No ("das ewige Nein") pealed authoritatively through all the recesses of my being, of my ME; and then it was that my whole ME stood up in native god-created majesty, and with emphasis recorded its protest. Such a protest, the most important transaction in my life, may that same indignation and defiance, in a psychological point of view, be fitly called. The everlasting No had said: Behold, thou art fatherless, outcast, and the universe is mine (the devil's); to which my whole ME now made answer; I am not thine but free, and forever hate thee.

It is from this hour I incline to date my spiritual new birth: perhaps I directly thereupon began to be a man.—*The Nineteenth Century*.

REMINISCENCES OF PRISON LIFE.

IN the days of our grandfathers the prison was built according to the wisdom of the local magnates of the district, guided by an architect who was as ready

to plan a house or a church as a place of detention and punishment. The triumphs of science and uniformity have, however, now reached this gloomy re-

gion of architectural skill. A group of ground plans, on the last accepted model, would show us buildings radiating from centres, like so many great wheels. The officers in charge are arrayed in the uniform of honor, the prisoners in the uniform of shame. Where the regulation is perfect, it is held that in every cell everything should occupy the same place, from the sleeping-bed or hammock, to the towel and the piece of soap. It is said that this uniformity of conditions, great and small, not only neutralizes the prisoner's plea of mistake in the commission of any petty irregularity, but at once puts the new officer at home when he is drafted from one prison to another. It may be noted, as of some historical interest, that the same idea once prevailed in a nobler sphere. Uniformity was an avowed object in the Roman system of castrametation, so that the soldier transferred from Spain or Italy to Britain, could find his proper place in the intrenched camp even if he reached it during night.

Among the uniform features of the conventional prison of the day, is the circular airing-yard. This arrangement has had a moral influence in exemplifying the marvellous power of discipline. The stranger is often seen visibly to start when a door opens, and he is led into a high-walled yard, where a hundred ruffians are taking their exercise under the government of four or five officers. This exercise is taken by rapid walking round and round on circular pavements. The number trained at exercise on each of these stone circles corresponds with a circle of pegs. If any tendency toward association is noticed—if any are seen advancing toward those in front, or loitering so as to be joined by companions in the rear, there is a call of "Halt!" and then each convict must stop at the peg immediately in front of him.

This phenomenon, like many others peculiar to prison-life, exemplifies and illustrates one of the strange mysteries in the criminal character. Much of course is done by sheer force or terror to subdue the prisoner to the exigencies of his lot; but much, too, is accomplished by the facilities—the amiable facilities they might be called—of the criminal nature. An officer in the ser-

vice, addicted to cynical remarks, used to maintain that his birds, and others of the same class, were the only perfect human beings to be found in the world. In sobriety and the other cardinal virtues they were models. Regularity, method, tidiness, punctuality, and all the petty accomplishments and restraints that go to make up the virtuous and worthy member of society, they practised to perfection. And there was one peculiarly charming attribute of their daily conduct in life, that one always found them at home when calling on them.

There is something, however, deeper than such trifling peculiarities and the jests that may be passed on them, in the ready acquiescence of the criminal with inevitable conditions. This part of his nature includes a signal exemption from irritability or angry excitement, and a bland courtesy of obedience that has a strange similarity to a high tone of Christian resignation. So long as he remains free from prison bonds, he of course adopts every alternative for the protection of his freedom. He hides himself; he flees before his enemy the officer of justice; he knocks down his pursuer if that is apparently the sole alternative for the retention of his freedom. But once in prison bonds, all is changed in the direction of gentle submission. It is like the occurrences so often exemplified in books of sensational religion, where the wicked, unscrupulous, dissipated man, having experienced a "call," is at once converted into the meek forgiving saint. What makes the amiability of prison-life so perplexing a phenomenon is, that we know the evil passions to be in existence beneath the gentle exterior. The phenomenon is not mere acting. It has a root much deeper. The passions of hatred and revenge are somehow for the time suspended, and Christian amiability reigns in their stead. There are general conclusions known to all of us that point to the absence of vindictiveness in the criminal nature. Judges, jurymen, prosecutors, and prison officers have all been their enemies in bringing them under conditions of suffering and grief. Yet it never crosses the thought of such official persons that society is filled with people of a degraded, unscrupulous nature, who have had occasion to be roused against them by a

sense of injury. The litigant who is the suffering party in a civil suit submits of course to his fate with a grumble; but his religious and moral training will at once assure him that he must not attribute evil motives to the hostile judge. We may be assured that reasoning like this never pierces to the mind of the convict. His patient acquiescence—his exemption from all hatred, malice, or uncharitableness to those who have been his persecutors, make a phenomenon not to be thus accounted for by the moral influences that reign throughout the uncriminal part of the community. It seems to be a result following on a certain torpidity which we shall, ere much more is said, find to be a phenomenon of the criminal nature, and a phenomenon as yet in its sources unsolved.

One peculiar, and it may be said interesting, form of this phenomenon in the criminal world, is the abject subjugation of the female to the male. To one happily unacquainted with the inner life of the criminal world there will be a ready cause for this in the brutal and unscrupulous nature of the male offender, subduing and coercing to his will the weaker partner in wickedness. But those who have had opportunities for the accurate study of the criminal nature will not be content with this solution. The phenomenon is, along with others in the same dreary region of human experience, merely to be recognized as a distinct fact, supported by abundant and indubitable evidence. Nor can it be solved on the theory that a united career in crime will give opportunity for enhancing the power naturally exercised by the stronger over the weaker nature. Sometimes, no doubt, it has occurred that the corrupt wife has been the tutor of the husband in the ways of crime; but there can be no question that such an incident is rare in comparison with its converse, in the husband being the leader in the road to ruin. A prison officer who had arranged many interviews between husband and wife, the one being a prisoner and the other free, was known to give this utterance of his experience in such affairs—that he had known many instances where the man had upbraided his wife as the cause of his career in wickedness, but had never

known a single instance of the wife casting such a charge on her husband.

The author of these casual and fugitive notices does not profess to be a philosopher with a perfect system of prison discipline in his brain, ready to be communicated to the world whenever the world desires to see it. He will be satisfied if he affords a few morsels of amusement to the casual reader; and in offering them, he does not desire to reveal the conditions under which his experience in prison discipline was obtained. It is, then, in a merely expositive and not a critical spirit that he says what he has to say. He means neither laudation nor blame in noticing that the conditions of interview with a criminal husband are hard on a virtuous wife. They are placed, as it were, in two cages where they can speak to but not touch each other. A warder sits in the space between them, and the poor woman has seldom the happiness of knowing how dead every word passing between them touches his well-practised ear. One intellectual function he must exercise—a vigilant skill directed toward the defeating of any attempt at secret communication. Whatever be his skill in defeating, it may have to meet its match in a skill for trickery, educated up to an almost miraculous point. The officer's skill is aided by general regulations, and one is, that no specific thing, however innocent, is to be transferred from the one to the other. Take an example of the necessity for this strictness. The woman, plunged in deep and sonorous grief, dandles an infant in her arms. Becoming excited, she swings the infant wildly about. It has an apple in its hand, and that apple, by a skilful sweep, the infant brings within reach of its father, and it passes into his hand. The warder instantly seizes it, and finds that it is stuffed with a letter to the prisoner-father. It may be noted that people are much mistaken when they adopt the notion that the visit from wife or daughter is always acceptable. That this idea is entertained is testified by the suspension of such visits being inflicted as a punishment for misconduct in prison. It is believed that criminal often misconduct themselves to gain an end in this form of punishment. On the other hand, if

there be in the criminal any remnant of susceptibility to gentle or virtuous impressions, the visit from mother, wife, or daughter is often the means of giving life to it.

There was a passing intention of conferring on these erratic gleanings, the title "Lights and Shadows of Prison-Life." It occurred, however, as an admonitory objection, that the association of light with prison-life, would appear, in its unexplained simplicity, something incongruous, and that it might be well to reserve it for a place where some explanation could be given of the nature of such lights. Their nature is embodied not so much in brightness as in serenity. Even this requires explanation, and here it comes. It may not be said that to any one there is positive happiness in prison-life, but to the habitual criminal it is frequently the portion of his life that has least unhappiness in it—the unhappiness caused by terrors that seldom cease to haunt, and by occasional visitations of starvation and other physical forms of hardships. Long as they may for freedom, there is to this class an obvious serenity in prison-life. The terrible responsibilities that may follow on some mistake in the policy of a life full of schemes and dangerous projects are unknown for a time. The deteriorating influence of orgies destructive to the vital powers is suspended. The food is simple and wholesome, and after a time the prison bird feeds on it with satisfaction. The dinner is seized and devoured with so much avidity that the warder in charge of it feels that it would be personally dangerous to withdraw or delay it: there is a feeling in the class that a convict would commit murder to secure his dinner if it were in danger. It is true that there is a depressing influence in long sentences, but this is counteracted by abundant and nourishing diet; so that the accidental onlooker from the outer world is scandalized by the sight of the petty offender feeding on porridge, while the great criminal enjoys an ample meal of butcher meat.

There is something very solemn in a large convict-prison at midnight. A faint sound of healthy slumber comes from the cells where the convicts sleep. Perhaps there are a thousand, perhaps only five hundred, undergoing punish-

ment; but whatever may be the number one is conscious that nowhere else save in a convict-prison could so many human beings sleep with so little to interrupt the sense of calm repose. In the same number of people taken from the ordinary world, there would be slight sounds arising from nightmare following on indigestion—perhaps from some reminiscence troubling the conscience on the question whether the strong steps taken for payment of that bill were not in the circumstances slightly harsh, or some other disturbing recollection; there might also be uneasy thoughts and dreams creative of restlessness. None of these troubles disturb the sleep of the habitual criminal. This is not because his conscience lies easy on him, but because he does not possess the article known to the rest of the world as a conscience. Hence he neither enjoys the satisfaction of its healthy and genial condition, nor the troubles attending on its inflictions, and it is with him essentially that the "Prayer for Indifference," by Greville, as it may be found in the old "Elegant Extracts," is granted.

"Oh haste to shed the sacred balm—
My shattered nerves new string;
And for my guest serenely calm,
The nymph Indifference bring.

At her approach see hope, see fear,
See expectation fly,
And disappointment in the rear
That blasts the promised joy.

The tear which pity taught to flow
The eye shall then disown;
The heart that melts for others' woe
Shall then scarce feel its own.

The wounds which now each moment bleed,
Each moment then shall close,
And tranquil days shall still succeed
To nights of calm repose."

It is only to the hardened and habitual offender, however, that there is serenity in prison-life. To the man whose weak apparatus of moral restraint has been insufficient to overcome the temptations of gain, and who has been detected in a forgery or some other fraud, the entrance at the prison-gate is an announcement to him in terrible and appalling reality of the warning of Dante, that all hope is left behind—that for him in this world it is dead and buried. And here we touch one of the points where there arises a sense of the extreme difficulty of meas-

uring punishment against the weight of crime, and are reminded that we are generally driven to the alternative of inflicting not what is abstractly just, but what is most likely to protect the world from fraud and injury.

Yet there are some considerations inclining to the alternative that the punishment of the man who has lapsed from virtue and respectability should, if nominally light, lie more heavily upon him than that of the habitual offender hardened to prison-life. Let us see how in the general case he comes to be what he is. Pedigree is reputed to be an attribute of aristocratic position; but if it is not the mere ordering of stars and garters, but the stamp of certain qualities on races of living beings, we must go to the races of the lower criminals to find its fullest development. As intermediate between these two classes of pedigree, comes to the person familiar with prison populations, the pedigree of crime; and it may perhaps some day be seen that note is taken of the descendants of thieves, and of the qualities developed by them, as we follow the descendants of the lower animals in "The Short-horned Book," and other manuals of that kind of lore.

There is no attempt here to develop any philosophy of criminal descent by pedigree, but the fact of its existence is well known to every one whose lot it has been to come in contact with criminals. Beyond the bare fact, nothing seems as yet to be seen that would lead to a closer knowledge of the whole affair as a psychological phenomenon. And indeed incidents have occurred suggesting that the hereditary taint may be latent in a race not notorious for crime. Even in those unexpected instances already referred to, where a man has stepped out of respectability to inhabit a felons' prison, the curiosity of the inquiring world, excited by the strangeness of the event, is gratified by the discovery of ancestral stains of criminality. There was recently an instance of a lapse into crime on the part of a gentle, kindly, inoffensive man whose immediate relations were clergymen, or members of the other decorous professions; yet it was found that he had a grand-uncle who had been hanged.

There was another curious little inci-

dent of coincidence in the case of this man connecting him with perhaps the best account to be found in print of the experiences of one who has lapsed from the respectable into the criminal classes: "Five Years Penal Servitude. By One who has Endured it." The author of This book begins by stating:

"It matters little to the public what it was that brought me within the grip of my country's laws; suffice it to say, after over twenty years of commercial life in more than one large English city, I found myself, in the year 186—, drawn into the meshes of a man who was too clever for me and for the law, and who, crossing the seas to a place of safety, left me to meet a charge to which, in his absence, I had really no defence."—P. 3.

The persons who thus lapse from external respectability into crime have generally something like an apology to state—the habitual criminal knows that to be useless. It happened that in the instance above referred to, the apology corresponded precisely with that of the author of "Five Years' Penal Servitude." It was hence inferred that he must have been the author of that book, but that was contradicted by the fact that he had not to pass through the prisons so well described by the author of the "Five Years."

There is something characteristic in the excuse or apology set forth by the five years' man in this, that it does not assert absolute innocence; and this calls up to recollection the conduct of habitual criminals in their intercourse with inspectors and other persons superintending the administration of prison discipline. The ears of these officers are open to any complaints that may be made to them, but it is notorious that they rarely if ever are told by the convict that he is innocent of the crime for which he is undergoing punishment. If a reason is given by him why sentence should not have been passed on him, it is founded on some legal technicality which his ingenuity has suggested to him. No better reason can be given for this than the supposition in the criminal mind that the official mind will listen to a story about a technical error, but not to an assertion of innocence.

It has been noted that serenity and a sense of relief in a prison is more likely to be the lot of its habitual than of its causal inmates. But it may be, and in

fact is, occasionally known to occur, that the person who has lapsed from a position among his neighbors, recognized as respectable, into punishable crime, may also enjoy with the habitual criminal a sense of peace and gloomy repose when he takes his place in the cells for convicted prisoners. His life may have been for any number of years a succession of dexterous and narrow escapes from the grip of the criminal law. The most familiar to us among cases of this kind is in a succession of forged bills, each retired by the discounting of its successor. It has been whispered in certain of these instances that some of the knowing persons through whose hands the forged documents passed in the banks knew what they were, and kept silence. Money was circulated, and trade encouraged, while there was ever the comforting assurance, "Thou canst not say I did 'it.'" But, on the other hand, the supposition that such things may be is probably a calumny. All who, under any circumstances, spend their time within the walls of a prison, undergo a process of assimilation toward a scepticism as to the capacity of poor human nature for real goodness.

Before losing sight of the hereditary character of crime, it is proper to say that it has been recognized, examined, and commented on, not only by ethical philosophers, but by men of practical understanding, holding high administrative offices. But all has been fruitless, so far as definite practical conclusions go. Let us here, as in so many other human difficulties, hope to see a better day dawning on us as the result of earnest and candid inquiry. The following passage from a writer whose opportunities of acquiring knowledge on the point may be of interest, if merely from the haze of mystery that envelops all clear insight into causes and effects, accompanied with the consciousness that there is mischief of a formidable kind at work, for which a remedy is surely possible :

"Among dogs, we have a modification of structure and function made fixed and permanent, and more or less hereditary. Habits got by training are transmitted to the offspring of certain breeds of dogs as their very nature. It is so in the wolf-dog and the hound. The pointer, also, from original teaching, shows as the pup, while yet in the farmyard, a tendency

to point at every fowl or bird it sees before it has ever been afield. The shepherd dogs—perhaps above all others—show inherent sagacity of an extraordinary kind from transmitted habits by training. It is the same in certain castes and races and communities of the human family; and is the transmission of thieving and other criminal habits to form an exception to other analogies?

"One of the most remarkable examples of a criminal family I know of is as follows: 'Three brothers had families amounting to fifteen members in all. Of these, fourteen were utterers of base coin. The fifteenth appeared to be exceptional, but was at length detected setting fire to his house after insuring it for four times its value.' The importance of checking, if possible, by legal restrictions, such criminal tendencies, is brought out in this case, when it is calculated that thousands of offences might have been prevented by these three brothers being permanently imprisoned before they became fathers of families, and thereby perpetuated crime by heritage."

After some further general remarks, the author, whose opinions are thus expressed, sets forth some statements of a more specific kind, as to inmates of the prisons under his own medical charge :

"At the same time, one hundred prisoners were known to be in the same prison out of fifty families. Of one family eight were known—often two or three—at the same time. The father had been several times under long sentences; and since 1843 this family had been chiefly supported at the public expense in prisons. The relations I found in prison were: the father, two sons, three daughters, one daughter-in-law, and a sister-in-law. Doubtless other connections not discovered were there also. When these notes were taken there were in this prison three cousins (two being sisters), two aunts, and two uncles of the same family. Of two families, six were in prison about the same time—viz., four brothers and two sisters. Of three families, there were three prisoners from each family, chiefly brothers and sisters; also several mothers and their daughters at the same time. From four families, two brothers belonging to each family. From eight families a brother and a sister. From ten families two sisters."*

This is a gloomy statement. Where are we to find materials for weighing against it hereditary groups of poets, artists, metaphysicians, and mathematicians? It is but a morsel gathered from an overwhelming mass of testimony, proving that the human animal is most prolifically hereditary in the class of ac-

* "The Hereditary Nature of Crime." By J. B. Thomson, F.R.C.S., Resident Surgeon, General Prison for Scotland at Perth. Pp. 8, 9.

complishments that ought if possible to be extirpated. The facts stated by the writer just quoted are to be depended on, for he was an honest man and an indefatigable investigator. There is no doubt, too, a sort of truth in the sweeping conclusion that a deal of crime and mischief would have been obviated had the three fatal brothers referred to been committed to permanent imprisonment before they became fathers of families.

But how is such a feat as this imprisonment to be accomplished in a country like ours, where the law keeps jealous watch on the liberty of the subject, and will be reluctant to take it on the word of any man, that some other man is sure to be the sire of a race of housebreakers and pickpockets? A time was indeed, when there seemed to be a pleasant prospect of such a practical realization of philosophical positivism. The phrenologists would have done the world the service of identifying the proper objects of restraint by manipulation of the bumps of the skull. But the day and influence of these adepts has passed away, and the world is not even conscious of the calamity it has endured in the privation.

The criminal classes are extremely dexterous in catching and appropriating any popular cry likely to be of service to them. In recent years they have evidently been lending an attentive ear to the loud wailings of a portion of the community against the jovial habits of another portion. "Drink did it all—that weary drink;" "If it hadn't been for the drink we never would have been here," are assurances often repeated by the jail-bird. The doctrine is a consolatory one to them, as it in a manner brings in as the accomplices, and, indeed, in some respects as the instigators of their crimes, all who commit themselves as "participators" by the pot of porter or the pint of wine taken at dinner-time. If we take this in the sense of some jolly bout having been the cause that drove or tempted the partaker of it to the commission of some predatory crime, no alliance of cause and effect can be more preposterous. No group of human beings is likely to be more absolutely untouched by the influence of any intoxicant than the companions who have arranged a heavy "cracksman's"

or housebreaker's job; and the experienced hand who goes on a special pick-pocket expedition near the door of a church or theatre will be as uncontaminated in his sobriety as the adept who is striving after the solution of a difficulty in the higher mathematics. There is a belief that criminals are apt to indulge in a jolly fit after a good take. Such an incident has been told as that a crew of housebreakers having found liquor with the other rewards of their skill and industry, have been prompted to partake too rashly of it on the premises, and in their excitement and exuberance to revel in excesses that have betrayed them to their capture. But drinking is not so markedly the vice of the habitual criminal as of some less offensive members of society. There seems to be something in the excitement of criminal work that is sufficient in itself and needs no aid. The expert pocket picker is shy of anything that would tend to injure the nicety of his fingering.

On the other hand, the partaker whose excesses have carried him so far beyond the bounds of self-control as to bring him into the class called "habitual drunkards," sometimes comes within the walls of the prison under conditions terrible and tragical. He has committed some great act of violence—generally the greatest of all—murder, and it often happens that the victim is some member of his own family whom he had been known in the days of his sanity to cherish and protect from all harm. The usual arrangement for dealing with such tragedies is to find the perpetrator to have been insane at the time of committing the act, and decreeing that he shall be put at the disposal of the sovereign. By this arrangement an addition is made to the class treated as "criminal lunatics." Then comes a difficulty in dealing with such cases when the man who has brought himself to lunacy by his evil habits is restored to the condition of sanity by treatment in the prison or the hospital. There are causes exciting to furious and criminal lunacy other than excess; but these, and the treatment of the poor creatures affected by them, belong to a science beyond the acquisition of those who merely deal with the criminal in possession of his senses. Perhaps the adepts in it know something of

the nature of cause and effect as attending on the treatment they administer to its victims; but the unlearned onlooker, however closely he may look, being under the same roof with the mysteriously afflicted, finds it a vain task to endeavor to solve the mystery. One clear result, however, is perceptible among the mysteries and difficulties, and though it may go to the aid of those who are apt to be intolerant in their conclusions and vociferous in supporting them, they are entitled to possess it. The result points very clearly to the irreclaimability of the habitual drunkard. There has been for some time at work an arrangement by which persons detained as criminal lunatics have been set at large, or rather removed from the prison or asylum, under conditions of supervision or espionage, so that they may be immediately restored to seclusion in case of an outbreak of the old insane malady. Among these the dipsomaniacs as a class were found less curable than the others, and of course more apt to find their way back to the old retreat. Years of untainted abstinence passed over some of them abiding in respectability and peace, when, as if by some caprice of destiny, the fatal primary drop was swallowed and followed by a wild career of orgies, proclaiming aloud that no time must be lost in reinstating them in safety.

A dialogue was once overheard between one of these "Queen's lunatics," as they are often called, and a person in authority over the prison where he was in custody. He had been for years in possession of his senses, and they were the senses of a man who had received a good education to qualify manners naturally inoffensive and gentle. He represented the hardship, to a cultivated man like himself, of restriction to the society of the loathsome lunatics around him. It was pleaded in vindication: "Ah! but you know when you are at large you are apt to play such tricks." The latest of these tricks that had occurred was, that he had been caught in Paris rushing along a street with a bloody knife in his hand. Restraint brought him to composure, and it was thought a safe and judicious arrangement to send him to his grandmother, residing in a quiet village. He was much attached to her, yet, nevertheless, in one of his

grim revels he cut her throat. After some years of treatment the arrangement for liberation under supervision was tried in his case; but he tasted the fatal first drop, and had to be hustled back into close custody.

At this point of his story it happened to the writer of it to dip into a book called "Buried Alive; or, Ten Years of Penal Servitude in Siberia, by Fedor Dostoyeffsky, translated from the Russian by Marie von Thilo." The tone of the book he found utterly antagonistic to all experience of convict-life in Britain. For instance, "My First Impressions:"

"I distinctly remember being very much struck at first to find that my new life was, after all, not so very different from my old one. I seemed to have known all about it beforehand. When on my way to Siberia I tried to guess what my life would be like. It was not till I had spent some time in the convict-prison that I fully realized what an exceptional and unnatural existence I was to lead henceforth, and I could never make up my mind to bear it patiently. My first impression on entering the prison was a feeling of intense depression; yet, strange to say, the life of a convict seemed to me less hard than I had pictured it upon the road. The convicts were in chains, but still they were free to go about in the prison, to smoke, to swear at each other, sing whatever songs they liked; a few even drank brandy, and some had regular card-parties every night. Neither did the work appear to me very difficult, and it was not till later on that I began to realize that it was rendered irksome and unbearable through being imposed as a task which had to be finished by a certain time for fear of punishment. Many a poor laborer who is free works perhaps harder than a convict, and even spends sometimes a part of the night working out of doors—especially in the summer time. But he works for himself only; and this thought, and the knowledge that he will profit by his labor, is enough to reward him, while the convict is obliged to work at something which can never be of the slightest use to him."—Pp. 28, 29.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the portion of this sketch of prison-life, dealing with brandy and card-parties, has no parallel—or anything approaching to a parallel—in our British prisons. The other part of the picture, representing the distastefulness of labor bringing no gain to the laborer, admits of some explanations that may be found instructive as well as curious. Perhaps the reader has heard of the "mark system," yet if he has not come in personal intercourse with it, his impression of it may

be vague and indistinct. When it was first suggested, it gained little respect from the old hands, whether among prisoners or their keepers. Its first announcement came in the midst of a crowd of ingenious suggestions, devised by distinguished pundits in prison discipline, as infallible remedies for all the mischiefs of crime, and potent instruments for the regeneration of the human race. There was something, however, about this suggestion of marks that recommended it to the practical mind; and it gradually took a form capable of overcoming many of the difficulties in the way of bribing prisoners under punishment into the pursuit of industry.

The first danger was that, giving the prison-bird certain benefits for good conduct, the system could only be worked by the officers of the prison, and would be open to abuse from the difficulty of bringing home responsibility for fair-dealing to them. To meet this came a complicated system of records or diaries, where the conduct of the prisoner, being recorded from day to day, it would not be in the power of the officer, if he quarrelled with the prisoner, to alter the record to his prejudice; while, on the other hand, if the record were damaging, he would not have an opportunity, if, through bribery or otherwise, he desired to benefit the prisoner, to effect his purpose. Hence it came to be an understanding that marks were to be earned for industry solely. Thus they were payment for specific work, and the character and value of the work being in existence and produceable, its price became credited in marks.

Still conduct called for consideration, and hence for specific acts of misconduct marks came to be forfeited. Of course there might be a possibility of false evidence in the reasons for forfeiture, but the process would have the distinctness of any other punishment, as by a fine, and would not leave the same openings to the exercise of partiality or enmity in the prison officers, as the method, no doubt simpler, of conferring the marks according to the character and conduct of the prisoners as these were appreciated by the officers.

Dissipation and dirt within the walls of a prison are now in this country traditions of the far past, but scantily find-

ing any place in the memory of living men. It has been in some respect calamitous to a district to be forward in the race of improvement, since it may have happened that a prison has been erected for it, not equal to the demands of these declining years of the nineteenth century, yet too good to be sacrificed. Of the prison that, with a curious baronial picturesqueness crowns the Calton Hill of Edinburgh, this may be said. An acute recorder of the events of his time thus commemorates its coming into existence.

"The year 1808 saw the commencement of our new jail on the Calton Hill. It was a piece of undoubted bad taste to give so glorious an eminence to a prison. It was one of our noblest sites, and would have been given by Pericles to one of his finest edifices."

Fortunately the writer of this brief announcement was acquainted with the old building, celebrated by Scott in the great romance of the "Heart of Mid-Lothian," and has given this potent description of it:

"The completion of the new jail implied the removal of the old one: and accordingly, in a few years after this the 'Heart of Mid-Lothian' ceased to beat. A most atrocious jail it was, the very breath of which almost struck down any stranger who entered its dismal door; and as ill placed as possible, without an inch of ground beyond its black and horrid walls. And these walls were very small; the entire hole being filled with little dark cells; heavy manacles the only security; airless, waterless, drainless; a living grave. One week of that dirty, fetid, cruel torture-house was a severer punishment than a year of our worst modern prisons—more dreadful in its sufferings—more certain in its corruption; overwhelming the innocent with a more tremendous sense of despair—provoking the guilty to more audacious defiance."*

The structural character of the more recent prisons, as well as the purifications in the whole system of arrangement, have done service to the officers in extinguishing one of the old traditional plagues of their existence in the dealing with gentleman criminals. There may be little doubt that the man of education and social position, who has yielded himself to crime, may be fairly considered a more guilty mortal than the race of habitual criminals cursed with the nature that is found in them. But

* Cockburn's Memorials of his own Time.

this will not prevent the exceptional inmate from grumbling at the sordidness of conditions not so acutely felt by his neighbor the rough, and the official staff of a prison is not unlikely to sympathize with such grumblings. They may in these days, however, be substantially met. For that essential that is said to be next to godliness, there is perhaps scarce a gentleman's house in the empire quite so cleanly kept as the large convict-prisons. The diet is with careful skill adapted to the ends of wholesomeness and nutrition. The medical authorities are supreme in the enforcement of these qualities; and it would be neither beneficial to the ends of justice nor to the prisoner's health and happiness that he should indulge in such luxurious superfluities as he may have addicted himself to in the days of his freedom. The stoppage of his wine is of course a serious element in his punishment, and so is the wearing of the convict uniform. But it is clean, like everything else about him; and the consideration of exempting him from any rules of prison discipline must be considered in its influence on his fellow-prisoners of humbler condition.

Liberal efforts have been made in recent times to distribute clergymen and lay teachers through our prisons. It is one of those works to which people bid God-speed without too closely criticising the extent of its efficiency. The tolerant and pliant nature of the habitual criminal prompts him to manifestations of acceptance apt to mislead the teacher—especially the religious teacher—as to the practical extent of his services. It is, unfortunately, a notion familiar to all to whom prison life is familiar, that a fresh chaplain is delighted to find that the spiritual harvest to be reaped is now spread before him. He will not perhaps announce the blasting of his hopes; but it is a common opinion among those acquainted with prison interiors, that there is perhaps no officer within the walls more thoroughly sceptical of any moral or religious good having been effected among the flock than the prison chaplain. The members of his congregation will remember the words uttered by him and will perhaps repeat them to others in a manner not tending to edification; as where an emi-

nent statesman questioning a prisoner about to be released as to his intentions for the future, was answered, "I am to sell all I have and give unto the poor." Still it would be a dreary conclusion to reach that no good results come from the costly efforts to plant teachers of religion among the inmates of prisons, and it must at least be believed that it is good to bring them into contact with people of earnestly religious views and high culture.

In the way of other methods of bringing such influences to operate on the criminal nature there are difficulties. A prison is a place where precision and order are the rule. All exciting novelties are a source of intense anxiety and great trouble to the discipline officers, whose services, even when they are supported and encouraged, are not of a kind to be cheerful or enjoyable. Yet it would not be wise, or consistent with British notions of the sacredness of personal liberty, that none but the officers of a prison should have access to it, and opportunity of communication with its criminal inhabitants. Reference has been made to that instinct of the jail-bird that warns him against any attempt to plead innocence of the offence attributed to him, and induces him to found his complaint of the injustice done to him on some technical irregularity. But this weakness loses its restraint in the presence of the benevolent stranger, who is often perplexed and vexed by the heavy burden laid upon him in the distinct and fervent declaration of perfect innocence made by every inmate of a prison who has had an opportunity of appealing to him.

Chaplains and teachers are, to a certain extent, a wholesome element of influence on the pedantries and conventionalities of the officers trained to monotonous daily duties; and other visitors are received under certain conditions in conformity with the established routine of discipline. If they generally conform with these, and consent to visit the establishment, not as a show, but as a sphere of useful labor, they do an eminent service to the public.

There has been of late years a gradual but wholesome pressure against the practice of making any inmate of a prison a public show on account of the atrocity

or some other exciting quality in the crime for which the imprisonment has been inflicted. The love of fame is powerfully at work in the criminal mind ; and it is not an entirely preposterous conclusion, on the part of people who have had opportunities for observation, that the homage of curiosity paid by the foolish public to the martyr undergoing punishment for some flagrant crime has been an element of temptation to others to attempt the accomplishment of the like. A certain grade of rank, in fact, in the criminal world, is conceded to the perpetrators of crimes of a high and startling character. Vidocq, the illustrious French policeman, gives more distinction to this peculiarity than it is perhaps entitled to claim with us ; and among the inmates of a prison he gives a lively account of the miseries of a poor creature, whose crime was limited to the theft of certain cabbages, under the sneers of a high-class convict, whose plunderings had been among diamonds and other precious articles. It seemed, however, to persons experienced in prison-work, an unexpected novelty when a body of men, under sentences of penal servitude, complained of the humiliation of occupying the same premises with petty offenders sentenced to short periods of imprisonment. They claimed for themselves, as the "Secretary of State's convicts," something like a position of exclusive dignity.

Convicts are signally susceptible to those emotions that are sometimes spoken of as the amiable defects of human nature. A prominent place among these is vanity. Personal vanity is naturally more conspicuous among the women than on the male side. Some of them will appropriate and adorn themselves with any strip of ribbon, silk, or even tinfoil, that may happen to be found ; and there is an unaccountable oddity in the exercise of the passion, since it must be done in secret, and especially since it is precluded from attracting the attention of any male admirer.

The susceptibility of the criminal to the influence of vanity sometimes takes a troublesome shape in efforts to deceive or mystify his custodiers. The steady perseverance and long endurance of misery often expended in the gratification of this passion, is one of the standing

marvels of prison-life. "Malingering," or feigning sickness, is the most ordinary form taken by the passion, and, with the other vanities, it prevails on the female side. Instances could be recalled of women keeping themselves bedridden for years to this end. In one instance the poor patient was enabled, by a peculiar muscular power, to create the external symptoms of a dangerous structural disease. A surgeon celebrated for successful operations on such maladies was called in. His first act was to administer chloroform, and this deprived the malingerer of the physical capacity to create the phenomenon. This woman was an instance of the elements of profuse health and strength often the gift of criminals. After having lain for several years an abject wasted wretch, when restored to the discipline and hard work of the healthy, she gained weight and color, and all the elements of an excellent constitution.

In another instance, the convict betrayed herself by an imprudent exercise of the virtue of cleanliness. Criminals, while in their own hands, are generally dirty in their habits ; and the personal cleanliness enforced under good prison discipline is one of its most effective hardships. In this instance, however, there was the innate love of cleanness peculiar to the respectable English woman. The keeping of this woman's cell in order had to be performed by some one of her comrades in affliction. It was observed, however, that it was always in a more perfectly clean condition in the morning, before the assistant had access to it, than at any other time. It seemed like the result of visits from the "drudging goblin," whose capacity was tested—

"When in one night ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail had thrashed the corn."

But the source of the phenomenon in the eyes of the attendants was simple and obvious. The convict had risen in the night to the work, and given a precedent for setting her to work at regulation hours. An instance occurred when a clever officer suggested the pitting of personal vanity against the vanity of mystification. The convict was paralysed. She was proof against all attempts to surprise her out of her malingering by physical means, but she could

not resist the temptation of a pair of new shoes, and presented her feet promptly to be invested with them.

The question of the possible reformation of the habitual criminal has evidently given much uneasy concern to those who have undertaken it. We are told that in Ireland the feat has been accomplished, and the assertion is supported by a crowd of instances where fiends have been converted into angels of light; but Ireland is always producing some phenomenon flagrantly contradictory to our experience in other parts of the empire. An official man connected with the administration of justice elsewhere having visited Ireland for the purpose of practically examining the whole matter, brought back some curious items of information. He had had the good fortune to enjoy the hospitality of an ardent admirer of the system—so ardent that he had selected all his servants from jail-birds; and his table was served by ticket-of-leave men. The presiding female genius of the house gave practical confirmation to the success of the scheme, saying, that since she had been served by ex-convicts she had never thought it necessary to lock up her plate and jewels. In people who find their way to conclusions of this kind there must be a store of sunny happiness much to be envied by people less fortunate. How much they must enjoy, for instance, of all that is denied to persons like a sceptical old prison officer who, in the course of some practical discussions on the Irish convict millenium, remarked that "there are no thieves in Ireland because there is nothing there to steal!" But there is a partial meaning in the abrupt conclusion. It is not by the wealth of the inmates of palaces and castles that the thief is supported, but by the abundant sums of money and articles of value distributed in other parts of the empire among multitudes individually possessed of moderate means. The convenience and value of this stock-in-trade gives the English

thief a prejudice against Scotland, where the ready cash of the farmer or shop-keeper is despitely deposited in a bank, or, if retained, is kept in the form of traceable bank-notes, instead of the stocking full of gold pieces so welcome in England.

As appropriate to the exemption of Ireland from the depredations of the accomplished thief, it may be noted that few natives of Ireland find their way into the prisons on this side of the water. On the other hand, names indicating undoubted Irish descent abound in them, so as sometimes to distinguish nearly half the population within the walls of some of the larger prisons. Hence it is to be inferred that Milesian descent does not exclude its possessor from the acquisition of the furtive propensities of his neighbor living in the richer country. The native Irishman is of course, distinguishable from him who, born elsewhere, has inherited the Irish name from his grandfather, by the brogue, or other peculiarity of speech. It may be desirable that we should have closer information on such points as these, and on many others connected with the pedigree of criminals. Earnest attempts have been made to collect and arrange statistics embodying the pedigree, the place of birth, and the places they have frequented since birth, of all persons who come under the lash of the criminal law. But there is a fatal obstacle at the outset of such inquiries. Criminals—thieves especially—are found to be people of a modest and retiring disposition. As to their past career, however they may luxuriate in conceit and vanity, they exhibit reticence to those having charge of them for the time. To any questions about the past their instinct ever is to give a lying answer. The only thing one can feel assured of, therefore, in the statistics so collected is, that the truth in each instance lies somewhere else than in their record.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

ITALY: HER HOME AND FOREIGN POLICY.

BY A. GALLENGA.

IT is surprising to see how little charity there is among men ; how unable or unwilling we are to make allowance for the circumstances by which our neighbors are swayed ; how often we grudge common justice even though we profess exaggerated partiality.

The best-abused nations in Europe at this moment are those which the general consent and deliberate act of the European States combined to recall from political death to life—the Roumans, the Bulgarians, and other Wallach or Slavic races ; but more especially the modern representatives of those two great races of antiquity—the Helenes and the Latins. Few of us remember how harshly men's judgment had for centuries, and till very recent times, gone against those fallen people ; how persistently Greeks and Italians were looked upon as "degenerate bastards ; the mere dust of the noble generations on whose graves they trod ; the maggots," to quote the expression of a crabbed German, "claiming descentance from the lion's carcass, out of whose putrefaction they swarmed." Few of us recollect how often it was asserted that the Turk or the Austrian was "too good for them ;" how expedient it was that they should bear their yoke till, forsooth, "slavery should ripen them for self-government."

But they had not to wait so long as that ; their valor or despair, their good fortune or the interested policy of the Great Powers, wrought out their deliverance ; Greeks and Italians were allowed the free guidance of their own destinies, and forthwith our expectations transcended all limits of reason. We looked for an immediate revival of heroic races : for a reproduction of the deeds and thoughts of ancient Athens, or Sparta, or Rome ; and now, because stubborn reality does not come up to our ideal, we fall back on our fathers' ungenerous views, and look upon those "half-emancipated bondsmen" as "corrupt and debased past recovery." We lament our ill-bestowed sympathies, and almost wish our work undone.

Leaving the Greeks to plead their

own cause as they can, I shall venture, as an Italian, to assert that my countrymen might be entitled to a little more consideration where they so long met with so much indulgence. I shall attempt an apology of that long-enthralled nation, which seems daily to sink in the estimation of those who had perhaps too great a pity on its durance, and who also, perhaps, too hastily and too loudly applauded its release.

There are few words better deserving to be treasured up, with respect to Italy, than those which fell from Massimo d'Azeglio, when amid the first exultation of the meeting of an Italian Parliament in Turin, in 1860, he exclaimed—"*L'Italia è fatta, ma chi farà ora gl'Italiani.*" D'Azeglio, both the warmest-hearted and the coolest headed of Italian patriots, well knew by what long and painful stages freedmen must rise to the dignity of freemen. Had the emancipation of the Peninsula been the result of a few years' struggle with Austria, or, if need were, with the whole world, the energies called forth by a sustained action would have brought forth a new race, as it happened in Switzerland at the rise of the Forest Cantons, or in Italy itself at the epoch of the Lombard League of the twelfth century. But the Italy of our days was not—fortunately, as some people think—sufficiently tempered by the fire of adversity. She came too easily through the ordeal of 1859 ; she fought but little in that year ; she fought again in 1866, and not victoriously. She won by defeat. The generation of "patriots," "rebels," or "conspirators," as men may prefer to call them, who gave their blood, their homes, or their fortunes for their country's cause, is rapidly dying away, and a new set of mere "politicians" has sprung up, who seem to look upon the long trials Italy had to go through as a mere myth, and laugh to scorn the idea of a possibility of their recurrence. They do not inquire by what virtues or by what chances their country became their own ; they do not expect to be called upon to produce

their title deeds. It is their country, of course. "Italy for the Italians!" as good a cry as France for the French, or Denmark for the Danes. They would probably be surprised to hear that, less than thirty years ago, grave statesmen only spoke of Italy as of a "geographical expression."

This consciousness, natural to the Italians, that they have a country of their own—a country formerly the greatest and perhaps still the most beautiful—too readily suggests the notion that it should at once take rank among the strongest, and induces them to assume an attitude which is resented by their neighbors as provocative and aggressive, and which might cause some uneasiness, were it not for that unerring political instinct common to all Italians which makes them feel when they are getting into a scrape, and advises a timely retreat out of any dangerous path into which fond conceit might beguile them.

From the fact, for instance, that they have made good their claims to their country springs the corollary that they have a right to the whole of it. Hence the outcry for those "unredeemed" districts on the frontiers of the Tyrol or Istria, of the Canton Ticino, of the Maritime Alps, and the islands of Corsica and Malta, which would seem at any moment likely to involve the Italians in hostilities with Austria, Switzerland, France, and England. Hence, again, from the idea that they are a great nation, one of the "Six Powers," and, as such, interested in maintaining the equilibrium between the European States, arise the pretensions of the Italians, that anything that might disturb that balance, any aggrandizement by which one State might threaten to sink the scale on one side—as, for example, Austria's annexation of Bosnia, or France's *coup de main* upon Tunis—should, by way of compensation and counterpoise, justify Italy's demand for a corresponding territorial increase on the other side.

These covetous aspirations, natural and common to every family as to every individual of the human species, find an easy vent in Italy—a country where opinion has been made free even to license—in the vamping declamations of stump orators, and in the vaunting

effusions of farthing prints; but they are promptly, eagerly, and sincerely disavowed by responsible statesmen in and out of power, and hushed up by the authority of their official or semi-official organs; not because the Italians, as a people, have any doubt of the justice or reasonableness of their national claims, but because there is wisdom enough among them to understand how hopeless it is for the frog to swell himself to the size of an ox, and how little profitable to the dog to bark if he has no fangs to bite. No chauvinism in a young thin-skinned Southern community is proof against the withering blast of ridicule.

The Italians, in sober moments, are well aware that hardly any continental State may be said to be circumscribed within what are called natural frontiers; that every kingdom or empire has within its boundary, as every landed proprietor within his ring-fence, some petty *enclave* or debatable border-district, some Naboth's vineyard, which gold cannot purchase and force cannot seize, without undergoing heavier sacrifices or incurring greater risks than the longed-for prize would be worth. The Italians see, wherever they look, instances of great Powers, such as England, Germany, or Russia, falling back from pretensions, submitting to arbitrations, accepting compromises, and even putting up with affronts, for the sake of that peace which is a common necessity; and how could the conviction of this necessity, this amiable disposition to mutual forbearance, to timely concession, to a give-and-take policy, not be forced upon a new State, whose walls and bulwarks are barely rising, whose solidity, it must be avowed, withstood but indifferently the first trial to which it was exposed?

For, undoubtedly, at the bottom of all the uneasiness, of the jealous, exacting sensitiveness evinced by the Italians in all matters concerning their position in the European concert there rankles the recollection of their defeats of Custoza and Lissa. Their instinct tells them that the first claim an untried nation like Italy may put forth to the consideration of her neighbors must rest on her character as a fighting nation. She may never have an occasion to put forth her strength; she will be praised and loved for her pacific disposition; but,

all the same, the world must be sure that, though she "beware of entrance to a quarrel, she will, being in, bear it that her opposer may beware of her." She must fight if need be, and not only bravely, but victoriously; for little will it avail her to blame either her soldiers or her generals or ill-fortune for her reverses; it is only success, no matter how won, that will make her neighbors seek her as an ally or dread her as an adversary.

It would be a hopeless task to attempt to persuade the Italians that they can never have a war except of their own seeking, or that a war provoked by them can never turn out to their advantage. It would be idle to repeat to them that the "barbarians," who have for so many centuries used Italy for their cockpit, have had enough of a country which has almost invariably become their cemetery. No argument could prove to the Italians' satisfaction that their only safety lies in a policy of absolute neutrality; their real strength in a military organization based on the Swiss system, which should reduce the standing army to a minimum, and muster the whole population into militia regiments and rifle companies. It is all in vain! Italy cannot be reassured on the score of her neighbors' attitude. Till they all agree on some scheme of simultaneous disarmament, Italy will go on adding cannon to cannon, man-of-war to man-of-war. Though France fought at Magenta and Solferino for the Italians, she has never concealed her desire to undo the work that those two battles accomplished—a work the result of which went so far beyond her calculations or intentions—she has never lost an opportunity of humiliating them or working them mischief. Witness her mediation at Venice, the wonders of her chassepots at Mentana, her recent campaign at Tunis. France, the Italians think, hates them with the lingering, undying hatred, not of him who received, but of him who inflicted an injury. Of course the Italians are aware that their country never could, single-handed, be a match for France. But they reckon on the chapter of accidents; they look upon war between the Great Powers as an inevitable and not remote contingency; and, following the traditional policy which has for so many

centuries and so well answered the purposes of "plucky little Piedmont"—the policy which won for them Solferino, Sadowa, and Sedan—they trust that in the next war they may, by being well armed, still be able to sell their co-operation or inaction to the highest bidder, so as, either as auxiliaries or neutrals, to come in for a share of the gains of the chief combatants.

That such calculations are ignoble, that such a policy would be undignified, and lower their country to the position of the jackal among European lions, the Italians must readily acknowledge. But they plead necessity as their excuse. As it was said of the Princes of Savoy, "La géographie les empêche d'être honnêtes gens." The Italians conceive that no pacific attitude, no declaration of non-interference on their part, would ward off those calamities of invasion from which their fertile plains have so often suffered. It ought to be sufficient for Europe, they argue, that Italy will never voluntarily be the cause of an outbreak or give the signal for it. But if her good-will avails not, if she must needs be dragged into the *mêlée*, it would be too much to pretend that she should suffer events to find her unprepared, unable not only to hold her own, but also to make the most of other people's necessities, or to turn their errors or their mishaps to account. Italy cannot hope to exist on mere sufferance. Her protection from attack lies on her ability, or simply on the reputation of her ability, to defend herself. Such is the argument on the Italians' side, and they clench it with their proverb, "Colui che si fa pecora il lupo se la mangia."

Unfortunately, as we have seen, Italy can put but little reliance on her military reputation. Ask a French or a German general, and he will tell you that he would feel less confident of success in an encounter with a mere handful of sturdy mountaineers of the Swiss cantons than in an inroad into Italy with her half-million combatants; and this because the Swiss have on their side the prestige of Sempach, Morgarten, Grandson, Marignano, while, from the days of Fornovo, in 1495, to those of Custoza, in 1866, all the battles fought by the Italians as a nation have been inglorious disasters. Not but the Italians

have on many an occasion proved themselves good soldiers. Not but Spinola, Farnese, Montecuccoli, and others, have taken high rank among generals; but, somehow or other, either soldiers or generals have been at fault. There has always been something deficient in the organization or discipline of an Italian army. It was only as generals at the head of alien soldiers, or as soldiers serving under alien generals, that the Italians very frequently behaved with honor. "Conquering or vanquished, always to be enslaved," was the fate of the country.

The force that the Italians have now at their disposal is numerous, well-armed and equipped; it shows to advantage on parade; it is well-behaved; a model of subordination and discipline. But the proof of an army is in the battle; and how can one answer for its conduct in the field, if it numbers very few officers and hardly any of the rank and file who have ever seen fire? The Italians take no little pride in the exploits of their troops at Palestro and San Martino; but the men engaged in these encounters were not pure Italians. One half of the Piedmontese army consisted of Savoyards, the other half chiefly of sub-alpine mountaineers, men tempered by the nature of their rugged soil and climate, and whose bravery never belied itself in the best or worst times of their connection with the Savoy dynasty. Out of these and of their Lombard brethren, and from the whole valley of the Po between the Alps and the Apennines, recruits available for good work may always be drawn; but these were already in the minority at Custoza. The greatest number of the Italian army has to be made up of Southern men, Tuscans, Romans, and Neapolitans, available also, but not without long training and very firm discipline. Out of Piedmont, for a period of three centuries, every effort was made by Italian rulers to unstring the nerves and break the spirit of the Italian nation. Those were the days when at Naples men heard a brute of a king, himself a coward, boasting, with his *Fuggiranno sempre*, of the cowardice of his soldiers. The slaves of a tyrant can never be cowardly enough to reassure their master's fears. But now the times are changed. Italy has a manly

race of sovereigns at her head, and every effort should be made to reawaken the manliness of a naturally soft and indolent, but not irretrievably debased population. Unfortunately, what has been attempted hitherto has met with but indifferent results. The rifle-clubs and shooting-galleries, opened with great eagerness in the towns of the Peninsula on the first outburst of patriotic enthusiasm in 1859, were either closed or abandoned in most instances not many years after their inauguration. Athletic sports, walking tours, alpine climbing, boating, and riding, are diversions in which few Italians take pleasure; and, since the introduction of the Prussian system of universal enlistment, the Italians seem to think that a soldier's training need only be applied to the conscript or recruit, while in Germany and everywhere in the North it is with the schoolboy that the physical and moral discipline of the future soldier begins.

But even supposing that by proper management an Italian army could be made to reach the highest degree of efficiency, and that it had at its back, as a Reserve, Landwehr, and Landsturm, the whole regenerated nation, there would always remain the question of the "sinews of war" to be settled; and the finances of the Italian kingdom have been from the beginning in so deplorable a condition that it would be under present circumstances the height of madness to take the field, as it would require superhuman efforts to maintain it. The military establishment of Italy began to weigh as an intolerable incubus on the national exchequer at the time that the Minghetti administration borrowed 300,000,000 francs in one lump to make ready for the final contest with Austria in 1866. The annexation of Venetia at that juncture was considered a matter of life and death, and no sacrifice by which the means to reach that end could be procured was then deemed too enormous. But the end was compassed; Venice was won, and not much later Rome, and yet Italy went on adding year after year to her war budget, as if what had been deemed sufficient for the requirements of an active war were no longer adequate to the exigencies of an armed peace. And matters have been carried so far that, even now, when the

Tunis difficulty, which threatened to lead to a quarrel with France, was brought to an end by an arrangement in which Italy had *volens volens* to acquiesce, we hear of a popular War Minister, General Mezzacapo, in the recent Cabinet crisis, declining to take office, because his colleagues grudged him a sum of 400,000,000 francs to be laid out by instalments of 10,000,000 francs to 30,000,000 francs yearly, necessary, in the general's opinion, to "complete the supply and equipment of the army; as more than half the cavalry are badly mounted, the batteries incomplete, and in short the army in many respects wholly unfurnished."

It would be to little purpose to assert that, madly extravagant as the military and naval establishment of Italy may be said to be, its expenditure still falls considerably short of the War and Marine Budgets of England, France, and other States, bearing in mind the different ratio of their respective populations. For the army of a nation should be proportionate not to the number of its inhabitants, but to the extent of its financial resources: the suit of armor should be so contrived as to protect without crushing the body that has to wear it. And Italy cannot afford to keep in her pay even an army of half the numerical strength of France or England, unless she can also muster at least half the wealth of either of those two countries. But it is quite certain that Italy does not find herself in such conditions. Italy is comparatively a poor country, and her poverty in a great measure arises not only from the extravagance, but also from the defective administration of the military and naval as well as of most other departments of the public service.

The kingdom of Italy has been in existence for more than a score of years. During this period it has received a momentous impulse in every branch of public works, in popular education, in the development of its agricultural and industrial resources; and there has been to all appearance so rapid and extensive an increase of national prosperity, that, while the public expenditure has been more than doubled, the revenue has ultimately been made to keep pace with it. This result has, however, not been obtained without a dire strain on the blood

and substance of the people, from whom loud complaints arise that they have to bear burdens exceeding their powers of endurance. The Italians, indeed, seem to have survived the worst times, as, owing to the propitious circumstances of a long-continued European peace, and a succession of abundant harvests, the well-being of the nation has been deemed so perceptible as to encourage the government to propose the abolition of the unpopular grist tax, and of the irksome circulation of the forced paper currency. But there is little expectation of a speedy removal of other taxes, as objectionable as these—improvident taxes, falling with ruthless severity on the necessities of life, and weighing especially on the lower orders, such as the salt and tobacco monopoly, the *octroi*, or duty on consumption at the town gates—immoral taxes, tending to encourage the gambling propensities of the multitude, such as the public lottery—taxes absorbing nearly half the income of real property, such as the house tax, which in some of the towns—in Florence, for instance—amounts to 49 per cent of the estimated rent; finally, taxes on mere expectations, as the legacy duty, which is equally exacted from an heir upon immediate succession, or upon the reversion of a legacy which may not fall due for an indefinite number of years. Add to all this a customs tariff virtually amounting to prohibition, and port duties and other navigation laws, the effect of which has been greatly to diminish both the number and tonnage of the mercantile marine.

That private fortunes should be made subservient to the interests of the public income is sufficiently clear; still we must not be unmindful of the plain rules of common sense about "the feather that breaks the camel's back," and the inexpediency of "killing the goose that lays the golden eggs." The results of excessive taxation in Italy are perceptible in the slow progress of public works, in the stagnation of trade and industry, but, above all things, in the cruel sufferings of the lower classes, especially among the rural population. Nowhere, perhaps, does the unmatched fertility of the soil offer a more striking contrast with the wretchedness of its cultivators than in those rich Lombard

and Emilian plains, where the *Pellagra*, a mysterious but horrible complaint, affecting both body and mind, is bred from the insufficient quantity or bad quality of food, from the squalor of the dwellings, the impurity of the waters; from a complication of evils all springing from the same source of abject poverty; the low wages being equally insufficient to enable a laborer to keep body and soul together in his native land, or to better his condition by quitting it. It is but justice to inquire whether such miseries did not exist in those same regions of Italy in former times; and whether, if we hear more about them now, it is not simply because greater attention is being paid to the subject, and somewhat more earnest efforts are made to point out the evil and devise its remedy. Whether the pellagra is on the increase, or whether it abates; whether the emigration which has lately set in in vast proportions from many Italian provinces, is to be accounted gain or loss for the community, are all matters about which discussion is not easy. One ought to be thankful to the Italian Government for its activity in supplying statistical information on these and other subjects, and trust to publicity and the natural progress of reason and humanity to force both the government itself and the wealthier classes to come to the relief of the helpless lower orders.

A nation which has been as long aspiring to the dignity of self-government as Italy must not only be willing to pay the costs of so great a privilege, but also be able to exercise a proper control over such expenses. It must feel that it is responsible for the management of its own affairs, and should not intrust it to incompetent or unscrupulous public servants. The Italians were called upon to exercise freemen's rights and fulfil freemen's duties upon little or no preparation. Their constitution of 1848 grew up like the prophet's gourd in one night, a mere copy of the French charter of Louis Philippe, which the revolution at that very moment was tearing to tatters. In spite of its many theoretical faults and practical inconveniences, the Italians wisely put up with it, partly because no provisions are made by the act itself for its revision, and partly also because they are aware that a constituent

assembly would be in Italy as dangerous an experiment as it has almost invariably been elsewhere. The electoral law, however, is a separate enactment; it has none of the irrevocable stability of the fundamental statute. There have been frequent attempts to amend it; and the Chamber of Deputies is even now discussing a bill brought in by the government for its radical reform, and aiming at the establishment of the broadest manhood suffrage.

For a period of sixteen years after the inauguration of the first Italian Parliament, in 1860, the Italian Government was in the hands of Cavour and of the statesmen of his school, Ricasoli, Sella, Minghetti, etc.—the "Right" or Moderate Liberal or Conservative party, who, all engrossed with the fulfilment of the country's emancipation by the deliverance of Venice and Rome, were inclined to adjourn any rash modification of mere political institutions. But in 1876, in consequence of some petty or personal questions, the Minghetti administration collapsed; and the Left or former Rattazzi party, headed by Depretis, Cairoli, Crispi, Nicotera, etc., came into power. It was an amalgam of more or less advanced democrats, some of whom, when in opposition, had committed themselves to ultra-radical principles and measures, specious perhaps in theory, but fraught with insurmountable difficulties in their practical application. Moderate and Radical politicians in Italy both borrow their ideas from the French; and none of these ideas had struck deeper roots among the men of the Extreme Left than that of the utmost extension of the electoral franchise, and that of a revision of the Penal Code aiming at the mitigation of its severity, and the eventual abolition of capital punishment. On these subjects, however, it was no easy matter for the governing party to bring about an agreement among the various sections of which it is composed; and it found it still more difficult to satisfy the ambition, or overcome the hostility of the section leaders, especially Nicotera and Crispi, by allowing them as high a place in the government as they considered themselves entitled to. The consequence was that the government of the Left, in spite of its very large majority, was from the be-

ginning a house divided against itself; and, as such, exposed to disastrous defeats, leading to very frequent ministerial crises, in which the Cabinet almost entirely consisted of the same men, but with the alternate appearance of Depretis or Cairoli, or Cairoli or Depretis, as President of the Council or Prime Minister. For, on the one hand, the Democratic majority was always sufficiently united to stand its ground against all opposition whenever any dangers arose of a triumph of the Right likely to bring back that party into power; and, on the other hand, success in the Chambers was of no avail to the leaders of the Left, as they well knew that almost in any measure they proposed they would be forsaken by some of their discordant sections, which for this special purpose would have no scruple about turning against the government and making common cause with its adversaries.

There is thus, properly speaking, no government in Italy, and the whole home policy of the country is in an *impasse*. It is not so much as rash and dangerous innovators that the men of the Left have hitherto been able to do mischief. The evil has rather arisen from their impotence, from their want of capacity as well as of unity of purpose. For after the death of the rather tricky than clever Rattazzi, the Radicals have always been a headless party, as all, or very nearly all, the able men of the Chamber have for the last sixteen years been sitting on the Right or Right Centre, as supporters of the Moderate Government, leaving the opposite benches to mere mediocrities like Depretis, to well-meaning but inexperienced patriots like Cairoli, or to hot-headed agitators like Nicotera, and Crispi. The Left during their six years' tenure of office have simply done nothing in a country where there was, and is, and will for a long time be so much to be done; a country where the administration in all its branches is still in the utmost disorder, in which crime of the most appalling frequency and atrocity is still rampant, and where, while in too many cases the police suffer the worst malefactors to elude their vigilance and baffle pursuit, the judges, with their unconscionable delays and tedious proceedings, too often doom an innocent man to languish in jail

month after month, year after year, in some instances even prolonging his suspense till death comes to his relief before they vouchsafe him his trial.

Of the measures on the passing of which the men of the Left staked their existence on coming into power six years ago, only the two financial schemes already mentioned—the grist tax and the forced paper currency—are now in progress of execution. About the success of their trump-card—the Electoral Reform, which is now the theme of debate in the Chambers—great doubts are still entertained; and yet it is on the alleged necessity of getting at the real will of the nation that King Humbert, with honorable but somewhat exaggerated ideas of his duties as a Constitutional Sovereign, resisted, during the recent crisis, all suggestions about dissolving the Chamber of Deputies, putting off all appeal to the people till the present Legislature is brought to its natural close, or till the question of the electoral franchise is decided. Everybody about the King, though perhaps not the King himself, well knows how little reliance can be put on the results of a general election. In a country so new as Italy is to constitutional life, the popular vote is either unduly swayed by the ascendancy of the government functionaries, high and low, or actually hocus-pocussed and falsified by the sleight-of-hand tricks of its underhand agents. At any rate, it very seldom happens on the continent that a majority is returned hostile to the government which manipulates the election. And it is in this respect that Democrats in those Southern communities have succeeded in perverting the ideas of the unthinking multitude; they contend that in their scheme of universal suffrage and the ballot lies the panacea for all electoral disorders. Some of the Conservatives, however, if they would speak out, might object that the electoral franchise, far from needing extension, ought on the contrary to be limited, at least until the electors show a better consciousness of their public duties, and are cured of that indolence or timidity by which they allow the rough and desperate to have their own way at the polls. In Italy, at all events, with a suffrage still grounded on property qualification or superior education—

limited to the payers of 40 francs yearly of direct taxes, and to members of the learned professions—it not unfrequently happens that the election of a “College” or constituency mustering 1500 registered electors, is barely attended by one-tenth of that number. With such a disposition on the part of what is considered the *élite* of the people, what other results can be expected from manhood suffrage and secret voting than what we see in France—the reign of the multitude, which is another word for the dictatorship of a Napoleon or a Gambetta. One might well accept the *Vox populi* as *Vox Dei*, if the mass acted on its own impulse and not often on its worst enemies’ suggestion, and if zeal for its class interests did not interfere with its sense of the public good.

By thus freely and fairly, to the best of my abilities, pointing out the shortcomings of the Italians in such experiment of an independent political life as they have up to this moment gone through, I think I have made the best case for them in what concerns the past, and set out the most encouraging prospects of what may be expected of them in the future. Twenty or even two-and-twenty years is but a short period in the existence of a nation—a brief lapse of time to efface the marks of years, to correct the stoop of the shoulders contracted by long submission to a home and foreign yoke. The Italians are not now what they were in the palmy days of ancient Rome, or what they again became in the stirring times of mediæval Florence, Genoa, or Venice. Four centuries of priestly and princely misrule could not fail to leave on their mental and moral character an impression so deep as to seem, on a cursory view, indelible; and nothing but a miracle could at once raise them to the ideal of their too sanguine well-wishers. But the question is whether any nation, under the same circumstances, would be very much better; or whether, as it used to be said before 1860, “men of any other race of duller fibre and grosser habits would, after undergoing so demoralizing an ordeal, still preserve the features and upright bearing of human beings, and not crawl, like brutes, on all fours.”

The Italians, it must be allowed, have not, during this last score of years, done

the best for themselves; but surely they could have done worse; and a sufficient defence for them would be the mere enumeration of the many mistakes and misdeeds which they might not unpardonably have committed, but from which they have wisely abstained. In their foreign policy, to begin with, they have not been free from vague aspirations and tender or even morbid susceptibilities—but they have, after all, always commanded their temper, soothed or quelled insane agitation, disavowed rash and absurd pretensions, put up with deliberate, galling provocation. They have not been that “sure guarantee of European peace” which would have become the mission assigned to them; they have not trusted to an inoffensive attitude as their best safeguard, and have followed their neighbors’ bad example by arming themselves to the teeth. But the war minister who called for more cannon and gunpowder had to withdraw before the prudent vote of his colleagues in the cabinet. The charge of a military establishment has been heavy for Italy, it must be granted; but it has not, as elsewhere, led to the prevalence of militarism; it has never subjected the country to the sudden catastrophe of a *Pronunciamiento*. The evils of an armed peace, added to those of an overgrown and improvident administration, have led to financial distress, and to a ruthless taxation, exhausting the resources and all but breaking the back of the nation. But even in that respect the Italians have reached the limits beyond which recklessness cannot go; they seem now bent on retrenchment; their Budget has for the last four or five years presented, if not quite a satisfactory, at least a more encouraging balance-sheet. Public confidence has risen at home and abroad, and Italian Five per Cents are at 93½.

In matters of home policy, again, it must be granted that Italy has not well withstood the influence of pseudo-democratic and ultra-humanitarian Utopias. But the bill introducing universal suffrage and that abolishing capital punishment have not yet become law, and are hardly likely to pass without amendments that will take the sting from them—amendments, not only accepted, but even suggested by the Radical Govern-

ment, always half-hearted about the measures to which it is bound by its precedents, yet which it has for these last five years managed to postpone. Italy would, moreover, not be the first country in which measures of that nature have not been repealed by the very men by whom they were most ardently and most persistently advocated.

Finally, the Italians cannot deny the charge that they have been, in politics as in crinolines, chignons, or idiot fringes, servile imitators of French fashions, aping almost exclusively the very nation which harbors perhaps the least good-will to them, and deals them the hardest snubs and slaps in the face. But they have hitherto followed their leaders at a tolerably safe distance; they have not carried French theories to their ultimate conclusions. The Italians have a ready-made "Head of the State," a corner-stone of the constitution, in their loyalty to their king and dynasty. They are not by nature hero-worshippers.

Since Cavour's death and Garibaldi's marriage there has been no case of transcendent genius or miraculous valor to call forth their veneration or enthusiasm. Italy supplies Napoleons and Gambettas to her neighbors, but will have none for herself. It is fortunate also that France should show so much ingenuity, and be so ready to seize every opportunity to affront the Italians, that she should become more exacting and overbearing in proportion as she, notwithstanding her great wealth, sinks in importance and loses *prestige*. It is not many years since an Italian Deputy, on his visit to Madrid, "thanked Heaven that had created Spain, lest his own Italy should be the lowest in the scale of civilized nations." For what concerns government, it is questionable whether either Italy or Spain herself can find anything to envy in the condition of their Gallic sister.—*Fortnightly Review*.

A SUNFLOWER.

EARTH hides her secrets deep
Down where the small seed lies,
Hid from the air and skies
Where first it sank to sleep.
To grow, to blossom, and to die—
Ah, who shall know her hidden alchemy?

Quick stirs the inner strife,
Strong grow the powers of life,
Forth from earth's mother breast,
From her dark homes of rest,
Forth as an essence rare
Eager to meet the air
Growth's very being, seen
Here, in this tenderest green.

Drawn by the light above,
Upward the life must move;
Touched by the outward life
Kindles anew the strife,
Light seeks the dark's domain,
Draws thence with quickening pain
New store of substance rare,
Back through each tingling vein
Thrusts the new life again—
Beauty unfolds in air.

So grows earth's changeling child,
 By light and air beguiled
 Out of her dreamless rest
 Safe in the mother breast.
 Impulses come to her,
 New hopes without a name
 Touch every leaf, and stir
 Colorless sap to flame;
 Quick through her pulses run
 Love's hidden mystic powers,
 She wakes in golden flowers
 Trembling to greet the sun.

What means this being new,
 Sweet pain she never knew
 Down in the quiet earth
 Ere hope had come to birth?
 Golden he shines above,
 Love wakes, and born of love
 All her sweet flowers unfold
 In rays of burning gold.
 Life then means nought but this—
 Trembling to wait his kiss,
 Wake to emotion?
 There where he glows she turns
 All her gold flowers and burns
 With her devotion.
 Ah, but when day is done?
 When he is gone, her sun,
 King of her world and lover?
 Low droops the faithful head
 Where the brown earth is spread
 Waiting once more to cover
 Dead hopes and blossoms over.

Earthborn to earth must pass—
 Spirits of leaf and grass
 Touched by the sun and air
 Break into colors rare,
 Blossom in love and flowers.
 Theirs are the golden fruits—
 Earth clings around the roots,
 She whispers through the hours,
 "I will enfold again
 Life's being; love and pain.
 Back to the mother breast
 Fall as the falling dew,
 Once more to pass anew
 Into the dreamless rest."—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

STRANGE PLAYERS.

BY DUTTON COOK.

No doubt the actor's art depends considerably upon his physical gifts and qualifications. It is not enough for him

to sympathize sincerely with the character he undertakes, to feel deeply its emotions, to weep or to laugh with it,

as the case may require; he must be prepared also to represent or to personate it; he must so express it as to render it credible, intelligible, and affecting to others. Aspect, elocution, attitude and gesture, these are the means wherewith he accomplishes his effects, illudes his audience, and wins of them their applause; these are his professional implements and symbols, and without these there can be no acting. "A harsh inflexible voice, a rigid or heavy face," Mr. G. H. Lewes has said, "would prevent even a Shakespeare from being impressive and affecting on the stage;" and the same critic has decided that unless the actor possesses the personal and physical qualifications requisite for the representation of the character he undertakes, no amount of ability in conceiving it will avail.

But, of course, stage portraiture can only be a matter of approximation; the actor has to seem rather than to be the character he performs, although it is likely that the actors themselves do not so clearly perceive this distinction. Macready enters in his diary at one place: "Began to read over Macbeth. Like Macbeth over his pictures, I exclaim, 'Why cannot I make it the very thing, the reality?'" At another time he writes: "Acted Macbeth as badly as I acted it well on Monday last. The gallery was noisy, but that is no excuse for me. I could not feel myself in the part. I was laboring to play Macbeth. On Monday last I *was* Macbeth." And again a little later: "Acted Macbeth in my best manner, positively improving several passages, but sustaining the character in a most satisfactory manner. J'ai été le personnage." The admired comedian Molé had a sounder view of his professional duties when he observed of one of his own performances: "Je ne suis pas content de moi ce soir. Je me suis trop livré, je ne suis pas resté mon maître; j'étais entré trop vivement dans la situation; j'étais le personnage même, je n'étais plus l'acteur qui le joue. J'ai été vrai comme je le serais chez moi; pour l'optique du théâtre il faut l'être autrement."

This *optique du théâtre*, in fact, with certain artifices of the toilet skilfully employed, so materially abets the player

in his efforts to portray, disguising his imperfections and making amends for his shortcomings, that it becomes a question at last as to what natural advantages he can or cannot dispense with. Is there anything, he may be tempted to ask, that positively unfits him for creditable appearance upon the scene? The stage is a wide field, an open profession, finds occupation for very many; what matters it if some of its servants present sundry physical defects and infirmities? Can absolutely nothing be done with the harsh inflexible voice? Is the rigid heavy face so fatal a bar to histrionic success? It is desirable, of course, that Romeo should be young, and Juliet beautiful; that Ferdinand should be better-looking than Caliban, and Hamlet less corpulent than Falstaff; that Lear should appear venerable, and Cæsar own a Roman nose; but even as to these obvious conditions the play-going public is usually prepared to allow some discount or abatement. No doubt, too great a strain may be placed upon public lenity in this respect. There is an old story told of the seeking of a theatrical engagement by a very unlikely candidate. It was objected that he was very short. So, he said, was Garrick. It was charged against him that he was very ugly. Well, Weston had been very ugly. But he squinted abominably. So did the admirable comedian, Lewis. But he stuttered. Mrs. Inchbald had stuttered, nevertheless her success upon the stage had been complete. But he was lame of one leg. Mr. Foote had been very lame—in fact, had lost one of his legs. But his voice was weak and hollow. So, he alleged, was Mr. Kemble's. But, it was finally urged against him, he had all these defects combined. So much the more singular, he pleaded. However, the manager decided not to engage him.

Some years since a book was published entitled "The Lost Senses," which set forth how, notwithstanding grievous afflictions and physical infirmities, the writer had contrived to lead a studious, useful, and not unhappy life. How many of his faculties can an actor afford to lose? There have been mad players. The case of the Irish actor Layfield, narrated by O'Keefe, is perhaps hardly in point. Layfield was

struck with incurable madness while in the act of playing Iago to the Othello of Sheridan, and died shortly afterwards in an asylum. The first symptom of his malady is said to have been the perversion of the text of his part and his description of Jealousy as a "green-eyed lobster." And the later eccentricities of the veteran Macklin may be attributed rather to excessive senility than to absolute mental disease. We are told that, properly attired as Shylock, he entered the greenroom, where the other players were already assembled. He was about to make his last appearance upon the stage. "What! is there a play to-night?" he inquired. All were amazed; no one answered. "Is there a play to-night?" he repeated. The representative of Portia said to him, "Yes, of course. *The Merchant of Venice*. What is the matter with you, Mr. Macklin?" "And who is the Shylock?" he asked. "Why, you, sir, you are the Shylock." "Ah," he said, "am I?" and he sat down in silence. There was general concern. However, the curtain went up, the play began, and the aged actor performed his part to the satisfaction of the audience, if he stopped now and then and moved to the side the better to hear the prompter. "Eh, what is it? what do you say?" he sometimes demanded audibly, as he lifted up his hair from his ear and lowered his head beside the prompter's box.

But Reddish, the stepfather of George Canning, was decidedly a mad player. He had been dismissed from Covent Garden Theatre because of his "indisposition of mind," when, upon the intervention of certain of his friends, the management granted him a benefit. The play of *Cymbeline* was accordingly announced with Reddish as Posthumus. Ireland in his biography of Henderson relates that an hour before the performance he met Reddish "with the step of an idiot, his eye wandering, and his whole countenance vacant." Congratulated upon his being sufficiently recovered to appear, "Yes, sir," he said, "I shall perform, and in the garden scene I shall astonish you!" "The garden scene?" cried Ireland; "I thought you were to play Posthumus." "No, sir, I play Romeo." And all the way to the

theatre he persisted that he was to appear as Romeo; he even recited various of the speeches of that character, and after his arrival in the greenroom it was with extreme difficulty he could be persuaded that he had to play any other part. When the time came for him to appear upon the stage, he was pushed on, every one fearing that he would begin his performance of Posthumus with one of Romeo's speeches. "With this expectation," writes Ireland, "I stood in the pit, close to the orchestra, and being so near had a perfect view of his face. The instant he came in sight of the audience his recollection seemed to return, his countenance resumed meaning, his eye appeared lighted up, he made the bow of modest respect, and went through the scene much better than I had before seen him. On his return to the greenroom, the image of Romeo returned to his mind, nor did he lose it till his second appearance, when, the moment he had the cue, he went through the scene; and in this weak and imbecile state of his understanding performed the whole better than I ever saw him before." Ireland even pronounced that the actor's manner in his insane state was "less assuming and more natural" than when he had "the full exercise of his reason." Reddish was not seen again upon the stage, however; he died soon afterward hopelessly mad, an inmate of York Asylum.

In the records of the Théâtre Française a very similar case may be found. The actor Monrose, famous at one time for his admirable personation of the character of Figaro, had been for some months in confinement because of the disordered condition of his mind. His success in Beaumarchais' comedy had in truth turned his brain. He had so identified himself with the part of the Spanish barber that he could not lay it down or be rid of it. On the stage or off, sleeping or waking, he was always Figaro. He had forgotten his own name, but he answered to that of Figaro. In conversation he was absent, appeared not to hear or not to understand what was said to him; but a quotation from the "Barbier" produced an immediate reply, a merry laugh, a droll gesture. It was resolved that a performance should be given for his benefit,

and that he should appear as Figaro upon the occasion. The house was crowded to excess. Mlle. Rachel and all the leading players of the Française lent their services. The representation produced a profit of 18,000 francs. Dr. Blanche, the leading physician of the asylum in which the actor had been confined, was present throughout the evening, in close attendance upon his patient, soothing and encouraging him in the intervals of the performance. The anxiety both of spectators and actors was very great. The scene was described as "exciting in the highest degree." It was dreaded lest the actor's malady should suddenly disclose itself. The audience hesitated to applaud lest they should dangerously excite the poor man. Mlle. Rachel was so affected that she twice lost recollection of the words she should speak, although she was appearing in one of her most favorite and familiar characters. The representatives of Rosina and Almaviva could not disguise their terror; at each word, at each gesture, of Figaro's they looked for betrayal of his insanity. It was said, however, that the actor had never played better than on this his last night upon the stage, when he was released but for a few hours from the madhouse. He sought to re-assure his friends by his ease of manner, his smiling glances, his air of complete self-possession. At one time only did he seem thoroughly conscious of the painful position in which he was placed. Toward the close of the third act of the comedy Figaro is required to exclaim three times, "Il est fou!" We are told that at this utterance "every heart beat with terror . . . and here, and here only, did Monrose himself seem to betray that he was aware of the truth; he spoke with increasing vehemence and with an expression of the most poignant grief."

In the Memoirs of Mrs Bellamy of Covent Garden Theatre it is told how an insane actress once forced her way on to the stage and represented to perfection the madness of Ophelia; but the story is not very credible. Mrs. Verbruggen—she had been known, too, as Mrs. Mountford, and in her honor Gay, it was said, had written his "Black-eyed Susan"—had been confined for some

time in an asylum; her mind had suffered because of the perfidy of Mr. Barton Booth the tragedian, who had suddenly transferred his affections from her to the beautiful Miss Santlow the dancer. Mrs. Verbruggen was allowed considerable liberty, however, for her malady had not assumed a violent form, so that she was able with little difficulty to elude the watchfulness of her attendants and make her way to the theatre. She had ascertained that *Hamlet* was to be represented; as Ophelia she had been wont to receive the most fervent applause. "Concealing herself till the scene in which Ophelia makes her appearance in her insane state, she pushed on to the stage before her who played the character that night, and exhibited a far more perfect representation of madness than the utmost exertions of mimic art could do. She was in truth Ophelia's self, to the amazement of the performers as well as of the audience. Nature having made this last effort, her vital powers failed her."

There have been blind players. In the *Wolverhampton Chronicle*, December, 1792, appeared a statement to the effect that one Briscoe, the manager of a small theatrical company then in Staffordshire, although stone-blind, represented all the heroes in his tragedies and the lovers in genteel comedies. In 1744, on April 2d the Drury Lane playbill was headed with a quotation from Milton: "The day returns, but not to me returns." The performances were given for the benefit of Dr. Clancy, author of the tragedies, *Tamar Prince of Nubia*, and *Hermon Prince of Chorea*, who had become blind. The public was duly advertised that "Dr. Clancy being deprived of the advantages of following his profession, the master of the playhouse had kindly favored him with a benefit night; it was therefore hoped that, as that was the first instance of any person laboring under so heavy a deprivation performing on the stage, the novelty as well as the unhappiness of his case would engage the favor and protection of a British audience." The tragedy of *Edipus* was represented, and the blind man personated the blind prophet Teresias. The performance produced some profit, and Dr. Clancy was further assisted by a pension of £40 per annum out of the

privy purse. Imperfect sight has been no bar to success upon the stage. Even Roscius is said to have been afflicted with obliquity of vision, and therefore to have played in a vizard, until his audience, recognizing his great histrionic merits, induced him to discard his mask that they might better enjoy his exquisite oratory and the music of his voice. The great Talma squinted. And a dramatic critic writing in 1825 noted it as a strange fact that "our three light comedians, Elliston, Jones, and Browne," each suffered from "what is called a cast in the eye." Mr. Bernard in his "Retrospections" describes a provincial actor of some reputation who, although possessed of but one eye, played "all the lovers and harlequins." With shortness of sight many of our players have been troubled, or how can we account for such well-known facts, for instance, as the eye-glass of Mr. Bancroft and the *pince-nez* of Mr. Irving? Poor Mrs. Dancer—she was afterward famous as Mrs. Spranger Barry and as Mrs. Crawford—was so short-sighted that Hugh Kelly, in his satirical poem of "Thespis," rudely spoke of her as a "moon-eyed idiot." And once when by accident she dropped her dagger as she was about to commit self-slaughter upon the stage in the old tragic way—she was playing Calista in the *Fair Penitent*—her imperfect vision hindered her from perceiving where her weapon had fallen, and she could not recover it. "The attendant endeavored to push it toward her with her foot; this failing, she was obliged to pick it up, and very civilly handed it to her mistress to put an end to herself with; an awkward effect, as it took from the probability of the scene," simply comments O'Keeffe who relates the story. The late Herr Staudigl, who usually wore spectacles when he was not engaged upon the stage, found his weakness of sight a special disadvantage when he personated Bertram in *Robert le Diable*. He could not find the trap-door through which Bertram should descend in the final scene of the opera, although pains had been taken to mark broadly with chalk the exact position of the opening. The famous bass was usually conducted carefully to the spot and held over it that he might not miss it by the Robert and

Alice of the night. From the first, indeed, the trapdoor in *Robert* had been a source of inconvenience. On the night of the production of the opera, Nourrit, who played Robert, an impassioned artist, "entraîné par la situation, se précipita étourdiment dans la trappe à la suite du dieu des enfers." The audience, much alarmed, exclaimed, "Nourrit est tué!" Mlle. Dorus, the representative of Alice, shed tears. No harm had been done, however. Robert was not hurt. He had fallen upon the mattress arranged for Bertram. "Que diable faites-vous ici?" said Bertram's interpreter Levasseur to Nourrit as they met beneath the stage. "Est-ce qu'on a changé le dénouement?"

The late John Baldwin Buckstone was extremely deaf; his infirmity scarcely affected his performance, however, if, as Mr. Tom Taylor wrote, it "raised a wall of separation between him and all but a small circle of intimates." His quickness of intelligence in matters of his craft was so great that he might have been closely watched not only on the stage at night but even at the morning's rehearsal without discovery being made that he could hear no word of what was passing about him. "He was guided, in his by-play as well as in his spoken part, entirely by his knowledge of the piece acquired in reading it, and by his quick eye, which could catch much of what his stage interlocutors said from the movement of their lips and the expression of their faces. I remember his telling me," Mr. Taylor notes, "that it was only by this means he knew when his cue to speak came." An earlier actor, one Winstone, attached to the Bristol Theatre, remained upon the stage as an octogenarian although he was so affected with deafness that he could not possibly "catch the word" from the prompter. Delivering his farewell address, he secured the assistance of one of the performers to stand close behind him, advancing as he advanced and retiring as he retired, like a shadow, and charged to prompt him should he fail in the words of his speech.

Foote presents the most remarkable instance of a one-legged player. While on a visit at Lord Mexborough's, riding a too spirited horse, he was thrown, and received so severe a hurt that his left leg

had to be amputated. It was suggested at the time, "as a marvellous proof of the efficacy of avarice," that Foote had unnecessarily undergone amputation that he might surely enlist the sympathies of the Duke of York and by his influence obtain the Chamberlain's license for the little "theatre in the Haymarket;" but such a supposition is wholly incredible. Foote jested, as his wont was, even under the surgeon's knife. A little while before he had caricatured, in his farce of *The Orators*, the manner and aspect of Alderman Faulkner, the eccentric Dublin publisher, whose wooden leg had been turned to laughable account upon the stage. "Now I shall be able to take off old Faulkner to the life," said the satirist, when it was announced to him that the operation must be performed. But, in truth, he felt his misfortune acutely; he suffered deeply both in mind and body. He wrote pathetically of his state to Garrick: "I am very weak, in pain, and can procure no sleep but by the aid of opiates. Oh! it is incredible all I have suffered." After an interval he re-appeared upon the stage, however, the public finding little abatement of his mirthfulness or of his power to entertain. But, as O'Keeffe writes, "with all his high comic humor, one could not help pitying him sometimes as he stood upon his one leg leaning against the wall while his servant was putting on his stage false leg, with shoe and stocking, and fastening it to the stump; he looked sorrowful, but instantly resuming all his high comic humor and mirth, hobbled forward, entered the scene, and gave the audience what they expected, their plenty of laugh and delight." He wrote his comedy of *The Lame Lover* as it were to introduce his false leg to the public, and as Sir Luke Limp protested that he was not the worse but much the better for his loss. "Consider," he urged, "I can have neither strain, splint, spavin, nor gout; have no fear of corns, kibes, or that another man should kick my shins or tread on my toes. . . . What, d'ye think I would change with Bill Spindle for one of his drumsticks, or chop with Lord Lumber for both of his logs? What is there I am not able to do? To be sure, I am a little awkward at running; but then, to make me amends, I'll hop with any man in

town. . . . A leg! a redundancy! a mere nothing at all. Man is from nature an extravagant creature. In my opinion, we might all be full as well as we are with but half the things that we have!"

Charles Mathews the elder, though he did not incur the loss of a limb, was thrown from his carriage and lamed for life. When he was enabled to return to the stage, he re-appeared leaning upon a crutch stick and personating a lame harlequin in a comic extravaganza entitled *Hocus Pocus, or Harlequin Washed White*, designed especially for his reintroduction to the public. Some few years since Signor Donato, a one-legged dancer, appeared in the course of a Covent Garden pantomime, and surprised the audience by the grace and agility he displayed, his mutilated state notwithstanding. He wore the dress of a Spanish bull-fighter, and to the stump of his leg a tassel was affixed, so that it resembled somewhat an old-fashioned sofa cushion. In his "Retrospections of the Stage" Mr. Bernard describes a veteran manager who, though bent with age and afflicted with gout in all his members, delighted to represent the heroes of light comedy. He was unable to walk or even to stand, and throughout the performance had to remain seated in his easy chair, his lower limbs swathed in flannels, and to be wheeled on and off the stage as the circumstances of the play required. He endeavored to compensate for these drawbacks by taking large pinches of snuff very frequently, and by energetically waving in the air a large and dingy pocket-handkerchief. In this way he would represent such characters as Plume, the vivacious hero of Farquhar's *Recruiting Officer*, to audiences that were certainly indulgent and tolerant if they were not enthusiastic.

One of Mr. George Vandenhoff's "Dramatic Reminiscences" relates to a one-armed tragedian he encountered in 1840 on the stage of the Leicester Theatre. The poor man's left arm, it seems, "had been accidentally shot off," nevertheless he appeared as Icilus, as Pizarro, and as Banquo, concealing his deficiency now with his toga, now with his mantle, and now with his plaid. Mr. Vandenhoff writes: "I had really not noticed the poor fellow's mutilation, though I

had observed that he seemed rather one-sided in his action, till I played Othello to his Iago; and then what was my horror, on seizing him in the third act, to find that I had got hold of an armless sleeve stuffed out in mockery of flesh, for he did not wear a cork arm! I was almost struck dumb, and it was only by a strong effort that I recovered myself sufficiently to go on with the text. Poor fellow! he was a remarkably sensible man and good reader; but of course he could never rise in his profession with only one arm." Art might have helped him, however, as it helped the late M. Roger, the admired French tenor, to a mechanical hand, when by the accidental bursting of his gun his own natural right hand was so shattered that immediate amputation above the wrist became absolutely necessary. By touching certain springs with the left fingers the artificial right hand performed several useful functions, opened and closed, held a pen or paper, grasped and even drew a sword from its sheath. Those uninformed upon the subject might have witnessed the performances of the original John of Leyden in Meyerbeer's *Prophète*, and never have suspected the loss he had sustained. By a similar accident the English comedian John Bannister injured his left hand, and for some time it was feared that amputation must be undergone. The actor, however, escaped with the loss of two joints from two of his fingers and one joint from a third; this involved his always appearing on the stage afterward with a gloved hand. In Anthony Pasquin's *Life of Edwin* the comedian there is an account of a "barn-door actor," boasting the strange name of Gemea, who having lost an eye wore a glass substitute, and was further troubled in that he had been deprived of the use of his left arm, which paralyzed and withered hung down uselessly at his side. Nevertheless he contrived to play Richard the Third occasionally, when he endeavored to keep his lame limb out of the way tucked under his cloak behind him. But as he stalked about and spoke his speeches, the pendent arm shifted its position, came into sight, swung forward and incommoded him greatly, to be "instantly and unkindly slapped back into its place by the right hand." Throughout the

performance, indeed, his right hand was found to be constantly engaged in keeping his left in order; the spectators, meantime, greeting with laughter and applause this curious conduct on the part of the strangest Richard that could ever have been seen upon the stage.

Old age, it need hardly be said, is no disqualification to the player. Curious cases of longevity abound upon the stage. It is almost a condition of the actor's life that he shall be old and seem young. What does the artist's age matter if his art does not grow old? As one of the characters observes in the comedy of *Confident par Hazard*—"Mon acte de naissance est vieux, mais non pas moi." A youth of twenty was charged with being in love with the septuagenarian actress Déjazet. He denied it, but his blushes seemed to contradict his denial. "Oh!" said Nestor Roqueplan, an elderly gentleman, but a few years the junior of the lady, "il n'y a pas de mal à cela; et vous avez tort de vous en défendre. Quand je l'ai aimée, j'avais votre âge!" The famous French actress Mlle. Mars at sixty was still accepted by the Parisian public as an admirable representative of stage heroines of sixteen. The English actress, Mrs. Cibber, advanced in years, studying through her spectacles the part of Cælia in *The School for Lovers* declined the proposition made to her that Cælia's age should be altered and advanced from sixteen to twenty-three. The old actress preferred that Cælia should be as young as possible; and at night the audience confirmed her judgment and held that Mrs. Cibber was no older than the part represented her to be. Mrs. Cibber, however, had preserved a certain youthful grace and slenderness and symmetry of figure; this was not the case with Mlle. Mars, whose form had become robust and portly—"square-built," to adopt the term employed by Captain Gronow, who, while admiring the actress's "fine black hair and white and even teeth and voice of surpassing sweetness," noted that "the process of dressing her for the stage was a long and painful one, and was said to have been done by degrees, beginning at early dawn, the tightening being gradually intensified until the stage hour, when the finish was accomplished by the maid's foot being

placed in the small of the lady's back, and thus the last vigorous haul being given to the refractory staylace." The fat have been usually received with complacency and indulgence by the play-going public, however. Is not the well-rounded form of Mlle. Croizette always cordially welcomed to the stage of the Théâtre Français? A German gentleman visiting England some sixty years ago questioned whether there existed in any other European theatre "so many untheatrical female figures" as on the London stage. "The managers," wrote this caviller, "appear to have made it their object to blend together the two extremes of emaciation and corpulence, with a manifest partiality, however, to the latter. That class of women who are not improperly termed in Germany 'female dragoons,' seem here considered as the most suitable recruits." And he comments upon the "monstrous absurdity of the performance by Mrs. Jordan, a dame of forty with a portly figure and lusty proportions, of the character of Miss Lucy, a country girl of sixteen who takes delight in playing with her doll in the form of *The Virgin Unmasked*." But the Londoners "liberally remunerated her with the most enthusiastic applause." For poor Mlle. Mars a hint came at last that she was lagging superfluously upon the scene, and that she had outlived the favor and the indulgence of her public. Even while certain of her admirers continued to maintain that "Mlle. Mars a l'âge qu'elle a besoin d'avoir, parcequ'elle a la force et la grâce de cet âge," a wreath not of live flowers but of *immortelles* such as adorn graveyards was thrown to her upon the stage. The actress withdrew from the scene. The insult may have rather expressed an individual opinion than a general sentiment; but it sufficed. Audiences rarely permit themselves thus to affront their favorites; albeit it is told of a very plain-faced actor that when he played Mithridate, at the line addressed to him by Monime, "Seigneur, vous changez de visage," the parterre would sometimes cry out, "Laissez-le faire!"

"Mislike me not for my complexion," says the black Prince of Morocco. Is the player ever misliked for his complexion? Like a good horse, a good actor

may be of any color. Lord Byron found at Venice in 1818 an Othello who for some "exquisite reason" declined to assume "the shadowed livery of the burnished sun," and played the part with a white face—but this was in Rossini's opera, not in Shakespeare's tragedy. "They have been crucifying Othello into an opera," wrote Byron, "the music good but lugubrious," etc. Jackson, in his "History of the Scottish Stage," mentions an actress reputed to be "not only excellent as to figure and speaking, but remarkably so as to singing," who was wont to appear as Juliet and Polly in *The Beggar's Opera*, but who had the misfortune to be a negress! Foote proposed that the old Roman fashion should be revived and that the lady should wear a mask, while it was remarked that, in the case of a black Juliet, Romeo's comparison of her beauty to the "rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear" would have a special application. Jackson passing through Lancashire had witnessed the lady's performance of Polly. He writes: "I could not help observing to my friend in the pit, when Macheath addressed her with 'Pretty Polly, say,' that it would have been more germane to the matter had he changed the phrase to 'Sooty Polly, say.'"

Mr. Ira Aldridge, who was pleased to call himself the African Roscius, and who for some years flourished as a tragedian, was a veritable negro born on the west coast of Africa, the son of a native minister of the Gospel. It was intended that the boy should follow his father's calling and become a missionary; for some time he studied theology at an American college and at Glasgow University, obtaining several premiums and a medal for Latin composition. But in the end he adopted the profession of the stage, appearing at the Royalty Theatre in the east of London and at the Coburg, in a round of characters of a dark complexion such as Othello, Zanga, Gambia, Oroonoko, Aboan, and Mungo. He fulfilled various provincial engagements, and at Dublin his exertions were specially commended by Edmund Kean. At Belfast Charles Kean played Iago to Mr. Aldridge's Othello and Aboan to his Oroonoko. He appeared at the Surrey Theatre, at Covent Garden, and the

Lyceum. The dramatic critic of the *Athenæum* in 1858 particularly noticed one merit of his performance of Othello; he dispensed with the black gloves usually worn by Othellos of the theatre and displayed his own black hands, with "his finger-nails expressively apparent." He travelled upon the Continent, and was received with enthusiasm in the theatres of Germany. Princes and people vied in distinguishing him, crowded houses witnessed his performances, and honors, orders, and medals were showered upon him. He extended his repertory of parts, playing Peruvian Rolla, who was no doubt dark-skinned but not of African complexion. By-and-by he exhibited a black Macbeth, a black King Lear. For him was revived the doubtful play of *Titus Andronicus*, and he personated Aaron the Moor to admiring audiences. On the German stage, strange to say, he was permitted to deliver the English text while his fellow-players were confined to the German version of their speeches. However, the audiences of New York and Boston were similarly tolerant in the case of the German tragedian Herr Bogumil Dawson, who played Othello in German to Mr. Edwin Booth's Iago in English.

Many foreign players have appeared successfully upon the English stage speaking English or broken English. More rarely have English actors ventured to speak from the stage in a language not their own. In the last century, however, Mr. Bellamy, with a company of English amateurs who "spoke French like natives," presented

the tragedies of *Andromaque*, *Athalie*, and *Zaire* in French at the Richmond Assembly Rooms, expressly engaged and fitted up for the occasion, some assistance being rendered by the Marquis de Verneuil and Madame Brilliant. Junius Brutus Booth, whose "knowledge and accent of the French tongue" an American critic describes as "simply perfect," played *Oreste* in French, when *Andromaque* was produced at the French Theatre, New Orleans, "in a manner to rouse the wildest enthusiasm." Curiously enough, Macready had contemplated the same feat with Rachel for his *Andromaque* or his *Hermione*; but he abandoned the notion, satisfied that, although he might succeed in conveying the substance and passion of the scenes, the minor beauties and more subtle meaning belonging to the genius of the language would certainly escape him. It may be added that, within the last few months, certain English performers have amused themselves by joining in a representation in French of Augier's comedy *L'Aventurière* at the Prince of Wales' Theatre.

We have wandered from our theme a little. But perhaps it has been shown sufficiently that the physical qualifications of the players have been always regarded liberally by the public, and that generally there has prevailed a disposition to accept just what the stage has been prepared to tender, without subjecting it to anything like harsh requisitions or exactions.—*Belgravia Magazine*.

LÉON MICHEL GAMBETTA.

M. GAMBETTA perhaps thought of his own position when he said, in one of his speeches, that the peculiar danger of Democracy was not, as was so commonly supposed, its jealousy of superiors, but exactly the opposite weakness, of giving its heart too freely to a man, as if he could be the very incarnation of its idea. He is himself the only person in France who ever approaches this dangerous degree of popularity. No other combines so many—or perhaps possesses in the same measure any one—of

the greater qualities which impress the popular mind. In oratorical power, in impassioned energy of character, in the prestige accruing from playing a high part in momentous times, he stands without a rival. Then he has, more than any one else, made himself the spokesman of the great classes to whom universal suffrage has transferred supreme political control, and with whose interests, aspirations, and even passions he has always manifested an active and evidently a sincere sympathy. And he

has been for years the chief apostle of the Republican cause, which has eventually triumphed, and whose success has naturally contributed a certain "unearned increment" to his ascendancy. He has, moreover, gained credit with many whose politics are of a more Conservative turn by the unexpected moderation which has hitherto largely guided his counsels. He is conscious that the now governing classes, if they may be called so, especially the peasantry and the small tradesmen, are in many respects more Conservative and timid than their predecessors; and he is equally conscious that, for the present at any rate, it is impossible to carry even measures which the former might approve without making concessions to the interests and ideas of the latter. Policy, he says, always means compromise, and inopportunism is the most fatal of political heresies. This is, of course, only the natural outcome of the political mind, which it is his peculiarity to unite with an almost dogmatic doctrine and his own Democratic creed. The common impression of his growing moderation is for the most part an illusion. Men think he has grown moderate when they have only themselves got better acquainted with his moderation. He never was the fanatic he was once taken to be, but time has not contracted the extent of the innovations he contemplates except by accomplishing them. His highest ambition is to be a creative statesman, and to mould the political institutions and even the national character and manners of France into a Democratic type. A mere Republican *façade*, he has said, will not content him; the whole building, every wall, pillar, and cornice, must be through and through Republican. But this, he owns, cannot be done at once, or by one man, or in one generation. The Democratic shape which the Republic is now assuming may prove to be incompatible with the national character of the French, and M. Gambetta's authority may fall away, and his works follow it. But he is certainly the one great figure whom the third Republic has as yet produced; he has a long career still before him, whatever it may hide in it, and it is impossible to regard him without either admiration, or hope, or anxiety.

M. Gambetta became legally a French citizen only ten years before he was dictator on the Loire. He was naturalized by a formal adoption of the French nationality in presence of the mayor of his native town, when he was about to set out for Paris to begin the practice of his profession. His father, Joseph Gambetta, was Italian, who came from Genoa in the early years of the present century, and settled as a grocer in the old Gascon town of Cahors. Cahors is a small place of some 14,000 inhabitants, the chief town of its department, and the seat of the district courts of law, of a bishopric, of secondary schools, of an excellent public library, and of a fair trade in wine and woollen stuffs. It was the birthplace of Clement Marot, the poet, and it once had a university at which Fénelon was a student. It was in its quaint and narrow streets that Henry of Navarre, with 700 followers, fought hand to hand with the inhabitants for five days, and was so hard beset with stones and tiles that his troops would fain have retreated, till Henry set his back against a shop and said: "My only retreat from this town will be the retreat of my soul from my body." A shop hardly less interesting than this to visitors of the present time is the "Bazar Genoais" (a picture of which may be found in M. Sala's last delightful book), with its door-jambs adorned with carved sugar loaves, and its broad signboard indicating that Messrs. "Gambetta Jeune et Cie." provide "sucres du Havre, Nantes, et Bordeaux" at "1 fr. le kil." Joseph Gambetta prospered in his calling, and in 1837 married Mlle. M. Massabie, daughter of a druggist in Cahors, by whom he has had two children—Léon, born April 2, 1838, and a daughter, Benedette, now the wife of a functionary in the treasury. The elder Gambetta is still alive, in comfortable retirement at Nice. He is not an ordinary man. He possesses a natural eloquence which his son has inherited, and his conversation, which is very abundant, is said to be so full of picturesque images, felicitous expressions, and impromptu *mots*, that many of his son's friends pronounce him to be the finer and better talker of the two. Gambetta said at Cherbourg this autumn with dignity, "I

have never forgotten my origin ;" and his father was present with him at Grenoble when he made his famous declaration about the new social classes who had now acceded to power.

The age of legends is not gone, and perhaps never will be. Their type even changes little, and it is at least an evidence of the hold Gambetta has taken of the popular mind, that as in the case of other great men, a local seer is said to have predicted to his mother soon after her marriage that she would give birth to a boy who should be the most famous man in all that country. A eight years of age Léon lost the sight of his right eye—not, as another legend goes, by his own hand to escape from school, but while he was watching a cutler—a neighbor of his father's—boring the handle of a knife with a drill driven by a bow made of catgut and an old foil ; the foil broke, and one of the ends entered his eye. Through unskilful treatment the injury grew into glaucoma, which caused him from time to time much suffering, and eventually compelled him in 1867 to have the eye taken out and a glass one substituted, in order to save the left eye, which was showing symptoms of being sympathetically affected.

M. Gambetta's parentage was foreign ; his education—unlike M. Waddington's—was entirely French. He was first sent to a small Catholic seminary at Montfaucon, being probably at this time destined by his mother, like many other sons of the *petite bourgeoisie*, for the ecclesiastical state ; but he disliked this institution so much that he remained only a few months there. In 1849 he entered the Lyceum of Cahors, where he attracted notice as a great reader, with a remarkable memory, and a pronounced taste for philosophy and politics. His metaphysical essays were commended at the time for the maturity and force of their reasoning, and the independence of his mind is shown by his having at sixteen studied the economical works of Proudhon. In 1857 he went to Paris to study law, and for three years was a courted and moving spirit among the students of the Latin Quartier. Here we find him zealous, laborious, omnivorous in his studies, rising early and working hard, attending lectures at the Sor-

bonne, at the medical school, at any place where lectures worth hearing were to be met with, varying Vattel and Gaius with Voltaire, Diderot, La Fontaine, and above all, with his favorite author and inseparable companion, Rabelais. We find the instincts of the orator, the politician, the leader of men, already unconsciously making their appearance. He is very fond of spouting the Olynthiaks of Demosthenes in the Greek. He never misses an afternoon without going to the Odéon to read the newspapers. He is always encircled by friends, many and enthusiastic, whom he holds and moves with a genuine gift of ascendancy, charming them by the boldness of his ideas, the gayety and stimulus of his talk, and the manly fervor of his nature. In the evenings he is generally found with a group of students in the cafés or eagerly continuing their discussions under the lamps in the streets, and people already used to ask one another if they knew the pale-faced, compact figure who always seemed the soul of the group, whose sonorous voice had a certain broad authority in it, and whose left eye grew so strangely enlarged in his animation.

He received his license to plead in January, 1860, and determined to practice in Paris. In this resolution he was strongly opposed by his father, who thought it hopeless for a young man without connection to make his way at the metropolitan bar, and who urged him to settle in Cahors. Léon, however, believed in himself, whoever might doubt, and he fortunately found a seasonable friend in his aunt, Jenny Mas-sabie, who also believed in him, and who was to be a very important element in his private circle for the next fifteen years. She had an annuity of about £100 a year, and she said to the father, "You do not see how you can keep your son in Paris, it may be for long years, but next week I will go with him, and we shall stay together ;" and then turning to Léon she added, "And now, my boy, I will give you food and shelter, and you will do the rest by your work." They took a small house in the Latin Quartier, from whence in 1863 they removed to a fourth floor in the Rue Bonaparte, in 1869 to a larger house in the Rue Montaigne, and in

1872 to still better quarters in the premises of the "République Française." Gambetta always had his friends about him on the Sundays, and they have many a kindly recollection of the good "Tata" as she was called in the southern dialect, of her warm greetings, her shrewd sense, her Gascon ways, and accents, and dishes, and her devotion to her "Leïon," whose successes she used to regard as personal triumphs to herself, for had she not said, while they were yet in Cahors, that he would be a great man one day? Her nephew was warmly attached to her, and his grief was profound when she was struck with paralysis in 1876, and died at Nice in 1877.

Having been inscribed on the list of advocates, M. Gambetta was appointed secretary to M. Crémieux, who was afterward to be one of his colleagues in the Government of National Defence. He became likewise a member of the Conférence Molé, of which M. Crémieux was president, which Mulfroy still attended occasionally, and which numbered among its most active members at this period Ernest Picard, Clément Laurier, and Léon Renault, all of whom were subsequently well known to fame. It met in the Café Procope, in the Rue de l'Ancienne-Comédie, the oldest coffee-house in Paris—the first indeed in which coffee was supplied for sale, and in the last century a common resort of the great wits and philosophers of the age; Diderot, D'Alembert, Rousseau, D'Arlebach, are all known to have frequented it, and a red marble table still remains at which Voltaire sat and wrote. It was in the debates of the society, which met in this historical place every Friday, that M. Gambetta, like many other French orators, first learnt the art of public speaking. He soon displayed ease and energy, he spoke the better the more he was contradicted, and members used to invite their friends to "come and hear Gambetta speak."

During his early years at the bar he remained at the office of M. Crémieux, and added a little to his income by acting as correspondent for the *Journal de l'Europe* at Frankfort. He had to encounter many obstacles to success in his profession. He had no connection; his politics were no doubt against him; his

voice even, rich and powerful as it is, was said to be a disadvantage, for it was too sonorous for a court of law. But employment gradually came his way, especially in political and press causes. In 1862 he was engaged, on the recommendation of Jules Favre, to defend Buette, a foreman mechanic, who was implicated in an alleged insurrection, and it was on this occasion that he boldly denounced the imperial interference with the course of justice, and charged the judge not to listen to the suggestion, *Tu non es amicus Cæsaris*. From that moment the workmen of Paris began to take account of the "one-eyed advocate." He made his first appearance on a political platform in 1863, during the elections of that year, when the city of Paris gave its first vote against the Empire. The Orleanists had put up M. Prevost Paradol as a Liberal candidate for the city, and M. Gambetta rose in one of his meetings and made a speech, not in support of his candidature, but in favor of adopting a decidedly Republican programme. Becoming gradually better and better known, he was at length in 1868 employed to defend Delescluse, of the *Reveil* newspaper, in the Baudin case, and made a vehement speech which resounded through the whole country, and at once brought him to the forefront of public life. Tinot's history of the *coup d'état* of December 2, 1851, had revived the popular interest in that event, and one of the incidents thrown into relief in the book was the execution of Dr. Baudin, a deputy, by order of Louis Napoleon, for having protested against his violation of the law. This passage was quoted at full length in the Liberal journals, and made such an impression on the public mind, that on November 2d, the day of the Feast of the Dead, the Paris populace went in multitudes to the Cemetery of Montmartre to lay a crown on the neglected grave of this forgotten martyr. The grave was found after some difficulty, the weeds which overgrew it were cut away, and in a short time more than a thousand people were standing at the spot with their heads uncovered. Several political discourses were then delivered, and next day subscriptions for a monument were opened in the columns of the *Reveil* and other journals. On the 13th several of the

more prominent journalists who favored this movement, including M. Challemeil Lacour, the present Ambassador of France at the English Court, who was then editor of the *Revue Politique*, were charged before the Correctional Tribunal of the Seine with exciting hostility against the government. They were defended by men like Crémieux, Jules Favre, and Emmanuel Arago, but the speech which made the profoundest impression was that of M. Gambetta. He did not content himself with defending his client, but boldly assumed the aggressive, and in a time when men lived in constant fear of the gendarmes, he declared that Louis Napoleon had on December 2d taken France like a highwayman and felled her senseless, that the Napoleonic legend was the virus that poisoned the veins of France and produced all her evils, and that the Empire stood self-condemned because after seventeen years' absolute mastery over the country it had never dared to celebrate the anniversary of its origin. "Every government France has passed under," he said, "has honored the day of its birth. There are only two exceptions. One is that of the 18th Brumaire, the other that of the 2d December. You have not celebrated this day because you know the universal conscience of the nation would reject it. Well, that anniversary which you pass by we claim. We will celebrate it as the anniversary of our dead till the day when the country shall become its own master again, and in the name of liberty, equality, and fraternity impose upon you a great national expiation." The combined audacity and eloquence of his speech made an immense stir in France, and M. Gambetta was received with *vivats* at Lille and Toulouse, where he went soon after to defend other journalists for like offences.

At the election of 1869 he was chosen for Belleville and Marseilles—in the latter place in preference to Thiers and Lesseps—and he decided to sit for Marseilles, because Belleville was more certain to return a member of his own way of thinking. In his address to the electors he said that he was sprung from the people and lived for the people, that he wished to secure the government of all by all, and that he accepted their mandate as one of irreconcilable opposition

to the Empire. This was the first time the word "irreconcilable" had been used to describe the position of his party, and it became thenceforth its watchword. The young men of Paris gave him a congratulatory banquet, at which he said that he was a Republican by tradition, by family, by race; that he regarded that also as a noblesse; that he entered public life with the one great ambition of working for the definitive realization of liberty in a Republican form, and that he hoped the centenary of 1789 would not arrive without having accomplished the French Revolution, for the French Revolution was the last word of political intelligence, and the French Revolution meant the Democratic Republic. Events have accelerated his hope faster than he dared to suppose.

His first appearance in the Legislative body—where he of course sat on the extreme left—was to protest indignantly against the arrest of Rochefort for animadverting on the acquittal of Prince Pierre Bonaparte, and on April 5, 1870, he delivered on the subject of the *plébiscite* one of the most remarkable speeches he has ever made. He spoke for two hours, contending that there was an absolute incompatibility between parliamentary monarchy and universal suffrage, and that the *plébiscite*, being an appeal to popular sovereignty, involved a virtual surrender of the hereditary claim of the dynasty. This speech expounds with great precision some of the fundamental views of M. Gambetta's political philosophy. It gave him immediately the position of a great party leader. One of his chief desires at this time—as appears from a letter written on April 24, 1870, which has been published—was that the Democratic party should take an attitude of moderation, and that they should strive to make clear "that Democracy meant security for all material interests, respect for property, guarantee of all rights; and that, while it sought to ameliorate and moralize those who were disinherited of fortune and intelligence, it meant neither loss nor peril to those who were privileged with them." On August 23d he spoke against going to war with Germany. Ten days afterward the Empire fell—from that time Gambetta belongs to history.

On September 4th the Government of National Defence was established under General Trochu, with Gambetta in the important post of Minister of the Interior. The object of this government was to continue the war and repel the invading German army, and Gambetta's first advice was that, as that army was now advancing upon Paris, the government ought to leave the capital and organize the defences from some uninvested town. His advice was sound, but it was not taken. The government, however, sent a delegation of three of its members to Tours for this purpose, and on October 7th despatched Gambetta after them to enforce more energy into the work. Paris being by this time invested, Gambetta left it by a balloon, accompanied by his friend M. Spuller, afterward editor of the *République Française*. As he mounted the basket he said, "*C'est peut-être mon avant-dernier panier*," and it was nearly so, for the Prussian shot grazed the envelope of the balloon before it passed beyond their range. It fell near Amiens, from whence he reached Tours on the 9th. There was not a soldier in Tours when he arrived, but in a month he had an army ready for the field, and on November 9th it had won the battle of Coulmiers. From Tours he went to Bourges, from Bourges to Lyons, from Lyons to Bordeaux, whither the delegation had come from Tours, raising by indefatigable labors three armies of in all 800,000 men, negotiating loans for their maintenance, and even, with dictatorial assumption, but with what Von Goltz and others venture to describe as a true strategical genius, directing their military operations. It is impossible here to follow all the campaign in the Loire, or to touch on the controverted points of his policy. The only wonder is that his errors were not graver and more numerous than they were. De Tocqueville says that a lawyer makes the worst of administrators; and here was a young lawyer taken fresh from his chambers, and set to govern all France without control during an extraordinary crisis. It will be admitted that he showed a genuine governing faculty, a marvellous power of work and mastery of details, a great readiness of resource, and a certain instinctive insight into the condition

of things. M. Jules Simon gives us an amusing description of how he found him in the Prefecture at Bordeaux, when he arrived on his mission from the Government of National Defence after the capitulation of Paris. Every room, he says, was packed with clerks; the great staircase bustled like a railway station when a train is about to start; deputations were standing to be received on the stair head; crowds were waiting outside to be addressed from the balcony. If the dictator wanted to write a letter or circular he took refuge behind a screen, and when generals from the seat of military operations came to consult him he had to retire with them behind a door. Still, in all this atmosphere of confusion, he was working out his great schemes with the clearest purpose, and preserved a spirit so gay, that he was sometimes reproved for an unseemly forgetfulness of his country's griefs. He kept all in heart, and used to say that courage was a quality which ought to be inflamed rather than extinguished by reverses.

It was a deep disappointment to him when Paris capitulated, and the government concluded an armistice with the Germans in order that the country might elect an assembly to conclude a peace. War à outrance would have still been his voice, for he entertained a passionate conviction of the immense reserve of strength which yet remained in France. He feared, also, that this assembly might, under Prussian influences, restore the Empire, and he accordingly issued an ordinance declaring that no person who had held office under the Imperial Government should be eligible to the new assembly. This ordinance was recalled by his colleagues in Paris, Prince Bismarck having threatened to break off the armistice if one of its most essential provisions—that of freedom of election—were to be thus unjustly violated. M. Gambetta retired from office rather than assent to this course. Prince Bismarck asked with surprise how it was that he, the friend of despots and tyrants, should be standing up for liberty against M. Gambetta, the great champion of freedom. Many persons will share this feeling of surprise. But the truth is that M. Gambetta has never been a champion of freedom in and for

itself. His watchword is, Get the Republic, with freedom if possible, but by all means get the Republic. This is not the only occasion in his career in which he has made no scruple about depriving individuals of their political rights, and setting aside some of the most sacred and honored principles of liberty. But it is worth noticing that on the present occasion he sacrificed these principles to a fear which turned out to be entirely ill-grounded. An anti-Republican majority was, indeed, returned; but the Imperialists whom he dreaded, and whom alone he sought to exclude, were nowhere. His policy derives, therefore, as little justification from events as from principles. The majority of the new Assembly—elected on February 7, 1871—was composed of Monarchists, in great part old Legitimist landowners, who were chosen because the country desired, above all things, peace. Gambetta himself was returned for ten different constituencies, and he elected to sit for Strasbourg, thus staking his parliamentary existence on the integrity of France, and indicating how stoutly he meant to resist the cession of Alsace and Lorraine. When these provinces were ceded, and Strasbourg was no longer part of France, Gambetta, of course, lost his seat in the Assembly. He then went for a month to St. Sebastian for greatly needed rest; and it was during his absence there that the outbreak of the Commune occurred in Paris. He is sometimes blamed for his absence during that insurrection, and "St. Sebastian" is one of the commonest cries with which his enemies try to interrupt his speeches. The insinuation is that he shrunk either from the responsibilities or from the personal dangers of his position. But M. Gambetta is no coward, either moral or physical, and nothing is more natural than that he should seek rest after the infinite labor of the previous six months, as soon as he got a brief respite from public duties through the disfranchisement "by an act of God" of the seat which he had patriotically and self-sacrificingly risked sitting for. He was not long out of parliament, however, for he was again sent to Versailles at the complementary elections in July.

He had already spoken with his immediate friends, whom he still gathered

about him on the Sundays, of the necessity of starting a newspaper, to be a more exact organ of their views, and the idea was at once adopted, and a capital of £5000 subscribed for the purpose by friends of the party. The first name they thought of for this new journal was *La Revanche*, then *La Patriote*, but the one, we are told, was considered premature, and the other too specific. Both names, however, reveal the ideas which held at the time the foremost place in the minds of this group of politicians. The great revenge was certainly a cardinal article of faith with Gambetta then, and what has once been an article of faith with a nature like his is probably never renounced, though it ought to be added that it does not therefore follow that M. Gambetta will be at all ready to plunge his country into war for the purpose. No one sees so clearly as he does that the work of France for many years to come is that of national reconstruction and regeneration, and it was he who said at Havre, so long ago as 1872, that "our true revenge is the regaining of our hereditary qualities and the reformation of our national morale." The title ultimately chosen for their organ was *La République Française*, and Gambetta became its political director, Spuller its editor, and Challemeil-Lacour, De Freycinet, and Ranc were among its leading contributors. Gambetta attended very assiduously to his editorial duties. Not a line of political matter was printed without passing under his eye; and even when he had undergone a hard day's work in the Assembly at Versailles, he yet never missed going through all the laborious duties of his editorial office in the evening. The success of the paper may be said to have been assured from the beginning, and one result was that in a short time its proprietors bought larger premises, in which Gambetta and his aunt came to reside, increasing their establishment by the cook and the brougham, which figured so much in the reactionary journals as indications of the luxurious indifference of the ex-dictator.

In the Versailles Assembly Gambetta spoke much more seldom than was expected; indeed, his enemies twitted him upon his taciturnity. But in the face of a hostile majority he felt that his best

policy was to wait and watch, if by any means he might save the Republic. He bore the personal attacks to which he was frequently subjected with much calmness, only demanding a Commission of Inquiry into the conduct of the Delegation at Tours and Bordeaux, and delivering his vindication once for all before that body. It need hardly be said that, while he may have committed blunders and faults, even his adversaries were obliged to acknowledge that his integrity and patriotism were beyond challenge. He perceived, however, that for the time the work of the Republican cause was not to be done in the Assembly so much as in the *beureau* and on the platform; and his main efforts were directed—and very successfully—to securing the cohesion of the Republicans within the house and creating a powerful public opinion in favor of the Republic outside. He showed himself, according to universal admission, a singularly good party manager, and convinced M. Thiers that he was not the *fou furieux* he had taken him to be. During the parliamentary vacations of 1871, 1872, and 1873 he delivered a series of speeches in various provincial centres, which carried his Republican evangel through the length and breadth of the land, and contributed immensely to win the minds of the peasantry to the Republic. In one of his speeches M. Gambetta took up a sneer which was cast at him, and said that he believed it not imperfectly described his position; he was indeed "the commercial traveller of the Republic, who labored to make known its excellencies, to extend its connections, to establish its good will in the minds of all France." In the first beginnings of a business the commercial traveller has perhaps a more important work to do than the manager. That is the kind of work M. Gambetta has hitherto been doing for the Republic, and he seems still to feel that the time has not yet come when he can serve it better by any other.

The speeches M. Gambetta delivered in the years now mentioned present us with a very good view of his political programme. To remove the prejudices and fears of the peasantry, he is at pains to show what the democratic Republic he preached to them did not mean. In

the first place it was no socialist utopia; it was the enemy of such. The French Revolution had given a new sanction to individual property, and the form of government which was to complete the revolution would confirm that sanction and not weaken it. He said, moreover, "There is no social panacea, for there is no social question. There is a series of questions, but they differ in different places even in the same country, and must be solved each for itself, and not by any single formula." If he quelled the fears of the peasantry by these assurances, he satisfied the aspirations of the laboring classes—the dreaded proletariat—by others. For while he said that the French Revolution consecrates the principle of individual property, he said at the same time that it made property "a moral as well as a material condition of the liberty and dignity of the citizen," and that it was therefore essential that there should be a wider distribution of capital and the instruments of labor among the masses of the people. How this is to be secured he has not declared.

He sought to remove a second misunderstanding. He said at Belleville, in 1873. "Democracy to-day says no longer 'All or nothing.' It says no longer 'If this government does not give us all we want, we will overturn it.' It says, 'Let us proceed gradually, and not make any *tabula rasa*, or take up all questions at once.'" He said, "The ideal was the end, and not the beginning, of their work," that the better might be the enemy of the good, and that the true policy was "a policy of results" or of opportunism. This was his second broad divergence from the Republicanism of the men of 1848, and it involved greater moderation of method, as the first involved greater moderation of doctrine. There was, he fully owned, a great work to do, but it must needs be done bit by bit, as the country was able to bear it. The Republic, he said, is not the end, but only a means; it is not the solution, but only a very essential prerequisite to the solution of the social and political problem of France. "The work before France is to leaven legislation and manners with the ideas and doctrines of 1789, and especially with that greatest and highest idea of civil and political equality." And what is

equality? By equality he says he means "no levelling, jealous, and chimerical equality," but simply the abolition of everything that remains of old castes and privileges, and the making of political rights, civil functions, education, and property legally open and accessible to all, so that every capacity in the nation may have a fair field. That would tend to give "power to the wisest and most worthy," which he declares to be the watchword of Democracy.

This is a work, however, which it will take, in his opinion, several generations to accomplish, and all that can be done now is to lay the foundation. For the present there are various minor necessities, such as securing the loyalty of civil functionaries to the Republic, and various general necessities, such as promoting material prosperity by economy, by public works, and in every possible way; but the two special requirements of the time are that every man in France be armed, and every man in France be educated. Those who have to do the work of citizens and patriots ought to begin by being soldiers and scholars. Without such training you cannot, in his opinion, create a truly free, brave, independent, and just people; and that is what the Republic must aim to do; but with it there is no limit to the possibilities in store for a race with such admirable capacities as the French.

Education is the theme to which he devotes his strength in these speeches. The country must at all hazards be saved from ignorance—"the double ignorance which is peculiar to France"—the absolute ignorance of its peasantry, and the more dangerous "half-ignorance" of the towns. Ignorance, he declares, has been the cause of all their social crises; it has given all its strength to the Napoleonic legend; it has exposed the land to "constant alternations of despotism and demagoguery." Primary education must be obligatory, gratuitous, laic; and secondary education is even more necessary than primary, and, like it, ought to be open to all. Books, libraries, academies, institutes, ought to be scattered everywhere. Science must descend to the humblest locality, and descend in its best. Let all truth, let the highest truth, be taught in schools and colleges; for the highest

truths, he says, are those which young minds taken in most readily.

For this laicity is essential, for education on a modern democracy must be imbued with the modern spirit. "With all my soul," he said at St. Quentin in 1871, "I wish to separate not only the Churches from the State, but the schools from the Church. That is for me a necessity of political order, and I will add of social order." The Pope had, in 1864, condemned all modern liberties, and it was, therefore, simply dangerous to the public safety to leave the education of the electors of the next generation in the hands of men who would train them in an aversion to the principles of the political system under which they dwelt, and over which they were ultimate masters. Gambetta's antipathy to the superior clergy has only increased with time, for he has found them constantly interfering at elections, and using the ecclesiastical organization in the interests of anti-Republican factions. He has denounced them not merely as being un-democratic, but un-French, wearing a Romish costume, and taking their orders from a foreign power. On May 4, 1877, he proposed a question in the Chamber as to breaking off relations between France and the Vatican, and finished his speech by quoting a remark of his friend Peyrat, "*Le Cléricalisme, voilà l'ennemi.*" And at Rome, on September 18th of the same year, he made a speech, in which he said, "I have the right to say, pointing to those clericals served by 400,000 regular, beside all the secular clergy, those masters in the art of making dupes, and who speak of social peril, *Le péril social, le voilà!*" In this speech, he explained, however, that what he meant by clericalism was the spirit and power of the higher clergy, and that he had no thought in the world of attacking the inferior clergy, "most of whom," he said, "groaned under the yoke of clericals of high rank." This distinction is one of considerable importance for the understanding of Gambetta's policy. He knows that to attack the lower clergy would be to forfeit the support of the peasantry, among whom they live, and by whom their services are valued; but he believes likewise that it is possible to weld the lower clergy into complete

solidarity with Democracy, while it is impossible to do the like with the higher. In the speech at St. Quentin in 1871, the first he delivered on the subject of the Church, this was the view he most prominently presented.

There was once (he said) in the ancient French monarchy a great clergy faithful to the traditions of religious and national independence. The Church of France had always held itself above Ultramontane pretensions, and by so doing had won the respect of the whole world. That Church has disappeared, because, under pretext of combating the principles of the Revolution, but in reality from an instinct of domination, the higher clergy have been—little by little at first, but soon exclusively—recruited from among the representatives of the Romish doctrine pure and simple. So that to-day there is really no longer a French clergy, at least in its superior ranks. There remains, indeed, to us a portion of the clergy who may give us evidence of those of ancient France. It is the low clergy. They are called so because, like slaves in the hands of their masters, they are entirely low. They are the most humble, the most resigned, the most modest of clergies. "It is a regiment," said a high cardinal in full senate; "when I speak it must go." I have never read without a movement of indignation that infamous saying. Yes, I am a votary of free thought. I put nothing on a level with human science. But I cannot prevent myself from being possessed with an emotion of respect when I think of these men who are spoken of with so much *hauteur*. No, I am not cold to the deserving, humble man who, after having received certain ideas—very few, very incomplete, and very obscure—returns to the bosom of the robust and healthy rural populations, from which he has sprung, peasant and priest in one. He lives in the midst of them. He sees their hard and rude struggles for existence. His mission is to alleviate their sufferings, and he gives himself to it with his whole soul. In the dangers and perils of invasion I have seen them show themselves ardent and devoted patriots. They belong to the Democracy and they remain in it, and if they could yield themselves freely to their convictions more than one would avow himself a Democrat and a Republican. Well, it is the clergy of the country that it is necessary to elevate, to liberate, to emancipate, to rescue from the *rdle* and the servitude which that cruel word, low clergy, denotes. So far from being the enemy of the clergy, our only desire is to see them return to the democratic traditions of their predecessors of the *Grande Constituante*, and to associate themselves like true Frenchmen in the life of a Republican nation.

This quotation may serve as a specimen of M. Gambetta's oratory, as well as

an expression of his policy on a question of surpassing interest in France. It leaves, however, little space to follow his subsequent career. The most important incidents in his public life after this period were the part he took in promoting the transition from the Provisional Republic of 1871 to the quasi-definitive Republic—the Septennate—of February, 1875; and, again, in promoting the transition from this to the definitive Republic of February, 1879. In the first he worked hand in hand with M. Thiers, who had come to learn that his *sou furieux* was as patient, and calculating, and disposed for compromise as himself. It was mainly Gambetta's influence that secured the adhesion of the Republican party to the Wallon amendment, the compromise which gave birth to the Septennate of MacMahon. Even men like M. Grévy remained inflexible to the last, and some went so far as to reproach M. Gambetta with changing his cue. Thinking that, as he said, the militant period of the Republic was now over, he gave a general support to the rule of the Marshal until the latter, fearing the growing Republican sentiment of the country, which the elections continued to manifest, violently dismissed M. Jules Simon from power on May 16, 1877, and gave signs of conspiring against the future of the Republic. He then bent all his energy against the Marshal, and on July 8th made a famous speech at Lille, in which he said that France would at the approaching elections say to the President, "Either submit or desist." For this he was prosecuted and condemned to imprisonment, which, however, his inviolability as a deputy saved him from undergoing. At length, in January, 1879, the Marshal succumbed, and the Republic being definitively established, in February M. Grévy was chosen in his stead, and M. Gambetta, who declined to stand for the presidency, was elected president of the Chamber of Deputies. Once again the Republic militant seems to have ended and given place to the Republic triumphant, which many think is only too bent on making its enemies its footstool.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

CONCERNING NAMES.

MONTAIGNE has observed that in the genealogy of princes there seems to be certain names peculiarly affected—as the Ptolemies of Egypt, the Henries of England, the Charleses of France, the Baldwins of Flanders, and the Williams of Aquitaine. This hereditary partiality for certain Christian names would form an interesting subject of inquiry of itself, though it is one which we do not propose at present to pursue. One remarkable fact, however, may be cited in support of this partiality—namely, that when Henry, Duke of Normandy, son of Henry the Second, King of England, made a great feast in France, the concourse of nobility and gentry was so great that, for diversion's sake, the guests were divided into groups according to their names. It was found that in the first group, which consisted of those only bearing the name of William, there were no fewer than one hundred and ten knights, without reckoning the ordinary gentlemen and their servants. Now many families, not content with good, short, and easily pronounceable names, such as John, Alfred, William, Charles, etc., must perforce rake up Methuselahs, Ezeiels, Habakkuks, Malachis, and the like, which only result in being a torment to their friends.

There never was a more pronounced movement in nomenclature than that of the Puritans. They resolved to throw off all semblance of the world, or acquaintance with worldly things. So they rushed to the other extreme, and although many of them were very brave and noble men, they exposed themselves to ridicule by their fantastic choice of names. Such names as Mr. Praise God Barebones, Sergeant Zerubbabel Grace, and Swear-not-at-all Ireton, were calculated to excite the risible faculties of the Cavaliers; while there was something even still more ludicrous in such long-sounding typical titles as Hew - Agag - in - pieces - before - the - Lord Robinson, Glory-be-to-God Pennymen, and Obadiah-bind-their-kings-in-chains-and-their-nobles-with-links-of-iron Needham. The Rev. Charles W. Bardsley recently published an amusing

work on the Curiosities of Puritan Nomenclature, citing some very singular examples thereof. For instance, we find that one Mr. Hopkinson, of Salehurst, christened three of his daughters Persis, Renewed, and Safe-on-high, respectively; while Mr. Thomas Heley, preacher of Warbleton, gave to four of his own offspring the names of Muchemercye, Increased, Sin - denie, and Fear-not. 'For half a century Warbleton was, in the names of its parishioners, a complete exegesis of justification by faith without the deeds of the law. Sorry-for-sin Coupard was a peripatetic exhortation to repentance, and Nomerit Vynall was a standing denunciation of works.' Coming to "grace names," Mr. Bardsley notes that Sir Thomas Carew, Speaker of the House of Commons in James's and Charles's reigns, had a wife Temperance, and four daughters, Patience, Temperance, Silence, and Prudence. In the year 1758, the death of the Rev. Experience Mayhew is recorded, and the baptism of more than one Diligence, Obedience, Perseverance, Confidence, and Victory. Humiliation was a favorite Christian-name with some families, though its bearers were probably not always so humble as some who have borne the surname of Pride. Preserved was another favorite name, and it is stated that a boy who was washed ashore on the New Jersey coast was named Preserved Fish, a name which he lived to bear with distinction. In 1611 there was baptized at St. Helen's, Bishops-gate, a child to whom was given the name of Job - raked - out - of - the - ashes. Another curious name was Cherubin Diball, but upon this Mr. Bardsley remarks that it was not more singular than many another. "In 1678, Seraphim Marketman is referred to in the last testament of John Kirk. But was it gratitude after all? We have all heard of the wretched father who would persist in having the twins his wife presented to him christened by the names of Cherubin and Seraphim, on the ground that they 'continually do cry.' Perhaps Cherubin Diball and Seraphim Marketman made noise enough for two,"

Two other singular Puritan names may be mentioned—namely, Stand-fast-on-high Stringer of Crowhurst, and Search-the-Scriptures Moreton of Salehurst. But we must leave this interesting branch of our subject, merely remarking that, although as we have said this grotesque Puritan nomenclature has died out, there are still some curious names to be occasionally met with. As Mr. Edward Peacock has recently noted, such names as Original, Philadelphia, Pleasant, and Eden are by no means as yet extinct.

There are a great many popular errors with regard to the etymological derivation of names. Not long ago a writer in *Notes and Queries* took the opportunity of correcting some of these. For example, Anna-belle is not Anna-bella, or Fair Anna, but it is the feminine of Hannibal, meaning gift or grace of Bel. Arabella is not Ara-bella, or beautiful altar, but Arabilia, a praying woman. It appears that in its Anglicized form of Orabel, it was much more common in the thirteenth century than it is at present. Maurice has nothing whatever to do with Mauritius, or a Moor, but comes from Amalric—himmelreich—the kingdom of heaven. The very common name of Ellen is the feminine of Alain, Alan, or Allan, and has no possible connection with Helen, which comes from a different language, and is older by some thousand years at least. Amy is not from aimée, but from amie. Avice, or Avis, does not exactly mean advice, as many seem to think. It comes from Aed-wis, and means happy wisdom, so that our masculine readers had better secure for their helpmeet (providing they do not already possess one) a lady bearing the name of Avice. Eliza bears no relation to Elizabeth; it is the sister of Louisa, and both are the daughters of Héloïse, which is hidden-wisdom. There is, indeed, it is pointed out, another form of Louisa, or rather Louise, which is the feminine of Louis, but this was scarcely heard of before the sixteenth century. The older Héloïse, from the form of name, Aloïsa, Aloisia, or Aloysia, was adapted into mediæval English, as Alesia—a name which our old genealogists always confuse with Alice. Emily and Amelia are not different forms of one name. Emily

is from Æmylia, the name of an Etruscan genē. Amelia comes from the Gothic amala, heavenly. Reginald is not derived from Regina, and has nothing to do with a queen. It is Rein-alt, exalted purity. Alice, Adelais, Adelaide, Alisa, Alix, Adeline, are all forms of one name, the root of which is adel, noble. Anne was never used as identical with Annis, or Agnes (of which last the old Scottish Annas is a variety), nor was Elizabeth ever synonymous with Isabel.

Coming now to surnames, we are astonished at their heterogeneous whimsicality. As a genial essayist has observed, the whole of Europe suffered from the deeds of Buonaparte, whose name really means Good-part or Good-side. When the Hollanders were compelled to receive the Prince of Benevento, that august personage must greatly have belied his name with the Dutch, seeing that it signifies "welcome." "Fortune seems to have intended, by her whimsical distribution of names, sometimes to show the nothingness of a bad name to great men, and sometimes the nothingness of a good name to men of indifferent character." In feudal times men were named from their estates, and in still more ancient days from some peculiar feature in their mental character or personal appearance, and both these methods had some show of reason in them. The appellations could not then be regarded as inconsistent; but among nations the Greeks were pre-eminently fond of anticipating the greatness of their offspring by giving them high-sounding names. In some cases their choice proved sublimely ridiculous, and, in still more, exceedingly unfortunate and malapropos. "With the word love especially they made sad work. Their lovers of horses (Philippoi), who never cared for a horse; their brotherly-lovers (Philadelphoi), who cut the throats of their family; and their lovers-of-the-people (Philolaoi), who oppressed the whole community, deserved their appellations quite as much as the great majority of their lovers of wisdom (Philosophoi), who disputed so fiercely about the nonentity of pain or the lawfulness of eating beans. The Athenian populace must have been grievously annoyed to see the philosopher Heavenborn (for

this is the meaning of Diogenes) make such a beast of himself."

Other European nations have exhibited equal incongruities in the use of names. Taking first the Romans, it is a moot point whether the greatest of all names, that of Cæsar, which was originally Phœnician, signified an elephant or red-hair; but in any case the great Julius of that ilk was a small-set man with a bald head. Then there are the celebrated warriors and men of genius, the Scipiones or sticks. Daring exploits have rendered illustrious the name of Decius Mus, or General Mouse, while it is not a little singular that some of the most temperate beings mentioned in the whole course of Roman history were their great hogs (Porcii quasi, Porci Catones). As regards the Italians, they have been, if possible, even more extravagant. Their history furnishes us with the Bentivogli (well-wishers), who have been exceptionally treacherous individuals; with Buoncompagni (good-fellows), and Buonamici (good-friends), who have displayed characteristics the very opposite of those indicated; while an ugly and uncouth writer went by the name of Angelo Poliziano, or polished angel. Then, too, there was a desperate scoundrel mentioned by Benvenuto Cellini, of the name of Michel Angelo (the Angel Michael), who must not be confounded with the great sculptor and painter of that name. On the other hand, Hermolaus the Barbarian (Barbarus) was one of the most learned and polite men of the fifteenth century. Mankind has been scandalized by a series of popes, who called themselves blessed and pious (Benedetto e Pio); and one at least of the Holy Fathers, named Innocent, parted at a very early age with the virtue symbolized by his name. The French also have been almost as infelicitous in the use of names. They have had many Capets (heads) who lacked in an extraordinary degree the substance usually found in the cranium—brains. The most sanguinary and cruel of the French revolu-

tionists was St. Just, or the holy and the just; while many bearing the names of St. Pierre and St. Croix (Saint Peters and Holy Crosses) have led vicious and scandalous lives. Other curiosities in Gallic names will readily suggest themselves to the reader.

But we are not without these incongruities in England. We have among us Clements, who can be stern and overbearing; Gallops, among the slowest men of our acquaintance; Longs, who are something under five feet in height; Loves, who certainly do not "let brotherly love continue;" and Deaths, who look much more like living than those with a less sepulchral name. Many of the Swifts and the Quicks are noted for their slothfulness; there are Golightlys, who tread very heavily indeed; Heavisides, who are the very soul of company, and can keep the table in a roar; Joys, Gladmans, Merrys, and Merryweathers, who each and all afflict us by their melancholy; Stocks and Stones, who are really very clever; Smarts, who are very dense; Whites, who are dark; and Blacks and Browns who are exceeding fair. Then there are the Moodys, among the jolliest of men; the Nobles, who do not always rise to the dignity of their appellation; Edens, whose lives are anything but of a paradisaical character; Ravens, who are white; Honeys, who are the reverse of sweet; and men who rejoice in the name of Wiseman, but are far from being the natural successors of Solomon. The field thus opened up is an endless one, but our excursion in it must come to a close. Human nature is the victim of many anomalies, many of them being imposed by itself. That of our nomenclature, while perhaps the least harmful, is certainly not the least amusing. It has, of course, like most things, its graver aspect, and the study of many of our English names, both Christian and surname, may be rendered both an entertaining and a profitable one.—*All the Year Round.*

THE UNITY OF NATURE.

BY THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

IX.

THE ORIGIN OF RELIGION CONSIDERED
IN THE LIGHT OF THE UNITY OF
NATURE. (*Continued.*)

THE considerations set forth in the previous chapter indicate the fallacies which lie in our way when we endeavor to collect from the worship of savage nations any secure conclusions as to the origin of religion. Upon these fallacies, and upon no more safe foundation, Comte built up his famous generalization of the four necessary stages in the history of religion. First came Fetishism, then Polytheism, and then Monotheism, and last and latest, the heir of all the ages, came Comtism itself, or the Religion of Humanity, which is to be the worship of the future.

Professor Max Müller has done admirable service in the analysis and in the exposure which he has given us of the origin and use of the word "Fetishism," and of the theory which represents it as a necessary stage in the development of religion.* It turns out that the word itself, and the fundamental idea it embodies, is a word and an idea derived from one of those popular superstitions which are so common in connection with Latin Christianity. The Portuguese sailors who first explored the West Coast of Africa were themselves accustomed to attach superstitious value to beads, or crosses, or images, or charms and amulets of their own. These were called "feitiços." They saw the negroes attaching some similar value to various objects of a similar kind, and these Portuguese sailors therefore described the negro worship as the worship of "feitiços." President de Brosses, a French philosopher of the Voltairean epoch in literature, then extended the term Fetish so as to include not only artificial articles, but also such great natural features as trees, mountains, rivers, and animals. In this way he was enabled to classify together under one indiscriminate appellation many different

kinds of worship and many different stages in the history of religious development or decay. This is an excellent example of the crude theories and false generalizations which have been prevalent on the subject of the origin of religion. First, there is the assumption that whatever is lowest in savagery must have been primeval—an assumption which, as we have seen, is in all cases improbable, and in many cases must necessarily be false. Next there is great carelessness in ascertaining what is really true even of existing savages in respect to their religious beliefs. It has now been clearly ascertained that those very African negroes whose superstitious worship of material articles supposed to have some mysterious powers or virtues, is most degraded, do nevertheless retain behind and above this worship certain beliefs as to the nature of the Godhead, which are almost as far above their own abject superstitions as the theology of a Fénelon is above the superstitions of an ignorant Roman Catholic peasant. It is found that some African tribes have retained their belief in one Supreme Being, the Creator of the world, and the circumstance that nevertheless no worship may be addressed to Him has received from Professor Max Müller an explanation which is ample. "It may arise from an excess of reverence quite as much as from negligence. Thus the Odjis or Cohantis call the Supreme Being by the same name as the sky; but they mean by it a Personal God, who, as they say, created all things and is the giver of all good things. But though He is omnipresent and omniscient, knowing even the thoughts of men, and pitying them in their distress, the government of the world is, as they believe, deputed by Him to inferior spirits, and among these, again, it is the malevolent spirits only who require worship and sacrifice from man."* And this is by no means a solitary case. There are many others in which the investigations of missionaries respecting the religious con-

* Hibbert Lectures. 1878.

* Hibbert Lectures, pp. 107, 108.

ceptions of savage nations have revealed the fact that they have a much higher theology than is indicated in their worship.

The truth is, that nowhere is the evidence of development in a wrong direction so strong as in the many customs of savage and barbarous nations which are more or less directly connected with religion. The idea has long been abandoned that the savage lives in a condition of freedom as compared with the complicated obligations imposed by civilization. Savages, on the contrary, are under the tyranny of innumerable customs which render their whole life a slavery from the cradle to the grave. And what is most remarkable is the irrational character of most of these customs, and the difficulty of even imagining how they can have become established. They bear all the marks of an origin far distant in time—of a connection with doctrines which have been forgotten, and of conceptions which have run, as it were, to seed. They bear, in short, all the marks of long attrition, like the remnants of a bed of rock which has been broken up at a distant epoch of geological time, and has left no other record of itself than a few worn and incoherent fragments in some far-off conglomerate. Just as these fragments are now held together by common materials which are universally distributed, such as sand or lime, so the worn and broken fragments of old religions are held together, in the shape of barbarous customs, by those common instincts and aspirations of the human mind which follow it in all its stages, whether of growth or of decay.

The rapidity of the processes of degradation in religion, and the extent to which they may go, depend on a great variety of conditions. It has gone very far indeed, and has led to the evolutions of customs and beliefs of the most destructive kind among races which, so far as we know, have never been exposed to external conditions necessarily degrading. The innate character of this tendency to corruption, arising out of causes inherent in the nature of man, becomes indeed all the more striking when we find that some of the most terrible practices connected with religious superstition, are practices which have become

established among tribes which are by no means in the lowest physical condition, and who inhabit countries highly blest by Nature. Perhaps there is no example of this phenomenon more remarkable than the "customs" of Dahomey, a country naturally rich in products, and affording every facility for the pursuits of a settled and civilized life. Yet here we have those terrible beliefs which demand the constant, the almost daily sacrifice of human life, with no other aim or purpose than to satisfy some imaginary being with the sight of clotted gore, and with the smell of putrefying human flesh. This is only an extreme and a peculiarly terrible example of a general law, the operation of which is more or less clearly seen in every one of the religions of the heathen world, whether of the past or of the present time. In the very earliest ages in which we become acquainted with the customs of their worship, we find these in many respects strange and unaccountable, except on the supposition that even then they had come from far, and had been subject to endless deviations and corruptions through ages of a long descent.

Of no religion is this more true than of that which was associated with the oldest civilization known to us—the civilization of Egypt. So strange is the combination here of simple and grand conceptions with grotesque symbols and with degrading objects of immediate worship, that it has been the inexhaustible theme of curious explanations. Why a snake or why a dung-beetle should have been taken to represent the Divine Being, and why in the holiest recess of some glorious temple we find enshrined as the object of adoration the image or the coffin of some beast, or bird, or reptile, is a question on which much learned ingenuity has been spent. It has been suggested, for example, that a conquering race, bringing with it a higher and a purer faith, suffered itself to adopt or to embody in its system the lower symbolism of a local worship. But this explanation only removes the difficulty—if it be one—a step further back. Why did such sufferance arise? why was such an adoption possible? It was possible simply because there is an universal tendency in the human mind to developments in the wrong direction,

and especially in its spiritual conceptions to become more and more gross and carnal.

Nor is it difficult to follow some, at least, of the steps of consequence—that is to say, the associations of thought—by which worship may become degraded when once any serious error has been admitted. Animal worship, for example, may possibly have begun with very high and very profound conceptions. We are accustomed to regard it as a very grotesque and degraded worship, and so no doubt it was in its results. But if we once allow ourselves to identify the Divine Power in Nature with any of its operations, if we seek for the visible presence of the Creator in any one of His creations, I do not know that we could choose any in which that presence seems so immanent as in the wonderful instincts of the lower animals. In a previous chapter we have seen what knowledge and what foreknowledge there is involved in some of these. We have seen how it often seems like direct inspiration, that creatures without the gift of reason should be able to do more than the highest human reason could enable us to do—how wonderful it is, for example, that their prevision and provision for the nurture and development of their young should cover the whole cycle of operations in that second work of creation which is involved in the metamorphoses of insects—all this, when we come to think of it, may well seem like the direct working of the Godhead. We have seen in a former chapter that men of the highest genius in philosophical speculation, like Descartes, and men of the highest skill in the popular exposition of scientific ideas, like Professor Huxley, have been led by these marvels of instinct to represent the lower animals as automata or machines. The whole force and meaning of this analogy lies in the conception that the work done by animals is like the work done by the mechanical contrivances of men. We look always upon such work as done not by the machine but by the contriving mind which is outside the machine, and from whom its adjustments are derived. Fundamentally, however little it may be confessed or acknowledged, this is the same conception which, in a less scientific age,

would take another form. What is seen in the action of an automaton is not the mechanism but the result. That result is the work of mind, which seems as if it were indwelling in the machine. In like manner, what is seen in animals is the wonderful things they do; and what is not seen, and is indeed wholly incomprehensible, is the machinery by which they are made to do it. Moreover, it is a machinery having this essential distinction from all human machines, that it is endowed with life, which in itself also is the greatest mystery of all. It is therefore, no superficial observation of animals, but, on the contrary, a deep pondering on the wonders of their economy, which may have first suggested them to religious men as at once the type and the abode of that agency which is supreme in Nature. I do not affirm as an historical fact that this was really the origin of animal worship, because that origin is not historically known, and, like the origin of religion itself, it must be more or less a matter of speculation. Some animals may have become objects of worship from having originally been the subjects of sacrifice. The victim may have been so associated with the god to whom it was devoted as to become his accepted symbol. The ox and the bull may well have been consecrated through this process of substitution. But no such explanation can be given in respect to many animals which have been worshipped as divine. Perhaps no further explanation need be sought than that which would be equally required to account for the choice of particular plants, or particular birds and fishes, as the badges of particular tribes and families of men. Such badges were almost universal in early times, and many of them are still perpetuated in armorial bearings. The selection of particular animals in connection with worship would be determined in different localities by a great variety of conditions. Circumstances purely accidental might determine it. The occurrence, for example, in some particular region of any animal with habits which are at once curious and conspicuous, would sufficiently account for the choice of it as the symbol of whatever idea these habits might most readily suggest or symbolize. It is remarkable, accord-

ingly, that in some cases, at least, we can see the probable causes which have led to the choice of certain creatures. The Egyptian beetle, the *Scarabæus*, for example, represents one of those forms of insect life in which the marvels of instinct are at once very conspicuous and very curious. The characteristic habit of the *Scarabæus* beetle is one which involves all that mystery of prevision for the development of the species which is common among insects, coupled with a patient and laborious perseverance in the work required, which does not seem directly associated with any mere appetite or with any immediate source of pleasure. The instinct by which this beetle chooses the material which is the proper nidus for its egg, the skill with which it works that material into a form suitable for the purpose, and the industry with which it then rolls it along the ground till a suitable position is attained—all these are a striking combination of the wonders of animal instinct, and conspicuous indication of the spirit of wisdom and of knowledge which may well be conceived to be present in their work.

But although it is in this way easy to imagine how some forms of animal-worship may have had their origin in the first perception of what is really wonderful, and in the first admiration of what is really admirable, it is also very easy to see how, when once established, it would tend to rapid degradation. Wonder and reverence are not the only emotions which impel to worship. Fear, and even horror, especially when accompanied with any mystery in the objects of alarm, are emotions suggesting, perhaps more than any, that low kind of worship which consists essentially in the idea of deprecation. Some hideous and destructive animals, such as the crocodile, may have become sacred objects neither on account of anything admirable in their instincts, nor on account of their destructiveness; but, on the contrary, because of being identified with an agency which is beneficent. To those who live in Egypt the Nile is the perennial source of every blessing necessary to life. An animal so characteristic of that great river may well have been chosen simply as the symbol of all that it was, and of all that it gave to men. There is no mystery, therefore, in the

crocodile being held sacred in the worship of the God of Inundation. But there are other animals which have been widely invested with a sacred character, in respect to which no such explanation can be given. The worship of serpents has been attributed to conceptions of a very abstract character—with the circle, for example, into which they coil themselves, considered as an emblem of Eternity. But this is a conception far too transcendental and far-fetched to account either for the origin of this worship, or for its wide extension in the world. Serpents are not the only natural objects which present circular forms. Nor is this attitude of their repose, curious and remarkable though it be, the most striking peculiarity they present. They have been chosen, beyond any reasonable doubt, because of the horror and terror they inspire. For this, above all other creatures, they are prominent in Nature. For their deceptive coloring, for their insidious approach, for their deadly virus, they have been taken as the type of spiritual poison in the Jewish narrative of the Fall. The power of inflicting almost immediate death, which is possessed by the most venomous snakes, and that not by violence, but by the infliction of a wound which in itself may be hardly visible, is a power which is indeed full of mystery even to the most cultivated scientific mind, and may well have inspired among men in early ages a desire to pacify the powers of evil. The moment this becomes the great aim and end of worship, a principle is established which is fertile in the development of every foul imagination. Whenever it is the absorbing motive and desire of men to do that which may most gratify or pacify malevolence, then it ceases to be at all wonderful that men should be driven by their religion to sacrifices the most horrid, and to practices the most unnatural.

But if we wish to see an illustration and an example of the power of all conceptions of a religious nature in the rapid evolution of unexpected consequences, we have such an example in the case of one man who has lived in our own time and who still lives in the school which he has founded. I refer to Auguste Comte. It is well known that he denied the existence, or at least

denied that we can have any knowledge of the existence, of such a being as other men mean by God. Mr. John Stuart Mill has insisted with much earnestness and with much force that, in spite of this denial, Auguste Comte had a religion. He says it was a religion without a god. But the truth is, that it was a religion having both a creed and an ideal object of worship. That ideal object of worship was an abstract conception of the mind so definitely invested with personality that Comte himself gave to it the title of *The Great Being* (*Grand Etre*). The abstract conception thus personified was the abstract conception of humanity—man considered in his past, his present, and his future. Clearly this is an intellectual fetish. It is not the worship of a being, known or believed to have any real existence; it is the worship of an idea shaped and moulded by the mind, and then artificially clothed with the attributes of personality. It is the worship of an article manufactured by the imagination, just as Fetishism, in its strictest meaning, is the worship of an article manufactured by the hand. Nor is it difficult to assign to it a place in the classification of religions in which a loose signification has been assigned to the term Fetishism. The worship of humanity is merely one form of animal-worship. Indeed, Comte himself specially included the whole animal creation. It is the worship of the creature man as the consummation of all other creatures, with all the marvels and all the unexhausted possibilities of his moral and intellectual nature. The worship of this creature may certainly be in the nature of a religion, as much higher than other forms of animal worship as man is higher than a beetle, or an ibis, or a crocodile, or a serpent. But so also, on the other hand, it may be a religion as much lower than the worship of other animals, in proportion as man can be wicked and vicious in a sense in which the beasts cannot. Obviously, therefore, such a worship would be liable to special causes of degradation. We have seen it to be one of the great peculiarities of man, as distinguished from the lower animals, that while they always obey and fulfil the highest law of their being, there is no

similar perfect obedience in the case of man. On the contrary, he often uses his special powers with such perverted ingenuity that they reduce him to a condition more miserable and more degraded than the condition of any beast. It follows that the worship of humanity must, as a religion, be liable to corresponding degradation. The philosopher, or the teacher, or the prophet who may first personify this abstract conception, and enshrine it as an object of worship, may have before him nothing but the highest aspects of human nature, and its highest aspirations. Mill has seen and has well expressed the limitations under which alone such a worship could have any good effect. "That the ennobling power of this grand conception may have its full efficacy, he should, with Comte, regard the *Grand Etre*, humanity or mankind, as composed in the past solely of those who, in every age and variety of position, have played their part worthily in life. It is only as thus restricted that the aggregate of our species becomes an object worthy our veneration."* This, no doubt, was Comte's own idea. But how are his disciples and followers to be kept up to the same high standard of conception? Comte seems to have been personally a very high-minded and a pure-minded man. His morality was austere, almost ascetic, and his spirit of devotion found delight in the spirit of Christian Mystics. Yet even in his hands the development of his conceptions led him to results eminently irrational, although it cannot be said that they were ever degrading or impure. But we have only to consider how comparatively rare are the examples of the highest human excellence, and how common and prevailing are the vices and weaknesses of humanity, to see how terrible would be the possibilities and the probabilities of corruption in a religion which had man for the highest object of its worship. Nor is this all that is to be said on the inevitable tendency to degradation which must attend any worship of humanity. Not only are the highest forms of human virtue rare, but even when they do occur, they are very apt to be rejected and despised by men. Power and strength,

* Mill's "Comte and Positivism," p. 136.

however vicious in its exercise, almost always receives the homage of the world. The human idols, therefore, who would be chosen as symbols in the worship of humanity, would often be those who set the very worst examples to their kind. Perhaps no better illustration of this could be found than the history of Napoleon Bonaparte. I think it is impossible to follow that history, as it is now known, without coming to the conclusion that in every sense of the word he was a bad man—unscrupulous, false, and mean. But his intellect was powerful, while his force and energy of character were tremendous. These qualities alone, exhibited in almost unexampled military success, were sufficient to make him the idol of many minds. And as mere success secured for him this place, so nothing but failure deprived him of it. Not a few of the chosen heroes of humanity have been chosen for reasons but little better. Comte himself, seeing this danger, and with an exalted estimate and ideal of the character of womanhood, had laid it down that it would be best to select some woman as the symbol, if not the object, of private adoration in the worship of humanity. The French Revolutionists selected a woman, too, and we know the kind of woman that they chose. It may be wise, perhaps, to set aside this famous episode in a fit of national insanity as nothing more than a profane joke; but the developments of anthropomorphism in the mythology of the Pagan world are a sufficient indication of the kind of worship which the worship of humanity would certainly tend to be.

The result, then, of this analysis of that in which all religion essentially consists, and of the objects which it selects, or imagines, or creates for worship, is to show that in religion, above all other things, the processes of evolution are especially liable to work in the direction of degradation. That analysis shows how it is that in the domain of religious conceptions, even more than in any other domain of thought, the work of development must be rapid, because, in the absence of revelation or the teachings of authority; fancy and imagination have no guide and are under no restraint.

When, now, we pass from the phe-

nomena which religion presents in the present day to what we know of its phenomena in the earliest historic times, the conclusions we have reached receive abundant confirmation. Of the origin of religion, indeed, as we have already seen, history can tell us nothing, because, unless the Mosaic narrative be accepted, there is no history of the origin of man. But the origin of particular systems of religion does come within the domain of history, and the testimony it affords is always to the same effect. In regard to them we have the most positive evidence that they have been uniformly subject to degradation. All the great religions of the world which can be traced to the teaching or influence of individual men have steadily declined from the teaching of their founders. In India it has been one great business of Christian missionaries and of Christian governors, in their endeavors to put an end to cruel and barbarous customs, to prove to the corrupt disciples of an ancient creed that its first prophets or teachers had never held the doctrines from which such customs arise, or that these customs are a gross misconception and abuse of the doctrine which had been really taught. Whether we study what is now held by the disciples of Buddha, of Confucius, or of Zoroaster, it is the same result. Wherever we can arrive at the original teaching of the known founders of religious systems, we find that teaching uniformly higher, more spiritual, than the teaching now. The same law has affected Christianity, with this difference only, that alone of all the historical religions of the world it has hitherto shown an unmistakable power of perennial revival and reform. But we know that the processes of corruption had begun their work even in the lifetime of the Apostles; and every church in Christendom will equally admit the general fact, although each of them will give a different illustration of it. Mahommedanism, which is the last and latest of the great historical religions of the world, shows a still more remarkable phenomenon. The corruption in this case began not only in the lifetime but in the life of the prophet and founder of that religion. Mahomet was himself his own most corrupt disciple. In the earliest days of his mission he

was best as a man and greatest as a teacher. His life was purer and his doctrine more spiritual when his voice was a solitary voice crying in the wilderness, than when it was joined in chorus by the voice of many millions. In his case the progress of development in a wrong direction was singularly distinct and very rapid. Nor is the cause obscure. The spirit of Mahomet may well have been in close communion with the spirit of all truth, when, like St. Paul at Athens, his heart was stirred within him as he saw his Arabian countrymen wholly given to idolatry. Such deep impressions on some everlasting truth—such overpowering convictions—are in the nature of inspiration. The intimations it gives and the impulses it communicates are true in thought and righteous in motive, in exact proportion as the reflecting surfaces of the human mind are accurately set to the lights which stream from nature. This is the adjustment which gives all their truthfulness to the intimations of the senses; which gives all its wisdom and foresight to the wonderful work of instinct; which gives all their validity to the processes of reason; which is the real source of all the achievements of genius; and which, on the highest level of all, has made some men the inspired mouthpiece of the oracles of God. But it is the tenderest of all adjustments—the most delicate, the most easily disturbed. When this adjustment is, as it were, mechanical, as it is in the lower animals, then we have the limited, but, within its own sphere, the perfect wisdom of the beasts. But when this adjustment is liable to distortion by the action of a will which is to some extent self-determined and is also to a large extent degraded, then the real inspiration is not from without, but from within—then the reflecting surfaces of mind are no longer set true to the light of nature; and then, "if the light within us be darkness, how great is that darkness!" Hence it is that one single mistake or misconception as to the nature and work of inspiration is, and must be, a mistake of tremendous consequence. And this was Mahomet's mistake. He thought that the source of his inspiration was direct, immediate, and personal. He thought that even the very words in which his own impulses

were embodied were dictated by the angel Gabriel. He thought that the Supreme Authority which spoke through him when he proclaimed that "the Lord God Almighty was one God, the Merciful, the Compassionate," was the same which also spoke to him when he proclaimed that it was lawful for him to take his neighbor's wife. From such an abounding well-spring of delusion the most bitter waters were sure to come. How different this idea of the methods in which the Divine Spirit operates upon the minds of men from the idea held on the same subject by that great Apostle of our Lord whose work it was to spread among the Gentile world those religious conceptions which had so long been the special heritage of one peculiar people! How cautious St. Paul is when expressing an opinion not directly sanctioned by an authority higher than his own! "I think also that I have the Spirit of God." The injunction, "Try the spirits whether they be of God," is one which never seems to have occurred to Mahomet. The consequences were what might have been expected. The utterances of his inspiration when he was hiding in the caves of Mecca were better, purer, higher than those which he continued to pour forth when, after his flight to Medina, he became a great conqueror and a great ruler. From the very first indeed he breathed the spirit of personal anger and malediction on all who disbelieved his message. This root of bitterness was present from the beginning. But its developments were indeed prodigious. It was the animating spirit of precepts without number which, in the minds and in the hands of his ruthless followers, have inflicted untold miseries for twelve hundred years on some of the fairest regions of the globe.

Passing now from the evidence of the law of corruption and decline which is afforded by this last and latest of the great historical religions of the world, we find the same evidence in those of a much older date. In the first place, all the founders of those religions were themselves nothing but reformers. In the second place, the reforms they instituted have themselves all more or less again yielded to new developments of decay. The great prophets of the world have been men of inspiration or of genius

who were revolted by the corruptions of some pre-existing system, and who desired to restore some older and purer faith. The form which their reformation took was generally determined, as all strong revolts are sure to be, by violent reaction against some prominent conception or some system of practice which seemed, as it were, an embodiment of its corruption. In this way only can we account for the peculiar direction taken by the teaching of that one great historical religion which is said to have more disciples than any other in the world. Buddhism was in its origin a reform of Brahminism. In that system the beliefs of a much older and simpler age had become hid under the rubbish-heaps of a most corrupt development. Nowhere perhaps in the world had the work of evolution been richer in the growth of briars and thorns. It had forged the iron bonds of caste, one of the very worst inventions of an evil imagination; and it had degraded worship into a complicated system of sacrifice and of ceremonial observances. There seems to be no doubt that the teaching of the reformer Sakya Muni (Buddha) was a revolt and a reform. It was a reassertion of the paramount value of a life of righteousness. But the intellectual conceptions which are associated with this great ethical and spiritual reform had within themselves the germs of another cycle of decay. These conceptions seem to have taken their form from the very violence of the revulsion which they indicate and explain. The peculiar tenet of Buddhism, which is or has been interpreted to be a denial of any Divine Being or of personal or individual immortality, seems the strangest of all doctrines on which to recommend a life of virtue, of self-denial, and of religious contemplation. But the explanation is apparently to be found in the extreme and ridiculous developments which the doctrines of Divine Personality and of individual immortality had taken under the Brahminical system. These developments do indeed seem almost incredible, if we did not know from many other examples the incalculable wanderings of the human imagination in the domain of religious thought. The doctrine of the transmigration of souls at death into the bodies

of beasts was a doctrine pushed to such extravagances of conception, and yet believed in with such intense conviction, that pious Brahmins did not dare even to breathe the open air lest by accident they should destroy some invisible animalcule in which was embodied the spirit of their ancestors. Such a notion of immortality might well oppress and afflict the spirit with a sense of intolerable fatigue. Nor is it difficult to understand how that desire of complete attainment, which is, after all, the real hope of immortality, should have been driven to look for it rather in reabsorption into some one universal essence, and so to reach at last some final rest. Freedom from the burden of the flesh, rendered doubly burdensome by the repeated cycles of animal existence which lay before the Brahmin, was the end most naturally desired. For, indeed, complete annihilation might well be the highest aspiration of souls who had before them such conceptions of personal immortality and its gifts. A similar explanation is probably the true one of the denial of any God. A prejudice had arisen against the very idea of a Divine Being from the concomitant ideas which had become associated with personality. The original Buddhist denial of a God was probably in its heart of hearts merely a denial of the grotesque limitations which had been associated with the popular conceptions of Him. It was a devout and religious aspect of that most unphilosophical negation which in our own days has been called the "Unconditioned." In short, it was only a metaphysical, and not an irreligious, Atheism. But although this was probably the real meaning of the Buddhistic Atheism in the mind of its original teachers, and although this meaning has reappeared and has found intelligent expression among many of its subsequent expounders, it was in itself one of those fruitful germs of error which are fatal in any system of religion. The negation of any Divine Being or agency, at least under any aspect or condition conceivable by man, makes a vacuum which nothing else can fill. Or rather, it may be said to make a vacuum which every conceivable imagination rushes in to occupy. Accordingly, Buddha himself seems to have taken the place of a Divine Being in the

worship of his followers. His was a real personality—his was the ideal life. All history proves that no abstract system of doctrine, no mere rule of life, no dreamy aspiration, however high, can serve as an object of worship for any length of time. But a great and a good man can be always deified. And so it has been with Buddha. Still, this deification was, as it were, an usurpation. The worship of himself was no part of the religion he taught; and the vacuum which he had created in speculative belief was one which his own image, even with all the swellings of tradition, was inadequate to fill. And so Buddhism appears to have run its course through every stage of mystic madness, of gross idolatry, and of true fetish-worship, until, in India at least, it seems likely to be reabsorbed in the Brahminism from which it originally sprang.

And so we are carried back to the origin of that great religion, Brahminism, which already in the sixth or seventh century before the Christian era had become so degraded as to give rise to the revolt of Buddha. The course of its development can be traced in an elaborate literature which may extend over a period of about 2000 years. That development is beyond all question one of the greatest interest in the history of religion, because it concerns a region and a race which have high traditional claims to be identified with one of the most ancient homes, and one of the most ancient families of man. And surely it is a most striking result of modern inquiry that in this, one of the oldest literatures of the world, we find that the most ancient religious appellation is Heaven-Father, and that the words "Dyaus-pitar" in which this idea is expressed are the etymological origin of Jupiter *Zeús patrō*—the name for the supreme Deity in the mythology of the Greeks.

We must not allow any preconceived ideas to obscure the plain evidence which arises out of this simple fact. We bow to the authority of Sanskrit scholars when they tell us of it. But we shall do well to watch the philosophical explanations with which they may accompany their intimations of its import. Those who approach the subject with the assumption that the idea of a Divine

Being or a Superhuman Personality must be a derivative, and cannot be a primary conception, allow all their language to be colored by the theory that vague perceptions of "The Invisible" or of "The Infinite," in rivers, or in mountains, or in sun and moon and stars, were the earliest religious conceptions of the human mind. But this theory cannot be accepted by those who remember that there is nothing in nature so near to us as our own nature, nothing so mysterious and yet so intelligible, nothing so invisible, yet so suggestive of energy and of power over things that can be seen. Nothing else in nature speaks to us so constantly or so directly. Neither the infinite nor the invisible contains any religious element at all, unless as conditions of a being of whom invisibility and infinitude are attributes. There is no probability that any abstract conceptions whatever about the nature or properties of material force can have been among the earlier conceptions of the human mind. Still less is it reasonable to suppose that such conceptions were more natural and more easy than those founded on our own personality and on the personality of parents. Yet it seems as if it were in deference to this theory that Professor Max Müller is disposed to deprecate the supposition that the "Heaven-Father" of the earliest Vedic hymns is rightly to be understood as having meant what we mean by God. Very probably indeed it may have meant something much more simple. But not the less on that account it may have meant something quite as true. I do not know, indeed, why we should set any very high estimate on the success which has attended the most learned theologians in giving anything like form or substance to our conceptions of the Godhead. Christianity solves the difficulty by presenting, as the type of all true conceptions on the subject, the image of a Divine Humanity, and the history of a perfect life. In like manner, those methods of representing the character and attributes of the Almighty, which were employed to teach the Jewish people, were methods all founded on the same principle of a sublime anthropomorphism. But when we come to the abstract definitions of theology they invariably end either in

self-contradictions, or in words in which beauty of rhythm takes the place of intelligible meaning. Probably no body of men ever came to draw up such definitions with greater advantages than the Reformers of the English Church. They had before them the sublime imagery of the Hebrew Prophets—all the traditions of the Christian world—all the language of philosophy—all the subtleties of the schools. Yet, of the Godhead, they can only say, as a negative definition, that God is "without body, parts, or passions." But, if by "passions" we are to understand all mental affections, this definition is not only in defiance of the whole language of the Jewish Scriptures, but in defiance also of all that is conceivable of the Being who is the author of all good, the fountain of all love, who hates evil, and is angry with the wicked every day. A great master of the English tongue has given another definition in which, among other things it is affirmed that the attributes of God are "incommunicable." * Yet, at least, all the good attributes of all creatures must be conceived as communicated to them by their Creator, in whom all fulness dwells. I do not know, therefore, by what title we are to assume that "what we mean by God" is certainly so much nearer the truth than the simplest conceptions of a primeval age. It is at least possible that in that age there may have been intimations of the Divine Personality, and of the Divine Presence, which we have not now. Moreover, there may have been developments of error in this high matter, which may well shake our confidence in the unquestionable superiority of "what we mean by God" over what may have been meant and understood by our earliest fathers in respect to the Being whom they adored. Some conceptions of the Divine Being which have been prevalent in the Christian Church, have been formed upon theological traditions so questionable that the developments of them have been among the heaviest burdens of the faith. It is not too much to say that some of the doctrines derived from scholastic theology, and once most

widely accepted in the Christian Church—such, for example, as the fate of unbaptized infants—are doctrines which present the nature and character of the Godhead in aspects as irrational as they are repulsive. One of the most remarkable schools of Christian thought which has arisen in recent times is that which has made the idea of the "Fatherhood of God" the basis of its distinctive teaching. Yet it is nothing but a reversion to the simplest of all ideas, the most rudimentary of all experiences—that which takes the functions and the authority of a father as the most natural image of the Invisible and Infinite Being to whom we owe "life and breath and all things." In the facts of Vedic literature, when we carefully separate these facts from theories about them, there is really no symptom of any time when the idea of some living being in the nature of God has not yet been attained. On the contrary, the earliest indications of this conception are indications of the sublimest character, and the process of evolution seems distinctly to have been a process not of an ascending but of a descending order. Thus it appears that the great appellative "Dyaus," which in the earliest Vedic literature is masculine, and stood for "The Bright or Shining One," or the Living Being whose dwelling is the Light, had in later times become a feminine, and stood for nothing but the sky.* It is quite evident that in the oldest times of the Aryan race, in so far as those times have left us any record, not only had the idea of a Personal God been fully conceived, but such a being had been described, and addressed in language and under symbols which are comparable with the sublimest imagery in the visions of Patmos. How firmly, too, and how naturally these conceptions of a God were rooted in the analogies of our own human personality, is attested by the additional fact that paternity was the earliest Vedic idea of Creation, and Dyaus was invoked not only as the Heaven-Father, but specially as the "Dyaush pitā ganitā," which is the Sanskrit equivalent of the Greek Ζεύς πατήρ γενετήρ.

When again we are told by Sanskrit

* J. H. Newman, "Idea of a University," p. 60.

* Hibbert Lectures, pp. 276, 277.

scholars that the earliest religious conceptions of the Aryan race, as exhibited in the Veda, were Pantheistic, and that the gods they worshipped were "Deifications" of the forces or powers of nature, we are to remember that this is an interpretation and not a fact. It is an interpretation, too, which assumes the familiarity of the human mind in the ages of its infancy with one of the most doubtful and difficult conceptions of modern science—namely, the abstract conception of energy or force as an inseparable attribute of matter. The only fact, divested of all preconceptions, which these scholars have really ascertained is, that in compositions which are confessedly poetical the energies of nature were habitually addressed as the energies of personal or living beings. But this fact does not in the least involve the supposition that the energies of nature which are thus addressed had, at some still earlier epoch, been regarded under the aspect of material forces, and had afterward come to be personified; nor does it in the least involve the other supposition that, when so personified, they were really regarded as so many different beings absolutely separate and distinct from each other. Both of these suppositions may indeed be matter of argument; but neither of them can be legitimately assumed. They are, on the contrary, both of them open to the most serious, if not to insuperable objections. As regards the first of them—that the earliest human conceptions of nature were of that most abstruse and difficult kind which consists in the idea of material force without any living embodiment or abode, I have already indicated the grounds on which it seems in the highest degree improbable. As regards the second supposition—viz., that when natural forces came to be personified each one of them was regarded as the embodiment of a separate and distinct divinity—this is a most unsafe interpretation of the language of poetry. The purest monotheism has a pantheistic side. To see all things in God is very closely related to seeing God in all things. The giving of separate names to diverse manifestations of one Divine Power may pass into Polytheism by insensible degrees. But it would be a most erroneous conclusion from the use

of such names at a very early stage in the history of religious development, that those who so employed them had no conception of one Supreme Being. In the philosophy of Brahminism even, in the midst of its most extravagant polytheistic developments, not only has this idea been preserved; but it has been taught and held as the central idea of the whole system. "There is but one Being—no second." Nothing really exists but the one Universal Spirit, called Brahmin; and whatever appears to exist independently is identical with that spirit.* This is the uncompromising creed of true Brahminism. If, then, this creed can be retained even amid the extravagant polytheism of later Hindu corruptions, much more easily could it be retained in the early pantheism of the Vedic hymns.

There is, however, one kind of evidence remaining, which may be said to be still within the domain of history, and that is the evidence derived from language, from the structure and etymology of words. This evidence carries us a long way further back, even to the time when language was in the course of its formation, and long before it had been reduced to writing. From this evidence, as we find it in the facts reported respecting the earliest forms of Aryan speech, it seems certain that the most ancient conceptions of the energies of nature were conceptions of personality. In that dim and far-off time, when our prehistoric ancestors were speaking in a language long anterior to the formation of the oldest Sanskrit, we are told that they called the sun the Illuminator, or the Warmer, or the Nourisher; the moon, the Measurer; the dawn, the Awakener; the thunder, the Roarer; the rain, the Rainer; the fire, the Quick-Runner.† We are told further that in these personifications the earliest Aryans did not imagine them as possessing the material or corporeal forms of humanity, but only that the activities they exhibited were most easily conceived as comparable with our own. Surely this is a fact which is worth volumes of speculation. What was most

* Professor Monier Williams, "Hinduism," p. 11.

† Max Müller, Hibbert Lectures, 1878, p. 193.

easy and most natural then must have been most easy and most natural from the beginning. With such a propensity in the earliest men of whom we have any authentic record to see personal agency in everything, and with the general impression of unity and subordination under one system which is suggested by all the phenomena of nature, it does not seem very difficult to suppose that the fundamental conception of all religion may have been in the strictest sense primeval.

But the earliest records of Aryan worship and of Aryan speech are not the only evidences we have of the comparative sublimity of the earliest known conceptions of the Divine Nature. The Egyptian records are older still; and some of the oldest are also the most sublime. A hymn to the rising and setting sun, which is contained in the 125th chapter of the "Book of the Dead," is said by Egyptian scholars to be "the most ancient piece of poetry in the literature of the world."* In this hymn the Divine Deity is described as the Maker of Heaven and of Earth, as the Self-existent One; and the elementary forces of

nature, under the curious and profound expression of the "Children of inertness," are described as His instruments in the rule and government of nature.† Nor is it less remarkable that these old Egyptians seem to have grasped the idea of law and order as a characteristic method of the Divine government. He who alone is truly the living One is adored as living in the truth, and in justice considered as the unchanging and unchangeable rule of right, in the moral world, and of order in the physical causation.‡ The same grand conception has been traced in the theology of the Vedas. The result of all this historical evidence may be given in the words of M. Renouf: "It is incontestably true that the sublimer portions of the Egyptian religion are not the comparatively late result of a process of development or elimination from the grosser. The sublimer portions are demonstrably ancient; and the last stage of the Egyptian religion, that known to the Greek and Latin writers, was by far the grossest and most corrupt."—*Contemporary Review*.

OLD DREAMS.

BY F. W. BOURDILLON.

WHERE are thy footsteps I was wont to hear,
O Spring! in pauses of the blackbird's song?
I hear them not: the world has held mine ear
With its insistent sounds, too long, too long!

The footfall and the sweeping robes of Spring,
How once, I hailed them as life's full delight!
Now, little moved I hear the blackbird sing,
As blind men wake not at the sudden light.

Nay, not unmoved! But yestereve I stood
Beneath thee, throned, queen songstress, in the beech;
And for one moment Heaven was that green wood,
And the old dreams went by, too deep for speech.

One moment,—it was passed; the gusty breeze
Brought laughter and rough voices from the lane;
Night, like a mist, clothed round the darkening trees,
And I was with the world that mocks again.

* Renouf, Hibbert Lectures, 1879, p. 197.
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† *Idem*, pp. 198, 199. ‡ *Idem*, pp. 119, 120.
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So near is Eden, yet so far ; it lies
 No angel-guarded gate, too far for sight ;
 We breathe, we touch it, yet our blinded eyes
 Still seek it every way except the right.

The Spectator.

KITH AND KIN.

BY JESSIE FOTHERGILL, AUTHOR OF "THE FIRST VIOLIN."

CHAPTER XX.

"MY COUSIN JUDITH!"

BERNARD did not return to Scar Foot that night. He had left word with Mrs. Aveson that he might not do so. He remained all night at Mr. Whaley's, at Yoresett, discussing business matters with him. Judith, after her return, sat upstairs with her mother, and wondered what made her feel so wretched—what caused the sensation of fierce desolation in her heart. Mrs. Conisbrough was quickly recovering, and had begun to chat, though scarcely cheerfully. Her conversation was hardly of a bracing or inspiring nature, and the blow dealt by the old man's will was still felt almost in its full force. Likewise, she was a woman much given to wondering what was to become of them all.

But she no longer raged against Aglionby, and Judith did not know whether to be relieved or uneasy at the change.

On Tuesday morning Dr. Lowther called, and pronounced Mrs. Conisbrough quite fit to go home on the following day, as arranged ; he added, that she might go downstairs that day, if she chose. Judith trembled lest she should decide to do so, but she did not. She either could not, or would not face Bernard Aglionby, and, in him, her fate. So Judith said to herself, trying to find reasons for her mother's conduct, and striving, too, to still the fears which had sprung up in her own breast, to take no heed of the sickening qualms of terror which had attacked her at intervals ever since she had seen her mother on the morning of the reading of the will—her expression, and the sudden failing of her voice ; her cowering down ; the shudder with which she had shrunk away from Bernard's direct gaze. That incident had marked the first stage of her

terrors ; the second had been reached when her mother had opened her eyes, and spoken her incoherent words about "Bernarda," and what Bernarda had said. The third and worst phase of her secret fear had been entered upon when Aglionby had solemnly assured her that, save his grandfather, he had never possessed a rich relation, on either father's or mother's side. She had pondered upon it all till her heart was sick. She saw the deep flush which overspread Mrs. Conisbrough's face every time that Bernard's name was mentioned, and her own desire to "depart hence and be no more seen" grew stronger every hour. Late in the afternoon of Tuesday, Mrs. Conisbrough, tired of even pretending to listen to the book which Judith had been reading to her, advised the latter to take a walk, adding that she wished to be alone, and thought she could go to sleep if she were left. Judith complied. She put on her hat and went out into the garden. Once there, the recollection came to her mind, that to-morrow she was leaving Scar Foot—that after to-morrow it would not be possible for her to return here ; she took counsel with herself, and advised herself to take her farewell now, and once for all, of the dear familiar things which must henceforth be strange to her. Fate was kind, in so far as it allowed her to part on friendly terms from Bernard Aglionby, but that was all she could expect. If, for the future, she were enabled to stay somewhere in shelter and obscurity, and to keep silence, what more could be wanted ? "By me, and such as me, nothing," she said inwardly, and with some bitterness.

In addition to this feeling, she was wearied of the house, of the solitude, and the confinement. Despite her grief and her foreboding, she being, if not

"a perfect woman," at least a "nobly-planned" one, felt strength and vigor in every limb, and a desire for exercise and expansion, which would not let her rest. She wandered all round the old garden, gathered a spray from the now flowerless "rose without thorns," which flourished in one corner of it, sat for a minute or two in the alcove, and gazed at the prospect on the other side with a mournful satisfaction, and then, finding that it was still early, wandered down to the lake side, to the little landing-place, where the boat with the grass-green sides, and with the name "Delphine" painted on it, was moored.

"I should like a last row on the lake, dearly," thought Judith, and quickly enough followed the other thought, "and why not?" So thought, so decided. She went to the little shed where the oars were kept, seized a pair, and sprang into the boat, unchained it from its moorings, and with a strong, practised stroke or two was soon in deep water. It gave her a sensation of joy, to be once more here, on the bosom of the sweet and glistening Shennamere. She pulled slowly, and with many pauses; stopping every now and then to let her boat float, and to enjoy the exquisite panorama of hills surrounding the lake, and of the long, low front of Scar Foot, in its gardens. A mist rushed across her eyes and a sob rose to her throat, as she beheld it.

"Ah," thought Judith, "and this is what will keep rising up in my memory at all times, and in all seasons good or bad. Well, it *must* be, I suppose. Shennamere, good-bye!"

She had rowed all across the lake, a mile, perhaps, and was almost at the opposite shore, beneath the village of Busk. There was a gorgeous October sunset, flaming all across the heavens, and casting over everything a weird, beautiful light and glamour, and at the same time the dusk was creeping on, as it does in October, following quickly on the skirts of the sunset.

She skirted along by the shore, thinking, "I must turn back," and feeling strangely unwilling to do so. She looked at the grassy fringe at the edge of the lake, which in summer was always a waste of the fair yellow iris; one of the sweetest flowers that blows, to her think-

ing and to mine. She heard the twittering of some ousels, and other water birds. She heard the shrill voice of a young woman on the road, singing a song. She raised her eyes to look for the young woman, wondering whether it were any acquaintance of hers, and before her glance had time to wander far enough, it rested, astonished, upon the figure of Bernard Aglionby; whose presence on that road, and on foot, was a mystery to her, since his way to Scar Foot lay on the other side of the lake.

But he was standing there, had stopped in his walk evidently, so that she knew not from which direction he came, and was now lifting his hat to her.

"Good afternoon!" cried Judith, quickly, and surprised to feel her cheeks grow hot.

"Good afternoon," he responded, coming down to the water's edge, and looking, as usual, very earnest.

"You are not rowing about here all alone?" he added, in some astonishment.

This question called up a smile to Judith's face, and she asked, leaning on her oars:

"And why not, pray?"

"It is dangerous. And you are alone, and a lady."

Judith laughed outright. "Shennamere dangerous! That shows how little you know about it. I have rowed up and down it since I was a child; indeed, any child could do it."

"Could it? I wish you would let me try, then."

"Would you like it, really?" asked Judith, in some surprise.

"There is nothing I should like better, if you will let me."

"Then see! I will row up to the shore, and you can get in and pull me back if you will, for I begin to feel my arms tired. It is some time since I have rowed, now."

This was easily managed. He took her place, and she took the tiller-cords, sitting opposite to him. It was not until after this arrangement had been made, and they were rowing back in a leisurely manner, toward Scar Foot, that Judith began to feel a little wonder as to how it had all happened—how Bernard came to be in the boat with her, rowing her

home. He was very quiet, she noticed, almost subdued, and he looked somewhat tired. His eyes rested upon her every now and then with a speculative, half absent expression, and he was silent, till at last she said :

"How came you on the Lancashire road, Mr. Aglionby, and on foot? I thought you would be driving back from Yoresett."

"I did drive as far as the top of the hill above the bridge, and then I got out to walk round this way. You must know that I find a pleasure which I cannot express, in simply wandering about here, and looking at the views. It is perfectly delightful. But I might say, how came you to be at this side of the lake, alone and at sunset?"

"That is nothing surprising for me. We are leaving to-morrow, after which we shall have done with Scar Foot forever. I have been bidding good-bye to it all. The house, the garden, the lake, everything."

That "everything" came out with an energy which smacked of anything but resignation pure and simple.

"Bidding good-bye? Ah, I must have seemed a bold, insolent intruder, at such a moment. I wonder you condescended to speak to me. I wonder you did not instantly turn away, and row back again with all speed. Instead of which—I am here with you."

Judith did not reply, though their eyes met, and her lips parted. It was a jest, but a jest which she found it impossible to answer. Aglionby also perhaps judged it best to say nothing more. Yet both hearts swelled. Though they maintained silence, both felt that there was more to be said. Both knew, as they glided on in the sharp evening air, in the weird light of the sunset, that this was not the end; other things had yet to happen. Some of the sunset glow had already faded, perhaps it had sunk with its warmth and fire into their hearts, which were hot; the sky had taken a more pallid hue. At the foot of the lake, Addleborough rose, bleak and forbidding; Judith leaned back, and looked at it, and saw how cold it was, but while she knew the chilliness of it, she was all the time intensely, feverishly conscious of Aglionby's proximity to herself. Now and again, for a second

at a time, her eyes were drawn irresistibly to his figure. How rapidly had her feelings toward him been modified! On the first day she had seen him, he had struck her as an enthusiastic provincial politician; he had been no more a real person to her than if she had never seen him. Next she had beheld him walking behind Mr. Whaley into the parlor at Scar Foot; had seen the cool uncompromising curve of his lips, the proud, cold glance in his eyes. Then, he had suddenly become the master, the possessor, wielding power undisputed and indisputable over what she had always considered her own, not graspingly, but from habit and association. She had for some time feared and distrusted his hardness, but gradually yet quickly those feelings had changed, till now, without understanding how, she had got to feel a deep admiration for, and delight in his dark, keen face; full of strength, full of resolution and pride; it was all softened at the present moment, and to her there seemed a beauty not to be described in its sombre tints, and in the outline, expressive of such decision and firmness, a firmness which had just now lost the old sneering vivacity of eye and lip.

It all seemed too unstable to be believed in. Would it ever end? Gliding onward, to the accompaniment of a rhythmic splash of the oars, and ripple of the water, with the mountains apparently floatingly receding from before them while the boat darted onward. A month ago, this young man had been an obscure salesman in an Irkford warehouse, and she, Judith Conisbrough, had been the supposed co-heiress, with her sisters, of all John Aglionby's lands and money: now the obscure salesman was in full possession of both the lands and the money, while from her, being poor, had been taken even that she had, and more had yet to go. She felt no resentment toward Aglionby, absolutely none; for herself she experienced a dull sensation of pain; a shrinking from the years to come of loneliness, neglect, and struggle. She pictured the future, as she glided on in the present. He, as soon as he had settled things to his pleasure, would get married to that tall, fair girl with whom she had seen him. They would live at Scar Foot, or wherever

else it list them to live; they would be happy with one another; would rejoice in their possessions, and enjoy life side by side;—while she—bah! she impatiently told herself—of what use to repine about it? That only made one look foolish. It was so, and that was all about it. The sins of the fathers should be relentlessly and unsparingly visited upon the children. He—her present companion, had said so, and she attached an altogether unreasonable importance to his words. He had held that creed in the days of his adversity and poverty, that creed of “no forgiveness.” If it had supported him, why not her also? True, he was a man, and she was a woman, and all men, save the most unhappy and unfortunate of all, were taught and expected to work. She had only been forced to wait. Perhaps, if he had not had to work, and been compelled to forget himself and his wrongs in toil, he might have proved a harder adversary now than he was.

The boat glided alongside the landing place. He sprang up, jumped upon the boards, and handed her out.

“It is nearly dark,” he observed, and his voice, though low, was deep and full, as a voice is wont to be, when deep thoughts or real emotion has lately stirred the mind. “We will send out to have the things put away.” He walked beside her up the grassy path, as silent as she was, and her heart was full. Was it not for the last time? As he held the wicket open for her, and then followed her up the garden, he said:

“Miss Conisbrough, I have a favor to ask of you.”

“A favor, what is it?”

“Only a trifle,” said Aglionby. “It is, that you will sing me a song to-night—one particular song.”

“Sing you a song!” ejaculated Judith, amazed. And the request, considering the terms on which they stood, was certainly a calm one.

“Yes, the song I overheard you singing on Sunday night, ‘Goden Abend, Gode Nacht!’ I want to hear it again.”

They now stood in the porch, and as Judith hesitated, and looked at him, she found his eyes bent upon her face, as if he waited, less for a reply, than for compliance with his request—or demand—

she knew not which it was. She conquered her surprise; tried to think she felt it to be a matter of entire indifference, and said, “I will sing it, if you like.”

“I do like, very much. And when will you sing it?” he asked, pausing at the foot of the stairs. Judith had ascended a step or two.

“Oh, when Mrs. Aveson calls me down to supper,” she answered slowly, her surprise not yet overcome.

“Thank you. You are very indulgent, and I assure you I feel proportionately grateful,” said Aglionby, with a smile which Judith knew not how to interpret. She said not a word, but left him at the foot of the stairs, with an odd little thrill shooting through her, as she thought:

“I was not wrong. He does delight to be the master—and perhaps I ought to have resisted—though I don’t know why. One might easily obey that kind of master—but what does it all matter? After to-morrow afternoon, all this will be at an end.”

Aglionby turned into the parlor, as she went upstairs; the smile lingering still on his lips. All the day, off and on, the scene had haunted him in imagination—Judith seated at the piano, singing, he standing somewhere near her, listening to that one particular song. All day, too, he had kept telling himself that, all things considered, it would hardly do to ask her to sing it; that it would look very like impertinence if he did; would be presuming on his position—would want some more accomplished tactician than he was, to make the request come easily and naturally.

Yet (he thought, as he stood by the window), whether he had done it easily or not, it had been done. He had asked her, and she had consented. What else would she do for him, he wondered, if he asked her. Then came a poignant, regretful wish that he had asked her for something else. In reflecting upon the little scene which was just over, he felt a keen, pungent pleasure, as he remembered her look of surprise, and seemed to see how she gradually yielded to him, with a certain unbending of her dignity, which he found indescribably and perilously fascinating.

“I wish I had asked her for some-

thing else!" he muttered. "Why had I not my wits about me? A trumpery song! Such a little thing! I am glad I made her understand that it was a trifle. I should like to see her look if I asked her a real favor. I should like to see how she took it. Something that it would cost her something to grant—something the granting of which argued that she looked with favor upon me. Would she do it? By Jove, if her pride were tamed to it, and she did it at last, it would be worth a man's while to go on his knees for it, whatever it was."

He stood by the window frowning over what seemed to him his own obtuseness, till at last a gleam of pleasure flitted across his face.

"I have it!" he said within himself, with a triumphant smile. "I will make her promise. She will not like it, she will chafe under it, but she shall promise. The greatest favor she could confer upon me, would be to receive a favor from me—and she shall. Then she can never look upon me as 'nobody' again."

He rang for lights, and pulled out a bundle of papers which Mr. Whaley had given to him to look over, but on trying to study them, he found that he could not conjure up the slightest interest in them; that they were, on the contrary, most distasteful to him. He opened the window at last, and leaned out, saying to himself, as he flung the papers upon the table:

"If she knew what was before her, she would not come down. But she has promised, and heaven forbid that I should forewarn and forearm her."

The night was fine; moonless, but starlight. He went outside, lit his pipe, and paced about. He had been learning from Mr. Whaley what a goodly heritage he had entered upon. He was beginning to understand how he stood, and what advantages and privileges were to be his. All the time that he conned them over, the face of Judith Conisbrough seemed to accompany them, and a sense of how unjustly she had been treated above all others, burned in his mind. Before he went to Irkford, before he did anything else, this question must be settled. It should be settled to-night between him and her. He meant first to make her astonished, to

see her put on her air of queenly surprise at his unembarrassed requests, and then he meant her to submit, for her mother's and sisters' sake, and, incidentally, for his pleasure.

It was an agreeable picture; one, too, of a kind that was new to him. He did not realize its significance for himself. He only knew that the pleasure of conquest was great, when the obstacle to be conquered was strong and beautiful.

He was roused from these schemes and plans by the sound of some chords struck on the piano, and he quickly went into the house. Judith had seated herself at the piano: she had resumed her usual calmness of mien, and turned to him, as he entered.

"I thought this would summon you, Mr. Aglionby. You seem fond of music."

"Music has been fond of me, and a kind friend to me, always," said he. "I see you have no lights. Shall I ring for candles?"

"No, thank you. I have no music with me. All that I sing, must be sung from memory, and the firelight will be enough for that."

She did not at once sing the song he had asked for, but played one or two fragments first; then struck the prelude chords and sang it.

"I like that song better than anything I ever heard," said he emphatically, after she had finished it.

"I like it too," said Judith. "Mrs. Malleeson gave it me, or I should never have become possessed of such a song. Do you know Mrs. Malleeson?" she added.

"No. Who is she?"

"The wife of the vicar of Stanniforth. I hope he will call upon you, but of course he is sure to do so. And you will meet them out. I advise you to make a friend of Mrs. Malleeson, if you can."

"I suppose," observed Bernard, "that most, or all of the people who knew my grandfather, will call upon me, and ask me to their houses?"

"Of course."

"How odd that seems, doesn't it? If I had not, by an accident, become master here—if I had remained in my delightful warehouse at Irkford, none of these people would have known of my

existence, or if they had they would have taken no notice of me. Not that I consider it any injustice," he added quickly, "because I hold that unless you prove yourself in some way noticeable, either by being very rich or very clever, or very handsome, or very something, you have no right whatever to complain of neglect—none at all. Why *should* people notice you?"

"Just so; only you know, there is this to be said on the other side. If all these people had known as well as possible who you were, and where you lived, and all about you, they would still have taken no notice of you while you were in that position. I don't want to disparage them. I am sure some of them are very good, kind-hearted people. I am only speaking from experience."

"And you are right enough. You are not going?" he added, seeing that she rose. "Supper is not ready yet."

"Thank you. I do not want any supper. And it is not very early."

"Then, if you will go, I must say now what I wanted to say. You need not leave me this instant, need you? I really have something to say to you, if you will listen to me."

Judith paused, looked at him, and sat down again.

"I am in no hurry," said she; "what do you wish to say to me?"

"You said this afternoon, that you had gone to say good-bye to Scar Foot, to the lake—to everything; that after you left here to-day you would have 'done with' Scar Foot. It would no longer be anything to you. You meant, I suppose, that you would never visit it again. Why should that be so?"

They were seated, Judith on the music-stool, on which she had turned round when they began to talk, and he leaning forward on a chair just opposite to her. Close to them was the broad hearth, with its bright fire and sparkling blazes, lighting up the two faces very distinctly. He was looking very earnestly at her, and he asked the question in a manner which showed that he intended to have an answer. It was not wanting. She replied, almost without a pause:

"Well, you see, we cannot possibly come here now, as we were accustomed to do in my uncle's time, just when we

chose; to ramble about for an hour or two, take a meal with him, and then go home again, or, if he asked us, to spend a few days here: it would not do."

"But you need not be debarred from ever coming to the place, just because you cannot do exactly as you used to do."

She was silent, with a look of some pain and perplexity—not the dignified surprise he had expected to see. But the subject was, or rather it had grown, very near to Bernard's heart. He was determined to argue the question out.

"Is it because Scar Foot has become mine, because I could turn you out if I liked, and because you are too proud to have anything to do with me?" he asked, coolly and deliberately.

Judith looked up, shocked.

"What a horrible idea! What could have put such a thought into your head?"

"Your elaborate ceremonial of everlasting farewell, this afternoon, I think," he answered, and went on boldly, though he saw her raise her head somewhat indignantly. "Do listen to me, Miss Conisbrough; I know that in your opinion I must be a most unwelcome interloper. But I think you will believe me when I say that I have nothing but kindly feelings toward you—that I would give a good deal—even sacrifice a good deal—to be on kindly terms with Mrs. Conisbrough and you and your family. I wish to be just, to repair my grandfather's injustice. You know, as we discovered the other night, we are relations. What I want to ask is, will you not meet me half way? You will not hold aloof—I beg you will not! You will help me to conciliate Mrs. Conisbrough, to repair in some degree the injustice which has been done her. I am sure you will. I count securely upon you," he added, looking full into her face, "for you are so utterly outside all petty motives of spite or resentment. You could not act upon a feeling of pique or offence, I am sure."

She was breathing quickly; her fingers locked in one another; her face a little averted, and flushed, as he could see, by something more than the firelight.

"You have far too good an opinion of me," she said, in a low tone; "you are mistaken about me. I *try* to forget

such considerations, but I assure you I am not what you take me for. I am soured, I believe, and embittered by many things which have conspired to make my life rather a lonely one."

"How little you know yourself!" said Bernard. "If I had time, I should laugh at you. But I want you to listen to me, and seriously to consider my proposal. Will you not help me in this plan? You said at first, you know, that you would not oppose it. Now, I want you to promise your co-operation."

"In other words," said Judith quietly, "you want me to persuade mamma to accept as a gift from you, some of the money which she had expected to have, but which, as is very evident, my uncle was at the last determined she should not have."

Aglionby smiled. He liked the opposition, and had every intention of conquering it.

"That is the way in which you prefer to put it, I suppose," he said. "I do not see why you should, I am sure. You did not use such expressions about it the other night, and, at any rate, I have your promise. But I fear you think the suggestion an impertinent one. How am I to convince you that nothing could be further from my thoughts than impertinence?"

"I never thought it was impertinent," answered Judith, and if her voice was calm, her heart was not. Not only had she not thought him impertinent, but she was strangely distressed and disturbed at his imagining she had thought him so.

"I thought," she went on, "that it was very kind, very generous."

"I would rather you took it as being simply just. But, at any rate, you will give me your assistance, for I know that without it I shall never succeed in getting Mrs. Conisbrough's consent to my wishes."

He spoke urgently. Judith was moved—distressed—he saw.

"I know I gave you a kind of promise," she began slowly.

"A kind of promise! Your words were, 'I shall not oppose it.' Can you deny it?"

"No, those were my words. But I had had no time to think about it then. I have done so since. I have looked at

it in every possible light, with the sincere desire to comply with your wish, and all I can say is, that I must ask you to release me from my promise."

"Not unless you tell me why," said he, in a deep tone of something like anger.

"I cannot tell you why," said Judith, her own full tones vibrating and growing somewhat faint. "I can only ask you to believe me when I say that it would indeed be best in every way if, after we leave your house, you cease to take any notice of us. If we meet casually, either in society or in any other way, there is no reason why we should not be friendly. But it must end there. It is best that it should do so. And do not try to help my mother in the way you proposed. I—I cannot give any assistance in the matter, if you do."

This was not the kind of opposition which Aglionby had bargained for. For a few moments he was silent, a black frown settling on his brow, but far indeed from having given up the game. Nothing had ever before aroused in him such an ardent desire to prevail. He was thinking about his answer; wondering what it would be best for him to say, when Judith, who perhaps had misunderstood his silence, resumed in a low, regretful voice:

"To spend money which had come from you—to partake of comforts which your generosity had procured, would be impossible—to me, at any rate. It would scorch me, I feel."

Again a momentary silence. Then the storm broke:

"You have such a loathing for me, you hate me so bitterly and so implacably that you can sit there, and say this to me, with the utmost indifference," with a passionate grief in his voice; grief and anger blended in a way that cut her to the quick. And so changed was he, all in a moment, that she was startled, and almost terrified.

"What!" she faltered, "have I said something wrong? I hate you! Heaven forbid! It would be myself that I should hate, because—"

"Because you had touched something that was defiled by coming from me. Because it had been mine!"

"Thank God that it is yours!" said Judith suddenly, and in a stronger tone.

"It is the one consolation that I have in the matter. When I think how very near it was to being ours, and that we might have had it and used it, I feel as if I had escaped but little short of a miracle, from—"

She stopped suddenly.

"I do not understand you."

"Do not try. Put me down as an ill-disposed virago. I feel like one sometimes. And yet, I would have you believe that I appreciate your motives—it is out of no ill-feeling—"

"It is useless to tell me that," he broke in, in uncontrollable agitation. "I see that you have contained your wrath until this evening; you have nourished a bitter grudge against me, and you feel that the time has come for you to discharge your debt. You have succeeded. You wished to humiliate me, and you have done so most thoroughly, and as I never was humiliated before. Understand—if you find any gratification in it, that I am wounded and mortified to the quick. I had hoped that by stooping—by using every means in my power—to please you, I should succeed in conciliating you and yours. I wished to put an end to this horrible discord and division, to do that which was right, and without doing which, I can never enjoy the heritage that has fallen to me. No, never! and you—have led me on—have given me your promise, and now you withdraw it. You know your power, and that it is useless for me to appeal to Mrs. Conisbrough, if you do not allow her to hear me, and—"

"You accuse me strangely," she began, in a trembling voice, forgetting that she had desired him to look upon her as a virago, and appalled by the storm she had aroused, and yet, feeling a strange, thrilling delight in it, and a kind of reckless desire to abandon herself to its fury. Even while she raised her voice in opposition to it, she hoped it would not instantly be lulled. There was something more attractive in it, than in the commonplace civilities of an unbroken and meaningless politeness. She had her half-conscious wish gratified to the utmost, for he went on:

"Strangely, how strangely? I thought women were by nature fitted to promote peace. I thought that you, of all others, would encourage harmony and kind-

ness. I appealed to you, because I knew your will was stronger than that of your mother. It only needs your counsel and influence to make her see things as I wish her to see them. And you thrust me capriciously aside—your manner, your actions, all tell me to retire with the plunder I have got, and to gloat over it alone. You stand aside in scorn. You prefer poverty, and I believe you would prefer starvation, to extending a hand to one whom you consider a robber and an upstart—"

"You are wrong, you are wrong!" she exclaimed vehemently, and almost wildly, clasping her hands tightly together, and looking at him with a pale face and dilated eyes.

"Then, show me that I am wrong!" he said, standing before her, and extending his hands toward her. "Repent what you have said about benefits derived from me *scorching* you!" (He did not know that the flash from his own eyes was almost enough to produce the same effect.) "Recall it, and I will forget all this scene—as soon as I can, that is. Judith—" She started, changed color, and he went on in his softest and most persuasive accent. "My cousin Judith, despite all you have just been flinging at me of hard and cruel things, I still cling to the conviction that you are a noble woman, and I ask you once more for your friendship, and your good offices toward your mother. Do not repulse me again."

She looked speechlessly into his face. Where were now the scintillating eyes, the harsh discord of tone, the suppressed rage of manner? Gone; and in their stead there were the most dulcet sounds of a most musical voice; eyes that pleaded humbly and almost tenderly, and a hand held out beseechingly, craving her friendship, her good offices.

A faint shudder ran through Judith's whole frame. His words and the tone of them rang in her ears, and would ring there for many a day, and cause her heart to beat whenever she remembered them. "Judith—my cousin Judith!" His hot earnestness, and the unconscious fascination which he could throw into both looks and tones, had not found her callous and immovable. While she did not understand what the feeling was which overmastered her, she

yet felt the pain of having to repulse him amount to actual agony. She felt like one lost and bewildered. All she knew or realized was, that it would have been delicious to yield unconditionally in this matter of persuading her mother to his will; to hear his wishes and obey them, and that of all things this was the one point on which she must hold out, and resist. Shaken by a wilder emotion than she had ever felt before, she suddenly caught the hands he stretched toward her, and exclaimed, brokenly:

"Ah, forgive me, if you can, but do not be so hard upon me. You do not know what you are saying. I cannot obey you. I wish I could."

She covered her face with her hands, with a short sob.

Aglionby could not at first reply. Across the storm of mortification and anger, of goodwill repulsed, and reverence momentarily chilled, another feeling was creeping, the feeling that behind all this agitation and refusal on her part, something lay hidden which was not aversion to him; that the victory he had craved for was substantially his: she did not refuse his demand because she had no wish to comply with it. She denied him against her will, not with it. She was not churlish. He might still believe her noble. She was harassed evidently, worn with trouble, and with some secret grief. He forgot for the moment that a confiding heart at Irkford looked to him for support and comfort; indeed, he had a vague idea, which had not yet been distinctly formulated, that there were few troubles which Miss Vane could not drive away, by dint of dress, and jewelry, and amusement. He felt that so long as he had a full purse, he could comfort Lizzie, and cherish her. This was a different case; this was a suffering which silk attire and diamonds could not alleviate, a wound not to be stanchd for a moment by social distinction and the envy of other women. His heart ached sympathetically. He could comprehend that feeling.

He knew that he could feel likewise. Nay, had he not experienced a foretaste of some such feeling this very night, when she had vowed that she could not aid him in his scheme, and he had felt his newly-acquired riches turn poor and sterile in consequence, and his capacity

for enjoying them shrivel up? But there was a ray of joy even amid this pain, in thinking that this hidden obstacle did not imply anything derogatory to her. He might yet believe her noble, and treat her as noble. His was one of the natures which can not only discern nobility in shabby guise, but which are perhaps almost too prone to seek it there, rather than under purple mantles; being inclined to grudge the wearers of the latter any distinction save that of inherited outside splendor. The fact that Miss Conisbrough was a very obscure character; that she was almost sordidly poor; that the gown she wore was both shabby and old-fashioned, and that whatever secret troubles she had, she must necessarily often be roused from them, in order to consider how most advantageously to dispose of the metaphorical sixpence—all this lent to his eyes, and to his way of thinking, a reality to her grief; a concreteness to her distress. He had no love for moonshine and unreality, and though Judith Conisbrough had this night overwhelmed him with contradictions and vague, intangible replies to his questions, yet he was more firmly convinced than ever that all about her was real.

If she had to suffer—and he was sure now that she had—he would be magnanimous, though he did not consciously apply so grand a name to his own conduct. After a pause, he said, slowly:

"I must ask your forgiveness. I had no business to get into a passion. It was unmanly, and I believe, brutal. I can only atone for it in one way, and that is by trying to do what you wish; though I cannot conceal that your decision is a bitter blow to me. I had hoped that everything would be so different. But tell me once again that you do not *wish* to be at enmity with me; that it is no personal ill-will which—"

"Oh, Mr. Aglionby!"

"Could you not stretch a point for once," said Bernard, looking at her with a strangely mingled expression, "as we are so soon to be on mere terms of distant civility, and address me like a cousin—just once—it would not be much to do, after what you have refused?"

There was a momentary pause. Aglionby felt his own heart beat faster, as

he waited for her answer. At last she began, with flaming cheeks, and eyes steadily fixed upon the ground :

"You mean—Bernard—there is nothing I desire less than to be at enmity with you. Since we have been under your roof here, I have learned that you at least are noble, whatever I may be ; and—"

At this point Judith looked up, having overcome, partially at least, her tremulousness, but she found his eyes fixed upon hers, and her own fell again directly. Something seemed to rise in her throat and choke her ; at last she faltered out :

"Do not imagine that I suffer nothing in refusing your wish."

"I believe you now, entirely," he said, in a tone almost of satisfaction. "We were talking about creeds the other night, and you said you wanted a strong one. I assure you it will take all the staying power of mine to enable me to bear this with anything like equanimity. And meantime, grant me this favor, let me accompany you home tomorrow, and do me the honor to introduce me to your sisters ; I should like to know my cousins by sight, at any rate—if Mrs. Conisbrough will allow it, that is."

"Mamma will allow it—yes."

"And I promise that after that I will not trouble nor molest you any more."

"Don't put it in that way."

"I must, I am afraid. But you have not promised yet."

"Certainly, I promise. And, oh ! Mr. Aglionby, I am glad, I am *glad* you have got all my uncle had to leave," she exclaimed, with passionate emphasis. "The knowledge that you have it will be some comfort to me in my dreary existence, for it is and will be dreary."

She rose now, quite decidedly, and went toward the door. He opened it for her, and they clasped hands silently, till he said, with a half-smile which had in it something wistful :

"*Goden Abend !*"

"*Gode Nacht !*" responded Judith, but no answering smile came to her lips—only a rush of bitter tears to her eyes.

She passed out of the room ; he gently closed the door after her, and she was left alone with her burden.

CHAPTER XXI.

AN AFTERNOON EPISODE.

"We must not go out this afternoon, because they are coming, you know," observed Rhoda to Delphine.

"I suppose not, and yet, I think it is rather a farce, our staying in to receive them. I cannot think it will give them any joy."

"You are such a tiresome, analytical person, Delphine ! Always questioning my statements—"

"Sometimes you make such queer ones."

"I wish something would happen. I wish a change would come," observed Rhoda, yawning. "Nothing ever does happen here."

"Well, I should have said that a good deal had happened lately. Enough to make us very uncomfortable at any rate."

"Oh, you mean about Uncle Aglionby and his grandson. Do you know, Del, I have a burning, a consuming curiosity to see that young man. I think it must have been most delightfully romantic for Judith to be staying at Scar Foot all this time. I don't suppose she has made much of her opportunities. I expect she has been fearfully solemn, and has almost crushed him, if he is crushable, that is, with the majesty of her demeanor. Now, I should have been amiability itself. I think the course I should have taken would have been, to make him fall in love with me—"

"You little stupid ! When he is engaged to be married already !"

"So he is ! How disgusting it is to find all one's schemes upset in that way. Well, I don't care whether he is engaged or not. I want to see him awfully, and I think it was intensely stupid of mamma to quarrel with him."

"No doubt you would have acted much more circumspectly, being a person of years, experience, and great natural sagacity."

"I have the sagacity at any rate, if not the experience. And after all, that is the great thing, because if you have experience without sagacity, you might just as well be without it."

"I know you are marvellously clever," said Delphine, "but you are an awful

chatterbox. Do be quiet, and let me think."

"What can you possibly have to think about here?"

"All kinds of things about which I want to come to some sort of an understanding with myself. So hold your peace, I pray you."

They had finished their early dinner, and had retired to that pleasant sunny parlor where Judith had found them, little more than a week ago, on her return from Irkford. Delphine, being a young woman of high principle, had pulled out some work, but Rhoda was doing absolutely nothing, save swaying backward and forward in a rocking-chair, while she glanced round with quick, restless gray eyes at every object in the room, oftenest at her sister. Not for long did she leave the latter in the silence she had begged for.

"Won't you come upstairs to the den, Delphine? It is quite dry and warm this afternoon, and I want you so to finish that thing you were doing."

"Not now, but presently, perhaps. I feel lazy just now."

Pause, while Rhoda still looked about her, and at last said abruptly:

"Delphine, should you say we were a good looking family?"

Delphine looked up.

"Good-looking? It depends on what people call good-looking."

"One man's meat is another man's poison, I suppose you mean. I have been considering the subject seriously of late, and on comparing us with our neighbors, I have come to the conclusion that, taken all in all, we *are* good-looking."

"Our good looks are all the good things we have to boast of, then," said Delphine unenthusiastically, as she turned her lovely head to one side, and contemplated her work—her sister keenly scrutinizing her in the meantime.

"Well, good looks are no mean fortune. What was it I was reading the other day about—'As much as beauty better is than gold,' or words to that effect."

"Pooh!" said Delphine, with a little derisive laugh.

"Well, but it is true."

"In a kind of way, perhaps—not practically."

"In a kind of way—well, in such a way as this. Suppose—we may suppose anything, you know, and for my part, while I am about it, I like to suppose something splendid at once—suppose that *you* were, for one occasion only, dressed up in a most beautiful ball-dress; *can de Nil* and wild roses, or the palest blue and white lace, or pale gray and pale pink, you know—ah, I see you are beginning to smile at the very idea. I believe white would suit you best, after all—a billow of white, with little humming-birds all over it, or something like that. Well—imagine yourself in this dress, with everything complete, you know, Del—" she leaned impressively forward—"fan and shoes, and gloves and wreath, and a beautiful pocket-handkerchief like a bit of scented mist—and jewelry that no one could find any fault with; and then suppose Philippa Danesdale popped down in the same room, as splendid as you please—black velvet and diamonds, or satin, or silk, and ropes of pearls, or anything grand, with her stupid little prim face and red hair—"

"Oh, for shame, Rhoda! You are quite spiteful."

"I, spiteful!" cried Rhoda, with a prolonged note of indignant surprise.

"That is rich! Who has drawn Miss Danesdale, I wonder, in all manner of attitudes: 'Miss Danesdale engaged in prayer,' holding her prayer-book with the tips of her lavender kid fingers, and looking as if she were paying her maker such a compliment in coming and kneeling down to him, with an ivory-backed prayer-book and a gold-topped scent-bottle to sustain her through the operation? 'Miss Danesdale, on hearing of the *Mésalliance* of a Friend'—now, who drew *that*, Delphine? and many another as bad? My sagacity, which you were jeering at just now, suggests a reason for your altered tone. But I will spare you, and proceed with my narrative. Suppose what I have described to be an accomplished fact, and then suppose a perfect stranger—we'll imagine Mr. Danesdale to be one, because I like to make my ideas very plain to people, and there's nothing like being personal for effecting that result—suppose him, there, not knowing anything about either of you, whether you were rich or poor, or

high or low—now, which of the two do you think he would be likely to dance with oftener?"

"How should I know?"

"Delphine, you used to be truthful once—candid and honest. The falling off is deplorable. 'Evil communications'—I won't finish it. You are shirking my question. Of course he would dance with you, and you know he would. There's no doubt of it, because you would look a vision of beauty—"

"Stuff and nonsense!"

"And Miss Danesdale would look just what she is, a stiff, prudish *plain* creature. And so beauty *is* better than gold."

"Yes, under certain conditions, if one could arbitrarily fix them. But we have to look at conditions as they are, not as we could fix them if we tried. Suppose, we'll say, that he had been dancing with me all the evening—"

"Which he would like to do very much, I haven't a doubt."

"And suddenly, some one took him aside, and said, 'Friend, look higher. She with whom thou dancest has not a penny, while she who stands in yonder corner, neglected, lo! she hath a fortune of fifty thousand pounds, which neither moth nor rust can corrupt.' After that, I might dance as long as I liked, but it would be alone."

"I call that a very poor illustration, and I don't know that it would be the case at all. All I know is, that it pleases you to pretend to be cynical, though you don't feel so in the very least. I do so like to dream sometimes, and to think what I would do if we were rich! Delphine, *don't* you wish we were rich?"

"Not particularly; I would rather be busy. I wish I was a great painter, that's what I should like to be, with every hour of the day filled up with work and engagements. Oh, I am so tired of doing nothing. I feel sometimes as if I could kill myself."

Before Rhoda had time to reply, Louisa, the maid, opened the door, remarking:

"Please, miss, there's Mr. Danesdale."

The girls started a little consciously as he came in, saying, as Louisa closed the door after him,

"Send me away if I intrude. Your servant said you were in, and when I asked if you were engaged, she replied, 'No, sir, they are a-doing of nothing.' Encouraged by this report, I entered."

"We are glad to see you," said Delphine, motioning him to take a seat, and still with a slight flush on her face.

"I called for two reasons," said Randolph, who, once admitted, appeared to feel his end gained; "to ask if you arrived at home in safety after that confabulation with Miss Conisbrough, and to ask if you have any news from Mrs. Conisbrough. How is she?"

"Much better, thank you. So much better indeed, that we expect her and Judith home this afternoon—"

"Yes," interposed Rhoda, "so far from doing nothing, as Louisa reported, we were waiting for mamma's return."

"Ah, I can tell Philippa then. She has been talking of calling to see Mrs. Conisbrough."

It was Rhoda's turn to cast down her eyes a little, overcome by the reflections called up by this announcement. There was a pause; then Rhoda said:

"How thankful Judith and mother will be to come away from Scar Foot, and how very glad Mr. Aglionby will be to get rid of them!"

"Had you just arrived at that conclusion when I came?"

"Oh no! We were at what they call, 'a loose end,' if you ever heard the expression. We were exercising our imaginations."

Rhoda pursued this topic with imperturbable calm, undismayed by the somewhat alarmed glances given her by Delphine, who feared that her sister might, as she often did, indiscreetly reveal the very subject of a conversation.

"Were you? How?"

"We were imagining ourselves *rich*," said Rhoda with emphasis. "You can never do that you know, because you are rich already. We have the advantage of you there, and I flatter myself that that is a new way of looking at it."

"I beg your pardon, Rhoda—I was not imagining myself rich. I was imagining myself—" she stopped suddenly.

"Imagining yourself what?" he asked, with deep interest.

"Oh, nothing—nonsense!" said Delphine hastily, disinclined to enter into

particulars. He turned to Rhoda. Delphine looked at her with a look which said, "Speak if you dare!" Rhoda tossed her head and said:

"There's no crime in what you were wishing, child. She was imagining herself a great painter. That's Delphine's ambition. Like Miss Thompson, you know—"

"Oh no!" interposed Delphine hastily—"not battle-pieces."

"What then?"

"Landscapes, I think, and animals," said Delphine, still in some embarrassment.

"Del draws beautiful animals," said Rhoda turning to him, and speaking very seriously and earnestly. Randolph was charmed to perceive that the youngest Miss Conisbrough had quite taken him into her confidence, and he trusted that a little judiciously employed tact would bring Delphine to the same point.

"Oh, not beautiful, Rhoda? Only—" she turned to Randolph, losing some of the shyness which with her was a graceful hesitation and not the ugly awkward thing it generally is. "Not beautiful at all, Mr. Danesdale, but it is simply that I cannot help, when I see animals and beautiful landscapes—I absolutely can't help trying to copy them."

"That shows you have a talent for it," said Mr. Danesdale promptly.

"You should have lessons."

He could have bitten his tongue off with vexation the next moment, as it flashed into his mind that most likely she could not afford to have lessons.

"That would be most delightful," said Delphine composedly; "but we can't afford to have lessons, you know, so I try not to think about it."

Randolph was silent, his mind in a turmoil, feeling a heroic anger at those "ceremonial institutions" not altogether unallied to those with which Mr. Herbert Spencer has made us familiar—which make it downright improper and impertinent for a young man to say to a young woman (or vice versa), "I am rich and you are poor. You have talent; allow me to defray the expenses of its cultivation, and so to put you in the way of being busy and happy."

"And do you paint from nature?" he asked at last.

"Of course," replied Delphine, still

not quite reconciled to being thus made a prominent subject of conversation.

"Why should I paint from anything else? Only, you know, one can't do things by instinct. Uncle Aglionby let me have some lessons once—a few years ago—oh, I did enjoy it! But he had a conversation with my painting master one day, and the latter contradicted some of his theories, so he said he was an impudent scoundrel, and he would not have me go near him again. But I managed to learn something from him. Still, I don't understand the laws of my art—at least," she added hastily, crimsoning with confusion, "I don't mean to call my attempts art at all. Mamma thinks it great waste of time, and they are but daubs, I fear."

"I wish you would show me some of them. Where do you keep them? Mayn't I look at them?"

"Oh, I could not think of exposing them to your criticism! you, who have seen every celebrated picture that exists, and who know all about all the 'schools,' and who make such fun of things that I used to think so clever—you must not ask it indeed! Please don't."

Delphine was quite agitated, and appealed to him, as if he could compel her to show them, even against her will.

"You cannot suppose that I would be severe upon anything of yours!" he exclaimed, with warmth. "How can you do me such injustice?"

"If you did not say it, you would think it," replied Delphine, "and that would be worse. I can imagine nothing more unpleasant than for a person to praise one's things out of politeness, while thinking them very bad the whole time."

"I never heard such unutterable nonsense," cried Rhoda, who had been watching her opportunity of cutting in.

"To hear you talk, one would imagine your pictures were not fit to be looked at. Mr. Danesdale, I should like you to see them, because I know they are good. Delphine does so like to run herself down. You should see her dogs and horses, I am sure they are splendid, far better than some of the things you see in grand magazines. And I think her little landscapes—"

"Rhoda, I shall have to go away, and

lock myself up alone, if you will talk in this wild, exaggerated way," said Delphine, in quiet despair.

"But you can't refuse, after this, to let me judge between you," said Randolph persuasively. "An old friend like me—and after rousing my curiosity in this manner—Miss Conisbrough, you cannot refuse!"

"I—I really—"

"Let us take Mr. Danesdale to 'your den!' cried Rhoda, bounding off her chair, in a sudden fit of inspiration. "Come, Mr. Danesdale, it is up a thousand stairs, at the very top of the house, but you are young and fond of exercise, as we know, so you won't mind that."

She had flung open the door, and led the way, running lightly up the stairs, and he had followed her, unheeding Delphine's imploring remonstrances, and thinking:

"By Jove, they are nice girls! No jealousy of one another. I'll swear to the pictures, whatever they may turn out to be."

Delphine slowly followed, wringing her hands in a way she had when she was distressed or hurried, and with her white forehead puckered up in embarrassed lines. Rhoda flew ahead, and Randolph followed her, up countless stairs, along great broad, light passages, and even in his haste the young man had time to notice—or rather, the fact was forced upon his notice—how bare the place looked, and how empty. He felt suddenly, more than he had done before, how narrow and restricted a life these ladies must be forced to lead.

Rhoda threw open the door of a large, light room, with a cold, clear, northern aspect. It was bare, indeed; no luxurious *atelier* of a pampered student. Even the easel was a clumsy-looking thing, made very badly by a native joiner of Yoresett, who had never seen such a thing in his life, and who had not carried out the young lady's instructions very intelligently.

Randolph, looking round, thought of the expensive paraphernalia which his sister had some years ago purchased, when the whim seized her to paint in oils; a whim which lasted six months, and which had for sole result, bitter complaints against her master, as having no faculty for teaching, and no power of

pushing his pupils on; while paints, easel, canvases and maulstick were relegated to a cockloft in disgust. Delphine's apparatus was of the most meagre and simple kind—in fact, it was absolutely deficient. Two cane-bottomed chairs, sadly in need of repairs, and a rickety deal table, covered with rags and oil tubes, brushes, and other impediments, constituted the only furniture of the place.

"It's very bare," cried Rhoda's clear, shrill young voice, as she marched onward, not in the least ashamed of the said bareness. "And in winter it is so cold that she can never paint more than an hour a day, because fires are out of the question. With one servant, you can't expect coals to be carried, and grates cleaned, four stories up the house. Now see, Mr. Danesdale. I'll be showwoman. I know everything she has done. You sit there, in that chair. We'll have the animals first. Most of them are in watercolors or crayons. Here's a good one, in watercolors, of Uncle Aglionby on his old 'Cossack,' with Friend looking at him, to know which way he shall go. Isn't it capital?"

Despite his heartfelt admiration for all the Misses Conisbrough, and for Delphine in particular, Randolph fully expected to find, as he had often found before with the artistic productions of young lady amateurs, that their "capital" sketches were so only in the fond eyes of partial sisters, parents and friends. Accordingly he surveyed the sketch held up by Rhoda's little brown hand with a judicial aspect, and some distrust. But in a moment his expression changed; a smile of pleasure broke out; he could with a light heart cry, "Excellent!"

"It was excellent, without any flattery. It had naturally the faults of a drawing executed by one who had enjoyed very little instruction; there was crudeness in it—roughness, a little ignorant handling; but it was replete with other things which the most admirable instruction cannot give: there was in it a spirit, a character, an individuality which charmed him, and which, in its hardy roughness, was the more remarkable and piquant, coming from such a delicate looking creature as Delphine Conisbrough. The old squire's hard,

yet characteristic features; the grand contours of old Cossack, the rarest hunter in all the country-side; and above all, the aspect of the dog; its inquiring ears and inquisitive nose, its tail on the very point, one could almost have said in the very action, of wagging an active consent, one paw upraised, and bent, ready for a start the instant the word should be given—all these details were as spirited as they were true and correct.

"It is admirable!" said Randolph emphatically. "If she has many more like that, she ought to make a fortune with them some time. I congratulate you, Miss Conisbrough"—to Delphine, who had just come in, with the same embarrassed and perplexed expression—"I can somehow hardly grasp the idea that that slender little hand has made this strong, spirited picture. It shows the makings of a first-rate artist—but it is the very last thing I should have imagined you doing."

"Ah, you haven't seen her sentimental drawings yet," said Rhoda, vigorously hunting about for more. Oh, here's one of her last. I've not seen this. Why—why—oh what fun! Do you know it?"

"Rhoda, you little—oh, *do* put it down!" cried the harassed artist, in a tone of sudden dismay as she made a dart forward.

But Rhoda, with eyes in which mischief incarnate was dancing a tarantella, receded from before her, holding up a spirited sketch of a young man, a pointer, a retriever, a whip, an apple-tree, and in the tree a cat, apparently in the last stage of fury and indignation.

"Do you know it, Mr. Danesdale? Do you know it?" cried the delighted girl, dancing up and down, her face alight with mirth.

"Know it—I should think I do!" he cried, pursuing her laughingly. "Give it to me, and let me look at it. 'Tis I and my dogs, of course. Capital! Miss Conisbrough, you must really cement our friendship by presenting it to me—will you?"

He had succeeded in capturing it, and was studying it laughingly, while Delphine wrung her hands and exclaimed, "Oh, dear!"

"Splendid!" he cried again. "It ought to be called 'Randulf Danesdale

and Eyeglass.' And how very much wiser the dogs look than their master. Oh this is a malicious sketch, Miss Conisbrough! But, malicious or not, I shall annex it, and you must not grudge it me."

"If you are not offended—" began Delphine confusedly.

"I offended?" Rhoda was rummaging among a pile of drawings with her back to them. Mr. Danesdale accompanied his exclamation with a long look of reproach, and surely of something else. Delphine pushed her golden hair back from her forehead, and stammered out:

"Then pray keep it, but don't show it to any one!"

"Keep it, but keep it dark," you mean. You shall be obeyed. At least no one shall know who did it. That shall be a delightful secret which I shall keep for myself alone."

Here Delphine, perhaps fearful of further revelations, advanced and, depriving Rhoda of the portfolio, said she hoped she might be mistress in her own den, and she would decide herself which drawings were fit to show to Mr. Danesdale. Then she took them into her own possession and doled them out with what both the spectators declared to be a very niggard hand.

Randulf, apart from his admiration of the Miss Conisbroughs, really cared for art, and knew something about pictures. He gave his best attention to the drawings which were now shown to him, and the more he studied them the more convinced he became that this was a real talent, which ought not to be left uncultivated, and which if carefully attended to, would certainly produce something worthy. She showed him chiefly landscapes, and each and all had in it a spirit, an originality, and a wild grace peculiar to the vicinity, as well as to the artist. There were sketches of Shenamere from all points of view, at all hours and at all seasons; by bright sunlight, under storm-clouds, by sentimental moonlight. There was a bold drawing of Addleborough admirable as a composition. The coloring was crude and often incorrect, but displayed evident power and capacity for fine ultimate development. Now and then came some little touch, some delicate sugges-

tion, some bit of keen, appreciative observation, which again and again called forth his admiration. Some of the smaller bits were, as Rhoda had said, sentimental—full of a delicate, subtle poetry impossible to define. These were chiefly autumn pictures—a lonely dank pool, in a circle of fading foliage; a view of his own father's home seen on a gusty September afternoon struck him much. He gradually became graver and quieter, as he looked at the pictures. At last, after contemplating for some time a larger and ambitious attempt, in oils—a view of the splendid rolling hills, the town of Middleham, and a portion of the glorious plain of York, and in the foreground the windings of the sweet river Yore, as seen from the hill called the 'Shawl' at Leyburn—he laid it down and said earnestly, all his drawl and all his half-jesting manner clean gone:

"Miss Conisbrough, you must not take my judgment as infallible, of course, but I have seen a good deal of this kind of thing, and have lived a good deal among artists, and it is my firm conviction that you have at any rate a very great talent—I should say genius. I think these first sketches, the animals, you know, are admirable, but I like the landscapes even better. I am sure that with study under a good master you might rise to eminence as a landscape-painter; for one sees in every stroke that you love the things you paint—love nature."

"I do!" said Delphine, stirred from her reserve and shyness. "I love every tree in this old dale; I love every stick and stone in it, I think; and I love the hills and the trees as if they were living things, and my friends. Oh, Mr. Danesdale, I am so glad you have not laughed at them! I should never have had courage, you know, to show them to you. But it would have been misery to have them laughed at, however bad they had been. They have made me so happy—and sometimes so miserable. I could not tell you all they have been to me."

"I can believe that," said Randolph, looking with the clear, grave glance of friendship from one face to the other of the two girls, who were hanging on his words with eager intentness—for Rhoda, he saw, identified herself with these

efforts of Delphine, and with the sorrow and the joy they had caused her, as intensely as if her own hand had made every stroke on the canvases. "But you must learn; you must study and work systematically, so as to cultivate your strong points and strengthen your weak ones."

The light faded from Delphine's eyes. Her lips quivered.

"It is impossible," said she quietly. "When one has no money one must learn to do without these things."

"But that will never do. It must be compassed somehow," he said, again taking up the view of Danesdale Castle, with the cloudy sky, which had so pleased him. "Let me—"

"Oh, *here* you are! I have been searching for you all over the house," exclaimed a voice—the voice of Judith—breaking in upon their eager absorption in their subject. She looked in upon them, and beheld the group: Delphine sitting on the floor, holding up a huge battered-looking portfolio, from which she had been taking her drawings; Rhoda standing behind her, alternately looking into the portfolio and listening earnestly to Randolph's words; the latter, seated on one of the rickety chairs before alluded to, and holding in his hand the view of Danesdale Castle.

"I could not imagine where you were," continued Judith, a look of gravity, and even of care and anxiety on her face.

"Well, come in and speak to us, unless you think we are very bad," retorted Rhoda. "Come and join the dance, so to speak. We are looking over Delphine's drawings, and Mr. Danesdale says they are very good."

"Of course they are," said Judith, coming in with still the same subdued expression. "I am quite well, I thank you" (to Randolph, who had risen and greeted her); "I hope you, too, are well. But, my dear children, you must come downstairs at once."

"To see mother?" said Rhoda. "Oh, I'll go; and I'll entertain her till you are ready to come down. Stay where you are. Del has not shown Mr. Danesdale all."

"To see mother—yes," said Judith, striving to speak cheerfully. Delphine

saw that the cheerfulness was forced, and became all attention at once.

"Of course you must come down and see mother at once," proceeded Judith. "But you have to see Mr. Aglionby too. He asked mother to present him to you, and she consented, so he has come with us. Therefore don't delay; let us get it over. And I am sure Mr. Danesdale will excuse—"

"Mr. Danesdale understands perfectly, and will carry himself off at once," said Randolph, smiling good-naturedly.

"Wants to be introduced to us!" repeated Rhoda wonderingly. "Of all the odd parts of this very odd affair, *that* to my mind is the oddest. Why should he want to be introduced to us? What can he possibly want with our acquaintance?"

"Oh, don't be silly!" said Judith a little impatiently.

"But I am very cross. I wanted Mr. Danesdale to see Delphine's 'morbid views.' She has some lovely morbid views, you know. Delphine, just find that one of a girl drowned in a pond, and three hares sitting looking at her."

"I shall hope to see that another time," observed Randolph; "it sounds delightfully morbid."

Delphine had begun to put her pictures away, and her face had not yet lost the grieved expression it had taken when she had said she could not afford to have any lessons. Rhoda, mumbling rebelliously, had gone out of the room, and Judith had followed her, advising or rebuking in a lower tone. Thus Randolph and Delphine were left alone, with her portfolio between them, he still holding the drawing of the Castle. Delphine stretched out her hand for it.

"Don't think me too rapacious," said he, looking at her, "but—give me this one!"

"Why?"

"Because I want it for a purpose, and it would be a great favor. At least I should look upon it as such."

"Should you? Pray, is that any reason why I should accord it to you?"

"Make it a reason," said he persuasively. "I should prize it—you don't know how much."

"As I say," said Delphine, still re-

belliously, "that constitutes no reason for my giving it to you."

"If I take it—"

"That would be stealing the goods and chattels of one who is already very poor," said Delphine half-gayly, half-sadly.

"And who is so noble in her poverty that she makes it noble too," he suddenly and fervently said, looking at her with all his heart in his eyes.

She shook her head, unable to speak, but at last said hesitatingly:

"I do not know whether I ought—whether it is quite—quite—"

"In other words, you rather mistrust me," said he gently. "I beg you will not do so. I want to help you, if you will not disdain my help. Since you will have the bald truth, and the reason why I want your sketches, I have two reasons. The first is, that I should prize them exceedingly for their own sakes and for that of the giver—next, if you would trust me and my discretion, I will engage that they should bring you profit."

"Do you mean," said Delphine, with a quick glance at him, and a flushing face, "that I could earn some money, and—and—help them?"

"That is what I mean."

"You mean," she persisted rather proudly, "that to oblige you, some friend would buy them, and—"

"Good heavens! do you know me no better than to suppose that I would sell what you had given me! What a cruel thing to say!"

"I beg your pardon!" she murmured hastily, and overcome with confusion, "but—but—I do not see how—"

"You can paint others as good as these," he said, unable to resist smiling at her simplicity. "When these have been seen and admired—"

"But you must not tell who did them—oh, you must not do that."

"Again I implore you to trust my discretion and my honor."

"I feel afraid—I daresay it is very silly," she said.

"It is very natural, but it is needless," he answered, thinking at the same time that it was very sweet, very bewitching, and that he was supremely fortunate to be the confidant of this secret.

"And you would not be ashamed—you do not think that a woman—a lady—is any the worse if she has to work hard?" she began tremulously.

"All honest work is good; and when it is undertaken from certain motives, it is more than good, it is sacred. Yours would be sacred. And besides," he added, in a lower, deeper tone, "nothing that your hands touched could be anything but beautiful, and pure, and worthy of honor."

Her face was downcast; her eyes filled with a rush of tears; her fingers fluttered nervously about the petals of the flower that was stuck in her belt. She was unused to praise of this kind, utterly a stranger to compliments of any kind, from men; overwhelmed with the discovery that some one had found something in her to admire, to reverence.

"When you are a well-known artist," he added, in a rather lighter tone, "with more commissions, and more money and fame than you know what to do with, do not quite forget me."

"If ever—if ever I do anything—as you seem to think I may—it will all be owing to you."

This assurance, with the wavering look, the hesitating voice with which it was made, was unutterably sweet to Randulf.

"Then I may keep the sketch?" he said.

"Yes, please," said Delphine.

He rolled them both up, and they went downstairs to the hall, where they found the two other girls waiting for them.

Randulf made his adieux, saying he hoped he might call again, and ask how Mrs. Conisbrough was. Then he went away, and Judith led the way into the parlor.

* * * *

Aglionby, left alone with Mrs. Conisbrough, while Judith went to call her sisters, sat in the recess of the window which looked into the street, and waited for what appeared to him a very long time, until at last he heard steps coming downstairs and voices in the hall. He had a quick and sensitive ear, and besides that, Randulf's tones with their southern accent, and their indolent drawl, were sufficiently remarkable in that land of rough burr and Yorkshire

broadness. So then, argued Bernard within himself, this young fellow was admitted as an intimate guest into the house which he was not allowed to enter, despite his cousinship, despite his earnest pleadings, despite his almost passionate desire to do what was right and just toward these his kinswomen. He had told Judith that he would comply with her behest. He was going to keep at the distance she required him to maintain, after this one interview, that is. But he felt that the price he paid was a hard and a long one. His joy in his inheritance was robbed of all its brightness. He sat and waited, while Mrs. Conisbrough leaned back and fanned herself, and observed:

"Why, that is Randulf Danesdale's voice. He is always here. Where can they have been?"

Mrs. Conisbrough, as may already have been made apparent, was not a wise woman, nor a circumspect one. Perhaps she wished to show Aglionby that they had people of position among their friends. Perhaps she wished to flourish the fact before him, that Sir Gabriel Danesdale's only son and heir was a great ally of her daughters. Be that as it may, her words had the effect of putting Bernard into a state of almost feverish vexation and mortification. It did appear most hard, most galling, and most inexplicable that against his name alone, of all others, *tabu* should be writ so large. He saw Randulf go down the steps, with a smile on his handsome face, and a little white roll in his hand, and saw him take his way up the market-place, toward the inn where he had left his horse, and then, the door of the parlor was opened, and his "cousins" came in.

There were greetings and introductions. He found two lovely girls, either of them more actually beautiful than her who was his oldest acquaintance. Beside their pronounced and almost startling beauty, her grave and pensive dignity and statuesque handsomeness looked cold, no doubt, but he had seen the fiery heart that burnt beneath that outward calm. He was much enchanted with the beauty of these two younger girls; he understood the charm of Delphine's shadowy, sylph-like loveliness; of Rhoda's upright figure, hand-

some features, and dauntless gray eyes. He talked to them. They kept strictly to commonplaces; no dangerous topics were even mentioned. Aglionby, when they were all seated, and talking thus smoothly and conventionally, still felt in every fibre the potent spell exercised over his spirit by *one* present. Judith sat almost silent, and he did not speak to her—for some reason he felt unable to do so.

All the time he was talking to the others, he felt intensely conscious that soon he must leave the house—for ever, ran the fiat—and in it he must leave behind him—what? Without his knowing it, the obscurity which prevented his answering that question, even to himself, was that viewless but real fact—Miss Vane.

By and by, he rose; for to stay would have been needless and, indeed, intrusive under the circumstances. He shook hands with Mrs. Conisbrough, expressing his hope that she would soon be, as he bluntly put it, "all right again." He might not say, like Randolph Danesdale, that he would call again in a few days, and inquire after her. Then with each of the girls, a handshake—with Judith last. When it came to that point, and her fingers were within his hand, it was as if a spell were lifted, and the touch thrilled him through, from head to foot, through brain and heart and soul, and every inch of flesh! electrically, potently, and as it never had done—as no touch ever had done before. He looked at her; whether his look compelled an answering one from her—whether she would have looked in any case, who shall say? Only, she did look, and then Bernard knew, despite her composed countenance, and steady

hand and eye—he knew that it was not he only who was thrilled.

"Good afternoon, Miss Conisbrough," and "Good-afternoon, Mr. Aglionby," sounded delightfully original, and pregnant with meaning. Not another word was uttered by either. He dropped her hand, and turned away, and could have laughed aloud in the bitterness of his heart.

"I'll open the door for you, Mr. Aglionby," came Rhoda's ringing voice; and, defying ceremony, she skipped before him into the hall.

"We've only one retainer," she pursued, "and she is generally doing those things which she ought not to be doing, when she is wanted. Is that Bluebell you have in the brougham? Yes! Hey, old girl! Bluebell, Bluebell!"

She patted the mare's neck, who tossed her head, and in her own way laughed with joy at the greeting. With a decidedly friendly nod to Aglionby, she ran into the house again, and the carriage drove away.

"Well!" cried Miss Rhoda, rushing into the parlor, panting. Judith was not there. Doubtless she had gone to prepare that cup of tea for which Mrs. Conisbrough pined.

"Well?" retorted Delphine.

"I like him," chanted Rhoda, whirling round the room. "He's grave and dark, and fearfully majestic, like a Spaniard, but he smiles like an Englishman, and looks at you like a person with a clear conscience. That's a good combination, I say; but, all the same, I wish Uncle Aglionby had not been so fascinated with him as to leave him *all* his money."

To which aspiration no one made any reply.—*Temple Bar.*

A SIBERIAN EXILE EIGHTY YEARS AGO.

FASHIONS in literature are frequently as ephemeral and capricious as are fashions in dress or manners, and authors and books that are the rage and admiration of one generation are sometimes the ridicule, or, at least, the mere amusement of another. During the last decade of the eighteenth century, and the first years of the present, there was no

more popular dramatist in Germany, nor perhaps in Europe, than Augustus von Kotzebue; his works were translated into nearly every European language, and were everywhere successful. In England *Misanthropy and Repentance*, produced at Drury Lane in 1798, under the title of *The Stranger*, furnished John Kemble with one of his finest imperson-

ations; and Mrs. Siddons, Miss O'Neil, and their successors, as Mrs. Haller, have drawn as many tears from sensitive eyes as ever did their performance of Juliet or Belvidera. The Stranger was a favorite part with all tragedians, both in town and country, until within very recent years, and Mr. Irving threatened us with a revival last season. *The Spaniards in Peru* (Pizarro), translated by Sheridan, and stuffed with patriotic speeches that applied to the events and sentiments of the day, crammed Drury Lane to the ceiling for many a night.

Scarcely less successful were two adaptations of *The Natural Son*, one by Cumberland, and a second by Mrs. Inchbald, which she entitled *Lovers' Vows*. If Kotzebue's plays did not create the sentimental school of drama in England, their influence permeated our stage during quite half a century. The old stock characters, that were so well known to the play-goer of thirty or forty years ago—the virtuous peasant, whose house and scanty purse were always open to the poor and unfortunate, and who spouted interminable speeches upon the duties of man, and the beauties of charity; the betrayed village beauty, and the repentant Magdalen; the broken-hearted father, pious, though strongly given to cursing; the dreadfully good hero and heroine; the villainous steward; the comic, blundering servant, are all children of this school—the inspiration of which was drawn from *Werther* and *Julie*; but Kotzebue and his imitators could grasp only the form and the faults of the originals, the soul and the beauty wholly eluded them. These imitations were successful, however, because they intoned with the spirit of an age that preached and moralized with a relish of a Joseph Surface, that was given to lip morality, of which each man expended so much upon his neighbors that he had none left for his own use. Alas! for the durability of such popularity, that which once drew tears and evoked shouts of applause burlesque has found to be excellent food for laughter, and our wonder is how such vapid, sickly sentimentalism could have ever been seriously received. As an author, Kotzebue has long ceased to excite any interest; but in his autobiography he has given us a picture of Siberian and Russian life

eighty years ago, which is peculiarly interesting just now, if it be only from a comparative point of view, when the great Northern Power is exciting so much attention.

Kotzebue's account of himself, from which the materials of this article are principally drawn, is chiefly characterized by a trivial egotism, which considers the most unimportant acts of his life, and the most commonplace details of his domesticity, to be subjects of universal curiosity. The reader, however, will doubtless be satisfied with a very brief *résumé* of his doings between his birth and his exile. To begin then: he was born at Weimar of a good family, that could affix *von* to their name, in the year 1761. He tells us that he was a very precocious child; that at six years old he wrote verses, and a comedy that filled a whole octavo page; and that on his seventh birthday he addressed a passionate love letter to a lady, who afterward became his aunt, reproaching her for her cruelty in preferring the uncle to the nephew. Solomon's advice touching the rod was evidently neglected by the friends of this young gentleman. It was the advent of a company of strolling players at Weimar which, he tells us, irrevocably decided his future destiny as a dramatic writer. After his first visit to the theatre, he returns home, "stunned with delight," and he adds, "I would have asked no greater blessing of fate than to grant that I might be present every night at such a performance." Henceforth the drama and the stage occupy all his thoughts: he starts private theatricals among his schoolfellows, and writes dramas, one of which the great Goethe, who is a visitor at the paternal house, is so condescending as to read.

By the time he was eighteen years of age he had published a number of poems and tales, and written several tragedies and comedies. About 1781 he obtained the post of secretary to the celebrated Russian general, Baron Bawr, and removed to St. Petersburg, where soon afterward he became director of the German Theatre, and where he very nearly got into difficulties with the Government on account of writing a piece, entitled *Demetrius, the Czar of Moscow*, founded on a well-known historical fact. A decree of Peter the Great having declared

Demetrius to be an impostor, it was little less than treason to style him Czar, even in a drama, and before its performance could be permitted our author was compelled to sign a solemn declaration that his private and personal belief was thoroughly in accordance with imperial ideas upon the subject. Upon the death of Baron Bawr, in 1783, Catherine appointed him titular councillor to the Tribunal of Appeal at Revel. His official duties did not interrupt his literary pursuits, and it was during the next few years that his most celebrated plays were produced. Better would it have been had he restricted his pen entirely to the drama; but in 1790 envy and jealousy ran away with it, and he wrote a most virulent attack upon the leading literary men of Germany. About the same time the state of his health compelled him to ask leave of absence from Russia. He returned to his native city, but Goethe and all men of letters, resenting his scurrilous pamphlet, turned their backs upon him, and this contemptuous treatment, together with the death of his wife, soon drove him from Weimar to Paris. To his Parisian experiences, during a time when the Revolution was just simmering to boiling-point, he devotes a whole book of his autobiography, which I shall pass over, as it does not come within the scope of the present article. At the end of his year's leave he returned to Russia, and in the enjoyment of the Empress's favor seems to have led a very uneventful life, until that sovereign's death in 1796. Soon after the accession of Paul he was suspected to be the author of a pamphlet which reflected upon the government of that capricious despot. Guilty or innocent, he knew full well the consequences that would follow such a suspicion, and fled the country.

Three years afterward, in the year 1800, believing the affair to be forgotten, he applied for leave to return to Russia, in order to visit the estates he owned in that country. A passport was immediately forwarded to him, and in company with his wife, a Russian lady—for he had married again—and their children, he started upon his journey. But no sooner had he crossed the Prussian frontier than he was arrested, his papers seized, and he and his family sent

under escort toward Mittau. At Mittau, the governor advised him to leave his wife, proceed on to St. Petersburg, and solicit an interview with the Emperor. Yet, although he was urged to take a much larger supply of linen than was necessary for the journey, even to provide himself with a bed and to change all his money into Russian notes, no suspicion as to his true destination dawned upon him. The principal persons of his escort were an official with the unpronounceable name of Schtschkatchin, and a courier called Alexander Schulkins; his sketches of these two personages give a curious picture of the Russian official of the time. The first he describes as a man of forty, swarthy almost to blackness, with the face of a satyr, so ignorant that he was unacquainted with the causes of the commonest phenomena of Nature, that the names of Homer, Cicero, Shakespeare, Voltaire, had never reached his ears, but so devout in outward observances that he never espied a church in the distance, ate or drank, heard thunder, or performed the most ordinary act without taking off his hat and repeatedly crossing himself. In his habits and manners he outraged every decency of civilized life, drank out of a bottle in preference to a glass, and never used a pocket-handkerchief. The courier was a brute, but of the good kind. His great delight was eating and drinking, and he ate and drank everything that came in his way. When he took soup he threw back his head and, thrusting the spoon as far into his mouth as possible, literally poured the liquid down his throat; he swallowed his meat without masticating it, and with the same canine propensity would seize and gnaw the bones left upon the plates after meals; he could despatch the largest glass of brandy at a single draught—and any number of them—without showing signs of intoxication.

Upon arriving at Riga Kotzebue was at length informed that his true destination was not St. Petersburg, but Tobolsk. Driven to desperation by the thought of Siberia he made an attempt to escape, but was speedily recaptured. The kindness and hospitality of the peasantry were the only alleviations to the terrible journey that now commenced in earnest. The slightest act or word of

kindness, the most valueless present, would at once win them over, but while his conductors extorted from them all available food and mulcted their prisoner heavily for payment, they gave their entertainers only curses in return. Upon the road he encountered other unfortunates bound for the same destination, and in worse plight even than himself. One was an old man who had been a lieutenant-colonel; dragged out of bed in the middle of the night, his captors had not even permitted him to dress, and he was now, loaded with irons, a bed-gown and night-cap his only articles of clothing, being drawn along in a wretched conveyance. A quarrel with the governor of Rāzan was the sole cause of his exile. Then there were companies of robbers chained in couples, among which were several women, marching on foot to the mines. These were escorted by parties of armed peasants, who were relieved from village to village. Some of them had forked pieces of wood fastened about their necks, the handles of which hung over their breasts and fell down to their knees. In these handles were two holes, through which their hands were thrust. His first experiences of the dreaded Siberia, however, were agreeable surprises. For days, before crossing the border, he had been travelling through gloomy forests of pine, but now he came upon woods of birch, intermixed with highly cultivated fields, and opulent Russian or Tartar villages, in which the countenances of the peasants were so cheerful and contented that he could not realize that he was in the dreaded country. The windows of the inns were glazed with a kind of transparent pebble, the tables covered with tapestry, images were placed in every corner, and every peasant's house was rich in such domestic utensils as glasses, cups and saucers, etc. On holidays they passed happy groups of youths and girls disporting themselves upon the village green, the latter dressed in white and red or blue; in fine, he describes the frontier parts of Siberia as contrasting most favorably with European Russia.

On the 10th of May he arrived at Tobolsk and was very kindly received by the governor; but here more ill news awaited him: Tobolsk was not to be his final destination. He was granted per-

mission, however, to remain there for a while until his strength was a little recruited after his long journey. Lodgings commonly occupied by people of distinction who were exiled to Siberia were pointed out to him by the police. They consisted of two rooms, which, as the owner was compelled to let them free of charge, were not remarkable for comfort. The windows were broken, and underneath them was a stagnant pond; the walls were naked, or hung with ragged tapestry; and worse than all, the place swarmed with insects. By a little show of civility to his host he obtained two stools and a table, then he bought a mattress in the town, after which he had to consider himself housed and furnished. His arrival made some sensation among this remote community, as several of his plays had been translated into the Russian language, and when he went to the shops the tradesmen offered in whispers to forward any letter that he might commit to their charge. In the evenings he was permitted to walk about the city, which he describes as large, with broad straight streets, paved with timber, houses chiefly of wood, and a great square which was crowded by people of all nations. There was a theatre, of which the company was entirely composed of exiles, and in which he witnessed several of his own plays. He describes the heat as being most oppressive during the day, and the gnats as insupportable during the night. There were five or six hurricanes regularly in every twenty-four hours, which proceeded from every point of the compass, accompanied by tremendous showers of rain, which, however, scarcely cooled the air. Fruit, he tells us, is almost unknown in the country. The governor's garden, the finest in the province, contained little more than a few gooseberry bushes, cabbages, black alder, birch, and Siberian pear-trees; but on the boards which inclosed it were *painted representations of fruit trees*. Buckwheat, which reproduces itself without any kind of culture, was in abundance. The peasants never thought of moving or making any use of their manure, which accumulated in such gigantic heaps that at times they pulled down their houses and rebuilt them upon another spot, as the less laborious removal

of the two. The cold in winter was as intense as the heat in summer, being frequently forty degrees below zero. Vast expanses of water environed the city, and beyond these stretched immense forests that the foot of man had never trodden, to the shores of the Frozen Sea.

He tells us that the exiles were divided into four classes. The first was composed of malefactors convicted of peculiarly atrocious crimes, whose sentences were confirmed by the senate. These had their nostrils slit and were condemned to work in the mines of Nertschinsk, where their sufferings were said to be worse than death. The second class was made up of a less guilty order of criminals; these were enrolled among the peasantry or bondmen, their names were changed to those of the people among whom they were settled, and they were employed to cultivate the soil. Like the preceding class, their nostrils were slit, but they were permitted to earn a little by their labors, and thus, by industry, were enabled to alleviate their condition. Those of the third class were simply condemned to banishment, without the addition of any infamous punishment. If they were noble they did not lose their rank; they were permitted to receive their usual incomes, or if they had none, the Crown furnished them with twenty or thirty copecks a day. The fourth division, in which Kotzebue himself was included, contained all who were exiled without legal process, at the arbitrary will of the sovereign; these could send letters to the Emperor or their friends—after they had been perused by the governor. Sometimes, however, they were confined in fortresses and kept in chains.*

* A curious contrast to these experiences of eighty years ago has been recently afforded in some letters of a correspondent to the *Times* in which the present condition of Siberia and its exiles is very minutely described. In these we hear nothing of such barbarous atrocities as nose-slitting, or even of the knout, which he tells us has long since been abolished, although the latter is very effectively represented by the troickatka, or plait, a whip ending in three lashes. This, however, is used only upon the worst class of malefactors after repeated offences, and, according to his statement, only in three places, and it must, consequently, be unknown to the majority of exiles. The painful scenes upon the road, referred to by Kotzebue, are no longer to be wit-

Kürgan, situated some four hundred and fifty versts from Tobolsk, was fixed upon as his final resting place. Upon arriving there, he was conducted to a low-built house, where he nearly broke his head in going in at the door; the rooms were mere holes, in which a man could scarcely stand upright; the walls were naked, the window was patched with paper, and a table and two wooden stools were the only furniture. He afterward searched throughout the town for better accommodation, but found most of the lodgings to be even worse than his own. Here his name again stood him in good stead, and on the morning after his arrival he was visited by most of the principal inhabitants, every one of whom brought him something to eat and drink, until he was at a loss for room to store his presents in. At length however, and at an extravagant rent, he succeeded in procuring a better abode. The cheapness of provisions made some amends for these high-priced lodgings—a loaf of six pounds' weight could be purchased for four French sous, a fowl for a sou and a half, while hares could be had for nothing, as the Russians never ate them. His day was chiefly occupied in reading, studying the Russian language, writing the story of his life, and in shooting. There was plenty of excellent sport to be had, and he says that he had never in his life seen in Europe so many rooks in one flight as he saw wild fowl of a hundred different sorts in droves in this country. Some were very small; some had round, others flat beaks; some long and others short ones. There were short legs, long legs; gray, brown, black and yellow beaks. Woodcocks were equally nume-

nessed. The prisoners are now all gathered in a central prison in Moscow, whence they are despatched in droves of about seven hundred by rail to Nijni-Novgorod, where they are consigned to a large barge and tugged by steamer to Perm. Thence trains convey them to Ekaterinburg, from which place carriages take them on to Tiumen. They are then distributed to their various destinations, some of which are reached by water, while others have to perform the journey on foot. The four classes are now reduced to two; in the first are contained those who lose all their rights, these wear the convict's dress, and have their heads half shaved. Those of the second class are only partially deprived of their rights, do not always undergo imprisonment, and in any case

rous and various; there were also pigeons and blackbirds in such numbers that when they alighted on a tuft of trees they would entirely cover it. Toward the end of autumn the game multiplied prodigiously. Wherever he walked there were the most beautiful flowers, whole tracts of land were covered with sweet-scented herbs, particularly southern-wood; multitudes of horses and horned cattle grazed at will, and the weather, although a day seldom passed without a storm, was remarkably agreeable.

An invitation from the Assessor to be present at the festival of his patron saint, which in Russia is a more important celebration than even a birthday, and at which all the principal people of the place were to be present, afforded him a curious picture of Kùrgan manners. As he enters the house he is stunned by the noise of five men, who are called singers. "These men, turning their backs to the company, apply their right hands to their mouths to improve the sound of their voices, and make as loud a noise as possible in one corner of the room.

only for a period, at the expiration of which they become colonists and live the same as the inhabitants. This writers' description of the prisons is quite at variance with our preconceived notions of Siberia. According to his account they differ very little from those of western Europe; the prisoners are employed in various industries, and when their allotted tasks are fulfilled may earn money for themselves; the treadmill is unknown. Nor is the punishment even of those condemned to the mines exceptionally heavy; it is only for a short season these can be worked, as the ground is frozen hard during the long winter; when at work the miners' food is liberal in allowance, and their period of labor is from eight to twelve hours.

Again, it is somewhat surprising to be told that the great mass of the exiles are mere ordinary criminals, and that only about five per cent belong to the middle or upper classes. But it is not necessary to be a criminal to be sent to Siberia. If a man be idle or drunken, if he do not pay his taxes, or will not support his wife and children, his commune meets in parish parliament, votes him a nuisance, and adjudges that he be sent at the common expense to Siberia, not to be imprisoned, but to get his living as a colonist. Indeed, one of the objects of Russia in sending such numbers of prisoners to Siberia, is to develop the resources of that part of the empire, of which the great need is population. The average number of prisoners sent thither yearly is from seventeen to twenty thousand. The writer remarks, "Popular rumor asserted that there were hundreds if not thousands of Nihilists waiting last

This was the salutation given to every guest on entering. An immense table groaned beneath the weight of twenty dishes, principally preparations of fish; but I could see neither plates nor chairs for the accommodation of the company." The master of the house carries a huge bottle of brandy in his hand, from which he is eager to serve his guests, who continually drink to his health. Every moment our exile expects that the company will sit down to table, but by and by all take up their hats and walk away. He asks a friend if the entertainment is over. The answer is, "Oh no, they are gone home to take their naps, they will be here again at five o'clock." He goes with the rest, and returning at the appointed hour, finds the more substantial food removed, and in its place the table is covered with cakes, raisins, almonds, and Chinese sweetmeats. The mistress of the house, a pretty young woman, now makes her appearance with the wives and daughters of the guests, all attired in old-fashioned dresses, and tea, and French bran-

spring (1879) in Russia to be sent to Siberia. I can only say that we were in a position very likely to have seen or heard of them, but that we met exceedingly few. Now and then we found political prisoners in the separate cells of the various prisons by ones and twos. At Kara, I believe, there were only thirteen Russian political prisoners, and twenty-eight Poles, and my interpreter, when returning from Strenlinska along the whole Siberian route, on which such prisoners would naturally travel, met only three convoys. In the first there was one man only, in the next seven, and in the third twenty-one. So that I have come to the conclusion that the number of such prisoners is very much less than is commonly supposed." A Pole, with whom the writer conversed, told him that though condemned to the mines, he worked in them or not pretty much as he pleased; another confessed that although under the same sentence, he never worked in them at all, but was put to lighter labor. Another remarked that he would sooner remain where he was than return to Russia. "It is a well-known fact that when the present Emperor offered liberty to certain Poles whom his father had banished, some of them chose to remain as they were." Several of the richest men in Irkutsk are exiles, and the average peasant exile is better off there than in Russia.

In gratitude for the exceptional privileges granted him during his investigations of the prisons, the writer may have touched his descriptions with a little *couleur de rose*; but even allowing for that, they give a very novel idea of that terrible country of which the supposed horrors have passed into a proverb.

dy, and punch are handed round. Then card-tables are set, and all play cards as long as the brandy will allow them to distinguish the suits. At supper-time all retire, and the entertainment is over.

This is one of the last of his Siberian experiences, for immediately afterward comes the joyful news that the Emperor, to whom he has written stating his case several months back, has ordered him to be conveyed to St. Petersburg. The day he leaves the town—the 7th of July—is the occasion of a solemn festival. The image of the saint of a neighboring village is brought into Kürgan, and the image of the saint of the town is taken to meet it; the two images exchange polite salutations, and are then borne together to the temple of the town saint, prayers are recited, and hymns sung, and after this friendly visit the rustic saint is taken home again.

At St. Petersburg he was reunited to his wife. His design had been to return to Germany, but he was advised not to make the request. The Czar, as a compensation probably for his brief exile, bestowed upon him an estate in Livonia, and restored him to his appointment as manager of the German Theatre, with a salary of 1200 roubles. He now discovered that, although the strictest examination of his papers could not substantiate any charge against him, it was not to his innocence he owed his sudden recall from exile, but to an accident that well illustrates the caprices of despotism. Some years previously he had written a little piece entitled *The Emperor's Head Coachman*, which was founded upon an anecdote he had once heard of some generous action performed by the Emperor Paul. This piece was translated into Russian, and in spite of the advice given him by friends, the translator magnanimously persisted in retaining Kotzebue's name, as the original author, upon the title-page. The manuscript was forwarded to the Czar, who, delighted with the flattering picture of himself that it contained, presented the translator with a handsome ring, declared that he had done Kotzebue wrong, and despatched a courier at once to Siberia to bring him to St. Petersburg.

But this sudden access of favor was far from assuring our hero of its continuance. Much against his will he was

appointed to the censorship of plays. A more hazardous post it was impossible to occupy, since there was as much danger at times in striking out a passage that might seem to apply to the Czar, and thereby acknowledging its applicability, as there was in passing it, as he might have inquired, "Do you suppose I do these things? if not, why do you consider them offensive?" The instances of prohibited passages and expressions given by our author are exceedingly amusing, as well as highly significant of the jealous tyranny of the Emperor. The word "republic" was not permitted to be spoken, nor was Antony in the author's play of *Octavia*, allowed to say, "Die, like a Roman, free!" In another play the term *Emperor* of Japan had to be altered to *master*. It was not permissible to say that caviare came from Russia, or that Russia was a distant country. A councillor was not permitted to call himself "a good patriot," because he refused to marry a foreigner; nor was it allowable to call a valet an insolent fellow; a princess was not permitted to have a grayhound; a councillor to tickle a dog behind the ears; or pages to muffle up a councillor. The expression "woe to my native country," was struck out, because an ukase had forbidden the Russians to have a native country. A character was not allowed to come from Paris, and all mention of France was forbidden.

So the unfortunate censor lived in a state of constant terror, and never went to bed at night without the gloomiest apprehensions for the morrow, although he never neglected the most trivial precautions to secure his safety. He was most scrupulous, even, regarding the color and cut of his clothes, for even in those things offence might be given; he was obliged to pay court to women of doubtful reputation who had the royal ear. On the representation of every new piece, he trembled lest the police, ever on the watch, should discover some hidden offence in it; if his wife went out to take an airing, he was fearful lest she should not alight from her carriage quickly enough on meeting the Emperor, and be dragged to the common prison as had happened then lately to the wife of an innkeeper for such an omission. He dared not utter his thoughts to a friend

for fear of being overheard or betrayed ; he could not divert his mind by reading, as every book was prohibited ; nor could he commit his thoughts to writing, as the police might enter his rooms at any moment and seize his papers. When he walked out it was always bare-headed, for no man was allowed to be in the vicinity of the palace, whatever the weather might be, with covered head ; and he was constantly reminded of what might at any moment be his fate, by meeting some unhappy wretch on his way to prison or to the knout. And he calls upon the whole city of St. Petersburg to witness whether this picture of the condition of the Russian capital at this period is too highly colored.

One day he was informed by the Count de Pahlen that the Emperor intended to challenge all the sovereigns of Europe and their Ministers, and that he had been appointed to draw up the form, which was to be inserted in all the newspapers. It was to be ready in one hour. The task accomplished, it was submitted to the Czar, and presently Kotzebue was summoned to the royal presence. His reception was remarkably gracious. "You know the world too well," said the Emperor, "to be a stranger to the political events of the day, and therefore you must know in what manner I have figured in them. I have often acted like a fool, and it is just I should be punished, therefore I have imposed a chastisement upon myself. I wish"—showing him a paper—"that this should be inserted in the *Hamburg Gazette*, and in other public prints." He then read aloud the following extraordinary paragraph : "We hear from St. Petersburg that the Emperor of Russia, finding the Powers of Europe cannot agree among themselves, and being desirous of putting an end to a war that has desolated it for eleven years past, intends to point out a spot to which he will invite all the other sovereigns to repair and fight in single combat ; bringing with them, as seconds and squires, their most enlightened ministers, and their most able generals, such as Messrs. Thutgut, Pitt, Bernstoff, etc., and that the Emperor himself proposes being attended by generals Count de Pahlen and Kutuscoff. We know not if this report is to be believed ; the thing, however, does not ap-

pear to be destitute of foundation, as it bears the impress of what he has often been taxed with." This paper was written in French, and it was Kotzebue's task to translate it into German. And both the challenge and the comment were actually published.

In the spring of 1801 Kotzebue was relieved from his apprehensions, and Russia from one of the most capricious as well as terrible tyrannies that ever afflicted a nation, by the death of Paul and the accession of his son Alexander, who at once proceeded to repeal the more objectionable enactments of his predecessor. But our author had had enough of St. Petersburg, and he petitioned to be dismissed from the management of the theatre and to be allowed to return to Germany. But the restless vanity of the man could not long content itself in any place, and after wandering about Italy and France for several years, and publishing various books, descriptive of his travels, we again find him in the service of the Russian Czar, who in 1813 appointed him *consel-général* at Königsberg. After a while he resigned this post, and made his reappearance at Weimar, ostensibly as a private man of letters. Having been received as such, and having made good his social position, he suddenly declared himself to be the accredited Russian diplomatic agent at the little court ; in other words he was a Russian spy who received 15,000 roubles a year for transmitting extracts from the newspapers and other publications, and reporting to the Emperor, who was desirous of influencing the affairs of Germany, every fact that was inimical or friendly to this purpose. His next move was to establish a journal in which he opposed all progress, and the liberty of the press. A paper intended only for the eye of the Emperor Alexander, in which Kotzebue described one of his opponents in journalism as "the most detestable instrument of hell," at length, in 1818, revealed the full treachery of this literary hireling, and raised a cry of indignation against him throughout Germany. The exposure compelled him to quit Weimar. He next took up his abode at Mannheim, where he resumed his perfidious work ; and, at a time when all Germany was yet ringing with the echoes of the

French Revolution, proclaimed himself the enemy of liberty, and the friend of despotism. This alone would have been sufficient to have brought down upon him the indignation of the enthusiasts; but when to this was added the knowledge that he was the mouthpiece of a foreign despot, who was desirous of establishing an authority over the country, indignation rose to ungovernable hatred. He had made himself particularly conspicuous in applauding the dismissal of twelve hundred students from Göttingen, on account of a brawl between them and the citizens, and a morbid young student, named Charles Louis Sand, took upon himself to avenge, à la Charlotte Corday, the cause of liberty and the Fatherland.

On the 9th of March, 1819, he left Jena on foot for Mannheim, and arrived there on the 23d. Dressed in old German costume, and assuming the name of Henricks, he presented himself at Kotzebue's house, on the pretence that he had brought letters from Weimar. After two ineffectual attempts, he at length gained admission, and was shown into a private room; scarcely had the victim crossed the threshold when Sand plunged a long poniard into his breast, and when he had fallen, to make his work sure, inflicted three more wounds upon the body. The noise of the scuffle speedily brought servants and family to

the tragic scene, and the assassin was found, dagger in hand, quietly contemplating the dying man. Yet no one attempted to arrest him, and he descended the staircase and presented himself before the throng of people, whom the cries of "Murder!" had already gathered about the spot, and still flourishing the poniard in one hand, and a written paper in the other, exclaimed, "I am the murderer, and it is thus all traitors should die." Then he fell upon his knees, and clasping his hands raised them to heaven exclaiming, "I thank Thee, O God, for having permitted me successfully to fulfil this act of justice." Upon the paper were inscribed the words, "Deathblow for Augustus von Kotzebue in the name of Virtue."

No sooner had he spoken the last words than, tearing open his waistcoat, he repeatedly plunged the weapon into his own bosom, and fell to the ground. He was now, in a swooning condition, conveyed to prison, but as soon as he recovered he tore off his bandages and made the most desperate efforts to put an end to his life. At the trial his handsome person and his calm exaltation excited the utmost sympathy, and he went to the scaffold devoutly believing that he had performed an act of noble self-devotion, and far more pitied by the populace than was his miserable victim.—*Temple Bar.*

FROM THE CAMBRIDGE LECTURE ROOMS: BONAPARTE.*

BY PROFESSOR J. R. SEELEY.

IN commencing the last of these lectures on Bonaparte I naturally look back, survey what I have done, and compare it with what at the outset I hoped and intended to do. You will remember that I began by recognizing the impossibility of treating so large and full a career with any completeness, and by inquiring how it might most conveniently be divided. I determined first to lighten the ship by throwing overboard all those military details which belong less to the historian than to the profes-

sional specialist; next I pointed out that the career falls naturally into two parts which are widely different and easily separable from each other. The line of demarcation I drew at the establishment of the Hereditary Empire in 1804. On one side of this line, I remarked, you have Bonaparte, on the other side Napoleon. The two names may be taken to represent two distinct historical developments. To study Bonaparte is in the main to study a problem of internal French history. It is to inquire how the Monarchy, which fell so disastrously in 1792, burying for a time the greatness of the Bourbon name, was revived by a

* The last of a long course of lectures, printed here as containing a condensed statement of results.

young military adventurer from Corsica; and how this restored monarchy gave domestic tranquillity and, at first, a strong sense of happiness, to the French people, and at the same time European ascendancy to the French State. On the other hand, to study Napoleon is to study not French but European history; it is to inquire how the balance of power was overturned, how the federal system of Europe crumbled as the throne of the Bourbons had done before, how a universal Monarchy was set up, and then how it fell again by a sudden reaction. Availing myself of this distinction, I proposed to investigate the first problem only; I dismissed Napoleon altogether, and fixed my attention on Bonaparte.

And now I find without much surprise that this problem taken alone is too much for me. I have given you not so much a history as the introduction to a history. I break off on this side even of the Revolution of Brumaire. As to the Consulate, with its peculiar institutions, its rich legislation, and its rapid development into the empire, I can scarcely claim even to have introduced you to it. I say I am not surprised at this, and I shall be well content if the sixteen lectures I have delivered have thrown real light upon the large outlines of the subject, and have in any way explained a phenomenon so vast, and in the ordinary accounts so utterly romantic and inconceivable, as the Napoleonic monarchy. For everything here has to be done almost from the beginning. In other departments the lecturer follows in the track of countless investigators who have raised and discussed already the principal questions, who have collected and arranged all the needful information. It is quite otherwise in these periods of recent history, where investigation, properly speaking, has scarcely begun its work. I can refer you to very few satisfactory text-books. Histories no doubt there are, full and voluminous enough, but they are not histories in the scientific sense of the word. Some are only grandiose romances. Others are thoroughly respectable and valuable in their kind, but were never intended for students; so that even where they are accurate, even where they are not corrupted by prejudice, or

carelessness, or study of effect, they throw little light upon the problems which the student finds most important. In such circumstances it is really a considerable task to sweep away the purely popular, romantic, and fantastic views of the subject which prevail, and to bring out clearly the exact questions which need to be investigated; as indeed it is true generally of scientific investigation that the negative work of destroying false views, and then the preparatory work of laying down the lines of a sound method are almost more important than the positive work of investigation itself.

The great problem I have raised and examined has been the connection of Bonaparte's power with the Revolution. Let me try, in quitting the subject, to sum up the conclusions to which we have been led. The first is this, that Bonaparte does not, properly speaking, come out of the Revolution, but out of the European war. What is the popular theory? In few words it is this, that a revolutionary period is often terminated by a military dictatorship, as is shown by the examples of Cæsar, Cromwell, and the Italian tyrants of the fourteenth century; that the cause of this is to be sought in the craving for rest, and the general lassitude and disappointment which follow a vain struggle for liberty; and that Bonaparte's rise to power is simply an example of the working of this historic law. Now to begin with, I should state the historic law itself somewhat differently. It is rather this, that when from any cause the government of a state is suddenly overthrown, the greatest organized power which is left in the country is tempted to take its place. Such for instance was the municipality of Paris when the French Monarchy fell on the 10th of August. Accordingly the Municipality of Paris seized the control of affairs by a violent *coup d'état*. But as a general rule the greatest organized power which is at hand when a government falls, is the army. It is therefore natural that as a general rule a revolution should be followed by a usurpation of the army. And this might no doubt have happened in France as early as 1792. Instead of the ascendancy of the Jacobins there might have been a tyranny of Dumouriez, but

for the accident that the French army at that moment was undergoing a transformation.

But there is also another possibility. A military dictatorship, or the form of government called Imperialism, may be brought into existence by quite another cause, namely, by any circumstance which may give an abnormal importance in the State to the army. It is from this cause, for instance, that the Monarchy in Prussia has been so military as to be practically an Imperialism. This also is the true explanation of the rise of Imperialism in ancient Rome. Not the mere lassitude of parties at Rome, but the necessity of a centralized military power to hold together the vast Empire of Rome which military force had created—this was the real ground of the power of the Cæsars. Now in explaining the rise of Bonaparte, I think that too much is made of the cause formerly mentioned, and infinitely too little of this. It is no doubt true that the lassitude of the French mind in 1799 was great, and that the people felt a sensible relief in committing their affairs to the strong hand of Bonaparte; but I do not think that this lassitude was more than a very secondary cause of his rise to power. It is true also that in 1799 the government of the Directory had sunk into such contempt that it might be regarded as at an end, so that it was open to an organized power like the army to take its place by a sudden *coup d'état*. But this cause too is as nothing, and might almost be left out of the account, compared with another, which in the popular theory is wholly overlooked and neglected.

I trace the rise of Bonaparte's Imperialism to the *levée en masse*, and to the enormous importance which was given to the army and to military affairs generally by a war of far greater magnitude than France had ever been engaged in before. No doubt there were many secondary causes, but the point on which I insist is that they were entirely secondary, and that this cause alone is primary. You will not find by studying the Revolution itself any sufficient explanation of Bonaparte's power. Bonaparte did not rise directly out of the Revolution, but out of the war. Indirectly, as the Revolution caused the war

it may be said to have caused the rise of Bonaparte, but a war of the same magnitude, if there had been no revolution, would have caused a similar growth of Imperialism. If under the Old Régime France had had to put into the field fourteen armies and to maintain this military effort for several years, the old monarchy itself would have been transformed into an Imperialism. That Imperialism appeared now in such a naked undisguised form was the necessary effect of this unprecedented war occurring at the moment when France was without an established government. The circumstances of the Revolution itself, the Reign of Terror, the fall of Robespierre, the establishment of the Directory, all these things made little difference. Bonaparte's empire was the result of two large, simple causes—the existence of a mighty war, and at the same time the absence of an established government.

As the war alone created the power, so it alone determined its character. Bonaparte was driven by his position into a series of wars, because nothing but war could justify his authority. His rule was based on a condition of public danger, and he was obliged, unless he would abdicate, to provide a condition of danger for the country. Why he was so successful in his wars, and made conquests unprecedented in modern history, is a question which I have not had occasion to discuss thoroughly. But I remarked that Imperialism in its first fresh youth is almost necessarily successful in war, for Imperialism is neither more nor less than the form a state assumes when it postpones every other object to military efficiency.

The second great fact about Bonaparte's connection with the Revolution is that he overthrew Jacobinism. From this fact, too, it may be perceived that he was the child, not of the Parisian Revolution, but of the *levée en masse*. Bonaparte cancelled Jacobinism; he destroyed its influence and persecuted it with unscrupulous violence. He placed himself at the head of the reaction against it. He restored with no little success the dominion of the old monarchical and ecclesiastical ideas. But it is of the utmost importance to define how

far this reaction extended. It was not properly a reaction from Liberalism, but only from Jacobinism. It was not a reaction from the French Revolution of 1789, but from the Parisian Revolution of 1792. For there were two Revolutions, widely different from each other; and, to my mind, he who does not understand this, will never understand anything in the modern history of France. The struggle in modern France is not between the spirit of the Old Régime and that of the Revolution; this is wholly erroneous. It is a struggle between the principles of 1789 and those of 1792, in other words, between the principles of European Liberalism, and a fatal political heresy. The Monarchy of the Bourbons was itself Liberal for the most part throughout the reign of Louis XVI.; it was Liberal again in the Constitution of 1791; Liberal under the Charter of Louis XVIII. Since its second fall in 1830 the principles of 1789 have been represented in various ways by Louis Philippe, Louis Napoleon, and the present Republic. There have been two great aberrations toward the heresy of 1792—namely, in 1848, and in the Parisian insurrection of 1871; and in 1830 an apprehension of the revival of those ideas drove the Government of Charles X. into measures which looked like a revival of the Old Régime.

The struggle then throughout has been to keep to the lines of 1789, and not to be led again into the abyss of 1792. All serious governments alike, that of Bonaparte, that of the Restoration, that of Louis Philippe, that of Louis Napoleon and the present opportunist Republic, have adhered to the principles of 1789—the Old Régime has been utterly dead, and even Charles X. did not seriously dream of reviving it—and the only difference among them has lain in the mode of their resistance to the ideas of 1792. How to guard against the revival of those insane chimeras, against a new outbreak of that fanaticism in which phrases half philosophical half poetical intoxicate undisciplined minds and excite to madness the nervous excitable vanity of the city of Paris, this has been the one question; 1792 has been the one enemy. The Restoration and Louis Philippe tried to

carry on Parliamentary Government in the face of this danger—but in vain; 1792 revived in 1848. The two Napoleons tried another method, a Liberal Absolutism, in which the principles of 1789 were placed under the guardianship of a dictator, and the method was successful at home, but in foreign affairs it was found to lead to such ambitious aggressiveness that in both cases it brought on the invasion and conquest of France.

When, therefore, I say that Bonaparte put himself at the head of the reaction and revived the old monarchical and ecclesiastical ideas, I do not mean that he exploded the ideas of 1789, but those of 1792. Belonging to the France of the *levée en masse*, which had appeared to be Jacobinical only because the invasion had driven it into the arms of the Jacobins, he quietly put aside the whole system of false and confused thinking which had reigned since 1792, and which he called ideology. He went back to the system which had preceded it, and this was the system of 1789. It stood on a wholly different footing from Jacobinism, because it really was the political creed of almost the whole nation. It was what I may call Eighteenth-Century Liberalism. And in the first part of his reign, in the Consulate and even later, Bonaparte did stand out before Europe as the great representative of Liberal principles, and none the less so because he had abjured and was persecuting Jacobinism. "But what?" you will say, "how could Bonaparte represent Liberalism, when he had himself put aside all parliamentary institutions; when his own Senate and Corps Législatif were, in the first place, not representative at all; and in the second place were in every possible way baffled and insulted by him?" The answer is that Liberalism, as it was conceived in Europe in the eighteenth century, had very little to do with liberty, and that the leading representatives of it were generally absolute sovereigns. The great founders of Liberalism in Europe were such men as Frederick the Great, the Emperor Joseph, Charles III. of Spain, or ministers of absolute sovereigns, such as Turgot and Necker. It was in this succession that Bonaparte had his place, and from many utterances of his

I gather that he regarded himself as the direct successor in Europe of Frederick the Great. Most of these sovereigns had not only been absolute, but had been active enemies of government by Assembly. Their Liberalism had consisted in their jealousy of the church, their earnest desire for improvement, and a kind of rationalism or plain good sense in promoting it. In their measures they are particularly arbitrary; and if Bonaparte made the *coup d'état* of Brumaire, we may say of the Emperor Joseph, the great representative of Liberalism, that his administration was one long *coup d'état*. If Bonaparte's reign seems in one point of view like a revival of the Old Régime, it is the Old Régime in its last phase, when it was penetrated with the ideas which were to be formulated in 1789, and when Turgot and Necker were its ministers. If Bonaparte ruled practically without Assemblies, we are to remember that in 1789 itself, when the States-General were summoned, there is no reason to think it was intended to create a standing Parliament, and Mirabeau held that they ought to be dismissed immediately after having voted the abolition of the exemptions of the *noblesse* and clergy.

Such then are my conclusions about Bonaparte's relation to the French Revolution. But Bonaparte belongs to Europe as well as France, and in Europe he represents a new principle, that of conquest. I have considered him in this light also, and have pointed out that here too large causes had been working to prepare the way for him. In the system of Europe in fact, there had been a revolution not less than in the internal government of France. The great event of this European Revolution had been the Partition of Poland. This was a proclamation of international lawlessness, of the end of the old federal system of Europe, and of the commencement of a sort of scramble for territory among the great states. And it ought particularly to be remarked that the leaders in this international Revolution were precisely the great Liberal sovereigns of the age, Frederick, Catharine, and Joseph. So long as sovereigns of tolerably equal power arranged such appropriations among themselves it might be done without causing a general

confusion; but the moment some one power greatly outstripped all others in military strength the policy of the Partition of Poland would turn into a universal conquest. Now this immense superiority was given to France by her *levée en masse*. When she placed a new Frederick at her head it was only natural that she should take the lead in a more general application of the principle of the Partition of Poland, and none the less because she became at the same time the representative of Liberalism in Europe. By the Treaty of Campo Formio, France, under the leadership of Bonaparte, inaugurated the policy of universal partition and spoliation of the small states of Europe, which in a short time led to the Napoleonic Empire.

So far Bonaparte has been to us simply a name for the Government of France, such as the almost irresistible pressure of circumstances caused it to be. Given the changes of 1789 and the fall of the Monarchy in 1792, given at the same time the European war, an all-powerful military Government could not but arise in France, could not but adopt a warlike policy, and in the then condition of international morality, and considering the aggressive traditions of the French, would probably, whether it were directed by Bonaparte, Moreau, or Massena, embark in a career of conquest. But I have also made some inquiry in these lectures into the personal character of Bonaparte. In doing so, I have been forced to raise the general question, at once so interesting and so bewildering to the historical student, of the personal influence of great men.

My desire is to see this question, like other historical questions, treated inductively and without ungrounded assumptions. Great men have been so long a favorite *declamation* that we can scarcely treat them coolly, or avoid being misled by one or other of the exaggerated notions and bombastic conceits that have been put in currency about them. For a long time it was a commonplace to describe such persons as Bonaparte as a sort of madmen, who amused themselves with devastating the earth purely for their own selfish gratification. The word was—

"Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede."

But in this generation the very opposite view has had more acceptance; heroes have been made into objects of worship, a fact of which you have been reminded since I began these lectures by the departure from among us of the celebrated founder of the *cultus*. Half a century has passed since Mr. Carlyle issued his first eloquent protests against what he called the mean materialist view that great men are mere charlatans, deceivers or impostors who have hoodwinked mankind. According to him the fact is quite otherwise; they are the commissioned guides of mankind, who rule their fellows because they are wiser; and it is only by such guidance that man's life is made endurable; and almost all virtue consists in the loyal fidelity of each man to the hero who is his sovereign by a divine election. Certainly this was a much more generous, more ennobling creed than the other, and I think it is also, in general, a truer one. If I criticize it, I do so only because fifty years have now passed over it, and it seems to me that the study of history has entered upon a new stage. In those days history was regarded much in the same way as poetry; it was a liberal pursuit in which men found wholesome food for the imagination and the sympathies. Mr. Carlyle gave good counsel when he said that we should bring to it an earnest and reverent rather than a cynical spirit. But history is now a department of serious scientific investigation. We study history now in the hope of giving new precision, definiteness, and solidity to the principles of political science. We endeavor therefore to approach it in the proper scientific temper, and this is not quite the same, though it is by no means altogether different, from the temper recommended by Mr. Carlyle. It is a temper disposed to shrink from every kind of foregone conclusion, a temper of pure impartiality and candor. Such a temper will be just as little satisfied with Mr. Carlyle's theory of great men as with the old theory; it will refrain from committing itself to any *a priori* theory on the subject. It will study history, not in order to prove that great men are this or that they are that, but in order to find out what they are. Starting from the simple fact that occa-

sionally individual men who may at first sight appear not very greatly to surpass their fellows, acquire an unbounded influence over them, so that whole nations seem to lose themselves and be swallowed up in their sovereign personality, we do not dream that we can discover by some intuition how this happens, we do not imagine that it is noble to take for granted that it happens in a certain way, or base and cynical to regard it as happening in another way. We simply want to know how it does happen, and for this purpose we examine history in a spirit of pure, unprejudiced curiosity.

Few characters are so well adapted for testing the theory of heroes, as Bonaparte. His name occurs to us almost before any other when we want examples of the power of a personality. If we wanted to show how mankind naturally desire a leader, how they instinctively detect the born hero, how gladly and loyally they obey him, what example but Bonaparte should we quote? Where shall we find anything similar to his return from Elba, which seemed to realize the never-realized return of Arthur from fairy-land; or, again, to the sudden revival of his family thirty years after his death, when the mere name Napoleon carried his nephew to supreme power? How much more striking than anything which can be produced from the life of Mr. Carlyle's favorite, Cromwell, who does not seem ever to have been popular, and who left no very vivid memory behind him! And yet Mr. Carlyle is strangely shy of Bonaparte. He avoids that wonderful tale, which it might seem that he above all men was called upon to write. Occasionally indeed, as if to keep up the credit of the theory, he includes Bonaparte as a matter of course among his divine heroes, congratulating that age, for instance, upon its two great men, Napoleon and Goethe—nay, actually putting Napoleon by the side of Cromwell in his lecture on "The Hero as King." But more commonly he carps and grumbles at this enormous reputation; and the short, perfunctory account of him given in the lecture I have just mentioned is nothing less, if you will look at it closely, than a helpless abandonment of the whole theory which the book professes to expound. It acknowledges, almost in ex-

press words, that the old cynical theory of heroes may in some cases, after all, be true, and that in Napoleon to a good extent it *is* true.

In these lectures I have tried, by investigating the facts themselves, to discover the secret of Bonaparte's immense influence. I began with no preconception, with not the smallest desire to prove or disprove either that he was a hero or a charlatan, and quite prepared to believe that he might be neither the one nor the other, and that his success might be due to causes not personal at all. I was also quite prepared, if necessary, to leave the question unsolved, confessing, if I found it so, that the evidence was insufficient to support a solid conclusion. For here is another wide difference between our present view of history and that taken by the last generation. They, as they valued history for the emotions it excited, estimated an historian by the grandeur and gorgeousness of the pictures he drew. It was thus that he was supposed to prove his genius. His function was supposed to be identical with that of the dramatist or novelist; he was supposed to animate the dry bones of historical documents by the same imaginative knowledge of human nature by which a Shakespeare creates his characters. But the modern investigator, if he uses such a gift at all, is most anxiously careful not to mix up divinations or flashes of intuition with clear deductions from solid evidence. He thinks it a kind of fraud to announce what he fancies *may* have happened, without the fullest warning, for what *did* happen; he even distrusts whatever presents itself as poetical or picturesque, and is content to acknowledge, if it must be so—and often it must be so—that only a vague, confused, blurred and imperfect representation of the occurrence or the person can now be given.

In this spirit, then, I have cautiously examined the character of Bonaparte as it developed itself in his earlier years. If I have not found the Carlylean theory of heroes applicable in this instance, I am far from concluding that it is never applicable. That theory would lead us to assume that Bonaparte had deeper and more intense convictions than the other men of his time, and that because,

while others wanted clearness of insight or firmness of will, he alone saw what France and the world needed, and had strength and courage to apply the true remedy, therefore all mankind gladly rallied round him, cheerfully and loyally obeyed him as being the stronger, wiser, and, in the true sense of the word, better man. Now it may be true that other great men have risen so; I lay down no general theory of great men; but Bonaparte did not rise in this way.

In the first place I have pointed out that of the vast fabric of his greatness more than half was not built by him at all, but for him. He entered into a house which he found ready made. He neither created the imperial system in France, nor did he inaugurate the ascendancy of France in Europe. Both grew up naturally out of large causes from the time of the *levée en masse*; both were considerably developed under the direction of Carnot; at the time of Bonaparte's brilliant appearance in Italy the general course of development for France was already determined. She was on her way to a period of military government and of military policy likely to lead to great conquests. If Bonaparte had not appeared, to take the lead in this movement and give his name to the period, some other military man would have accomplished a work which in its large outlines would have been the same. It is a mistake therefore to regard him as a great creative mind. The system which bears his name was not created by him but forced upon him, for all the large outlines of the Napoleonic system can be clearly traced under the Directory, and at a time when his influence was only just beginning to be felt.

In showing that he did not quell mankind by irresistible heroism, I show at the same time that he did not rise to supreme power by charlatanism. In fact he floated to supreme power upon a tide of Imperialism which he did not create, and which must, sooner or later, have placed a soldier at the head of affairs. In this matter all he needed to do was to take care that Europe did not make peace, for in peace the tide of Imperialism would soon have ebbed again. And we have seen him at this work during the first months of 1798, when, appar-

ently by his agency, the war burst suddenly into a flame again when it was on the point of being extinguished. But, this point once secured, "his strength was to sit still;" his wisdom lay in doing nothing, in simply absenting himself by his Eastern expedition from the scene of action.

But though his own share in creating the fabric of his greatness was perhaps less than half, it was positively large. Had there been no Bonaparte, a Moreau or a Massena might have risen to a position not dissimilar, might have wielded a vast Imperial power extending from France far into Germany and Italy; but assuredly they would not have borne themselves in that position as Bonaparte did, nor left the same indelible impression upon history. What then were the purely personal qualities which he displayed?

In the first place he showed a mind capable of embracing affairs of every sort and in no way limited by his own specialty. This, conjoined with a real and by no means vulgar passion for fame, a passion which stood to him in the place of all virtue and all morality, gave to his reign one truly splendid side. It made him the great founder of the modern institutions of France. Not merely the Code, but a number of great institutions, almost indeed the whole organization of modern France, administration, university, concordat, bank, judicial and military systems are due to him. He saved France from the ruin with which she was threatened by Jacobinism, which in the four years of its definitive establishment (1795-1799) proved utterly unable to replace the institutions it had so recklessly destroyed. Jacobinism could only destroy; the queller of Jacobinism, the absolute sovereign, the reactionist, Bonaparte, successfully rebuilt the French State.

The simple explanation of this is that his Government was a real Government, the first that had been established since the destruction of ancient France in the Revolution. It could not, therefore, help undertaking, and—as it *was* a real Government, and no mere party tyranny—it met with no great difficulty in accomplishing, an immense work of legislation. But an ordinary child of camps would not by any means have risen to

the greatness of the position as Bonaparte did; his early admiration and study of Paoli, I fancy, had prepared him for this part of dictatorial legislator, while Rousseau had filled him with ideas of the dignity of the office. I have thought I could trace to Rousseau's idea that the work of legislation requires a divine sanction, Bonaparte's revival of the mediæval Empire and his solemn introduction of the Pope upon the scene.

But this unexpected largeness of Bonaparte's mind, which caused him to fill so amply, and more than fill, the Imperial place which he had not really created, had beside this good effect a terribly bad one. A Moreau or Bernadotte in that position must have been the strongest sovereign in Europe, and something of a conqueror, nor could he well have avoided perpetual wars. But Bonaparte had added to the more ordinary qualities of a great general a comprehensive strategical talent and war-statesmanship, which till then had seldom been seen in great generals. He seems to have learnt the secret from Carnot, and from watching with intense eagerness the course of the first campaigns of the revolutionary war. Possessing this talent, when he found himself at the head of the mighty military state which had sprung out of the *levée en masse*, he not only appeared, as he could not but do, the most powerful sovereign in Europe, but he actually overthrew the European system and founded something like an empire on the ruins of it. Hence the terrible and disastrous Napoleonic period, with all its unprecedented bloodshed and ruin, which, however, I, concerned with Bonaparte and not with Napoleon, have only exhibited in the background.

Still, however, we are far from penetrating to the personality of Bonaparte. What we have hitherto found would incline us to reject both those theories of great men alike, and to say—"Great men are neither demigods nor yet charlatans. They do not act but are acted on; they are hurried forward by vast forces of which they can but slightly modify the direction." What glimpses we did get of Bonaparte's real mind were derived less from his deeds than from those plans of his which failed.

We examined first and rejected those views of him which represent him as gradually spoiled or corrupted in the course of his career either by success or by disappointment. There are two such views. The one regards him as a fiery Corsican patriot of the type of Sampiero, revenging himself upon France and Europe for the loss of his country; the other treats him as a republican hero and invincible soldier of liberty who yielded after a time to ambition and wandered from the right course. These two views agree in regarding him as a man of intense passions, what may be called a primitive man.

I have given reasons for treating this appearance of primitive heroism in Bonaparte as a theatrical pose, deliberately assumed by him in order to gratify the rage for primitive nature which Rousseau had introduced, and which was at its acme under the Directory. Behind the mask I have found a remarkable absence of passions except an almost maniacal passion for advancement and fame. The character indeed is not Corsican so much as Oriental. He is not vindictive as a Corsican should be; he is not patriotic, but deserts his country most unnecessarily; he seems to care for no opinion, though he adopts with studied artificial vehemence every fashionable opinion in turn. His early plans, which can be pretty plainly discerned from the commencement of his Italian campaigns, are precisely similar to those afterward formed by the Emperor Napoleon. From the beginning they are plans of lawless conquest on the model of the Partition of Poland, plans in which the revolutionary doctrine is used with peculiar skill as an instrument of attack and conquest. His immorality and cynicism are more apparent even on the surface of his deeds in his earlier than in his later years, while there are appearances of a vast plot contrived by him against the Directory,* which might fairly be called the unapproachable masterpiece of human wickedness. But what throws the clearest light upon his character is that darling plan of his, the failure of which

he never ceased to regret, the Eastern Expedition. What he did in Europe tells us little of his character, compared to what he dreamt of doing in Asia. He had never meant to be Cæsar or Charlemagne; these were but parts to which he sullenly resigned himself. He had meant to be Alexander the Great, only on a much larger scale. His real career is but a shabby adaptation of the materials he had collected in vain for his darling Asiatic romance. It was something, perhaps, to restore the Pope and the French Church, to negotiate the Concordat and re-enact the crowning of Charles, but it was little compared to what he had imagined. He had imagined a grand religious and political revolution, beginning in the East and extending westward, some fusion apparently of Rousseau's Deism with the Allah-ism of Mohammed, a religious revolution extending over the whole East and then combined in some way with the Revolution of France, when the great Prophet-King should return to the West by way of Constantinople.

But what does this romance tell us of the character of him who conceived it? And how does this character square with those *a priori* theories of what great men should be?

I must say, it squares rather remarkably with the old theory which Mr. Carlyle drove out of fashion. Here is really a great deceiver, a man who revels in the thought of governing mankind through their credulity; who, brought up in Europe, has, as it were, rediscovered for himself the art of the great prophet conquerors of Asia—it is curious that among the literary pieces left by Bonaparte is a version of the famous story of the "Veiled Prophet of Khorassan"—only in those prophet-conquerors there was probably always some grain of conviction or self-deception, and in Bonaparte there is nothing of the kind.

But might he not be partly a charlatan and yet partly a hero? A hero in a certain sense certainly Bonaparte was, that is a prodigy of will, activity, and force. But was he in any degree a hero in Mr. Carlyle's sense? Mr. Carlyle is a moralist and seems almost unable to conceive an able man entirely without morality. According to him the very

* See Arthur Böhtlingk's "Napoleon Bonaparte," vol. ii.

crimes of a great man are at bottom virtuous acts, for they are inspired by a moral instinct taking as it were a strange original form. But I fancy human nature is wider than this theory. Wickedness, I fear, is not always weakness. There really is a human type, in which vast intelligence is found dissociated from virtue. Nay, what is stranger still, this kind of hero, whose very existence seems to Mr. Carlyle inconceivable, may exert an irresistible attraction upon his fellow-men, may be served with passionate loyalty, and may arouse in others noble sentiments of which he is incapable himself. In the career of Bonaparte, in his ideal schemes, and in the idolatry which has been paid to him, we seem to get a glimpse of this type of man. To do good was not his object.

And here I am compelled to leave the subject. That I have treated it so very imperfectly does not cause me much regret, because I never expected to do otherwise. I shall consider myself to have succeeded in some degree if I have conveyed to any of you a clear notion of the way in which I think great historical phenomena should be treated, that is by shaking off the trammels of

narrative, proposing definite problems and considering them deliberately; I shall have succeeded still better if I have shown you how the historian should regard himself as a man of science, not a man of literature; how he must have not only a rigid method in research but a precise political philosophy with principles fixed and terms defined much more carefully than historians have generally thought necessary; but I shall only have succeeded altogether to my wish if I have also impressed upon some of you the immense importance of these great topics of recent history, the urgent necessity, if we would handle properly the political problems of our own time, of raising the study of recent history out of the unaccountable neglect in which it lies, and if I have raised in the minds of those of you who are conscious of any vocation to research and discovery the question whether this task, the task, that is, of welding together into an inseparable union history and politics, so that for the future all history shall end in politics and all politics shall begin in history, be not the best and worthiest task to which they can devote their lives.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

THE FIRST ENGLISH POET.

BY WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

DWELT a certain poor man in his day,
Near at hand to Hilda's holy house,
Learning's lighthouse, blessed beacon, built
High o'er sea and river, on the head,
Streaneshalch in Anglo-Saxon speech,
Whitby, after, by the Norsemen named.
Cædmon was he call'd; he came and went,
Doing humble duties for the monks,
Helping with the horses at behest;
Modest, meek, unmemorable man,
Moving slowly into middle age,
Toiling on—twelve hundred years ago.

Still and silent, Cædmon sometimes sat
With the serfs at lower end of hall;
There he marvell'd much to hear the monks
Singing sweetly hymns unto their harp,
Handing it from each to each in turn,
Till his heart-strings trembled. Other while,
When the serfs were merry with themselves,
Sung their folk-songs upon festal nights,

Handing round the harp to each in turn,
 Cædmon, though he loved not lighter songs,
 Long'd to sing—but he could never sing.

Sad and silent would he creep away,
 Wander forth alone, he wist not why,
 Watch the sky and water, stars or clouds
 Climbing from the sea; and in his soul
 Shadows mounted up and mystic lights,
 Echoes vague and vast return'd the voice
 Of the rushing river, roaring waves,
 Twilight's windy whisper from the fells,
 Howl of brindled wolf, and cry of bird;
 Every sight and sound of solitude
 Ever mingling in a master thought,
 Glorious, terrible, of the Mighty One
 Who made all things. As the Book declared
"In the beginning He made Heaven and Earth."

Thus lived Cædmon, quiet year by year;
 Listen'd, learn'd a little, as he could;
 Worked, and mused, and prayed, and held his peace.

Toward the end of harvest time, the hinds
 Held a feast, and sung their festal songs,
 Handing round the harp from each to each.
 But before it came where Cædmon sat,
 Sadly, silently, he stole away,
 Wander'd to the stable-yard and wept,
 Weeping laid him low among the straw,
 Fell asleep at last. And in his sleep
 Came a Stranger, calling him by name:
"Cædmon, sing to me!" *"I cannot sing.*
Wherefore—wo is me!—I left the house."
"Sing, I bid thee!" *"What then shall I sing?"*
"Sing the Making of the World." Whereon
 Cædmon sung: and when he woke from sleep
 Still the verses stay'd with him, and more
 Sprang like fountain-water from a rock
 Fed from never-failing secret springs.

Praising Heaven most high, but nothing proud,
 Cædmon sought the Steward and told his tale,
 Who to Holy Hilda led him in,
 Pious Princess Hilda, pure of heart,
 Ruling Mother, royal Edwin's niece.
 Cædmon at her bidding boldly sang
 Of the Making of the World, in words
 Wondrous; whereupon they wotted well
 'Twas an Angel taught him, and his gift
 Came direct from God: and glad were they.

Thenceforth Holy Hilda greeted him
 Brother of the brotherhood. He grew
 Famedest monk of all the monastery;
 Singing many high and holy songs
 Folk were fain to hear, and loved him for:
 Till his death day came, that comes to all.

Cædmon bode that evening in his bed,
 He at peace with men and men with him;
 Wrapt in comfort of the Eucharist;
 Weak and silent. "Soon our Brethren sing
 Evensong?" he whisper'd. "Brother, yea."
 "Let us wait for that," he said; and soon
 Sweetly sounded up the solemn chant.
 Cædmon smiled and listen'd; when it lull'd,
 Sidelong turn'd to sleep his old white head,
 Shut his eyes, and gave his soul to God,
 Maker of the World.

Twelve hundred years
 Since are past and gone, nor he forgot,
 Earliest Poet of the English Race.
 Rude and simple were his days and thoughts.
 Wisely speaketh no man, howso learn'd,
 Of the making of this wondrous World,
 Save a Poet, with a reverent soul.

Macmillan's Magazine.

NOTE.—This alliterative metre is not at all an imitation, but in some degree a reminiscence of the old English poetry.

ON THE BUYING OF BOOKS.

BY A BOOKWORM.

THE lover of books may be distinguished by one trick he has which betrayeth him. If he is in a strange house he makes straight for the shelves; before anything else he hastens to take stock of the library; blue china cannot turn him aside, nor pictures detain him. There are other peculiarities by which he may be known. If he passes a bookseller's shop he may not choose but stop; if it is a second-hand shop, which is at all times more interesting than a shop of new books, his feet without any volition on his part and of their own accord draw him within it. However poor he is, his shelves grow continually larger and groan more deeply with new additions. However large his own library may be, every other man's library is an object of curiosity to him for the strange and unknown wonders it may possess.

I, who write this paper, am one of these lovers of books. I love them beyond all other earthly things. I love them because they are books, good and bad alike. To me they are as living things, and possess a soul. It gives me a glow of pleasure, even after many years of experience, to buy a new book.

To carry it home, cut the leaves, turn over the pages and look in it here and there is joy enough to last the whole evening. At such a time one does not curiously criticise the contents; one enjoys the fresh aroma of new print—I believe it is caused by the use of "turps;" one is grateful to the author and the publisher; there is a charm about the binding; the very type has a beauty of its own. In the morning when the daily paper comes I pass over the foolish politics, the speeches, the enthusiasm of the idiotic multitude who expects any good thing, any improvement for themselves, from the "Mouthy One," the "Bletherer," the "Snarler," or the "Bawler," the "Brawler," the "Down-crier," the "Common Liar," or the "Promiscuous Promiser"—I believe politicians may nearly all be divided into these classes—and I turn straight to the advertisements of new books and the reviews. As for the former, they are copious enough to inflame the least ardent imagination; and as for the latter, they are meagre enough to infuriate the most patient of publishers. Every wretched little farce stolen from the French and put upon the boards is counted worthy of serious dis-

cussion in a half-column all to itself, even when the House is quarrelling the whole night long; yet, for books, we must fain put up with "Current Literature" ladled out as if it was so much padding, put in when there was nothing of real interest or importance. Why cannot one paper at least have the courage to say, "Messieurs les Abonnés, we have too long neglected the interests of literature; henceforth there shall be for every day in the year a whole column specially devoted to the publishers; and the contents of that column shall be provided for you by just, honest, and God-fearing men, if any such yet remain." Would it pay that paper to do this great and beneficent thing for literature? I venture to think it would. People would begin to look for it day after day; curiosity would be awakened; the literary taste of the public would be cultivated. As for myself, I should certainly take that paper, and so would all those who are like minded with me. But as no daily paper exists which cares for literature, my favorite reading is the *Athenæum*, and next to that, I prefer the latter half of the *Saturday*. For good instructive reading give me, in addition to these comparatively incomplete organs, one of which admits science, and the other politics, the *Publishers' Circular*.

My wanderings among other people's libraries have led me to make a few discoveries which may or may not be original. Thus, I have laid down the general maxim that, as is the average man, so is the average library. I look not, therefore, for aught beyond the commonplace. Bookshelves are made to match their owner; the books upon them are a counterpart of the man who possesses them. Thus a beautiful harmony reigns in this as well as in other departments of nature. I am tempted to believe that after learning the profession of a man, studying his face, dress, and bearing, and hearing him talk for a single quarter of an hour, I should be able to tell, within a dozen books or so, all that he has ever bought. The converse of this proposition is certainly true, namely, that a very short examination of a library is sufficient to enable one to describe the owner in general and unmistakable terms. For the fact is, although it hu-

miliates one to state it baldly and openly, and though it makes one tremble at thinking of the monotony of human nature and the dreadful sameness of men's minds, there are to be found among the "better sort"—a phrase I love because it beautifully connects virtue with wealth—but two or three classes or descriptions of library.

Every one, for instance, knows the great, solid mahogany bookcase—perhaps two or three such cases—filled from top to bottom with inherited books which once belonged to a scholar of the family long deceased. Among these are old college prizes bound in Russia, stamped with college arms. There are editions of the classics; there are the "standard" works of Hume, Robertson, Gibbon, Alison, Paley, Young, Hervey (his "Meditations"), Johnson, and perhaps those sound and judicious divines, Andrews, Hooker, Bull, and Jeremy Taylor. All those books of the original collection which were not handsomely bound have long since been sent away and sold at a shilling the volume, sorted out. Those with leather backs were retained to stand in rows, and act as furniture; they are but the dry bones, the skeleton of the old library; for they were formerly the books of reference, the necessities of the life and the daily work of the defunct scholar, who lived in his library. But the soul of his collection is gone; the duodecimoes which he read in daily, the tattered old volumes which helped his research and stimulated his thought, the actual food of his brain—these have vanished; what is left is a mere shell. This is the Furniture Library. None of these books are ever taken down; none are opened or read; the library is like a marble statue which lacks the breath of life, or a sealed fountain whose waters are drunk by neither man nor beast.

A pretty allegory might be made showing how a certain Pygmalion collected together a divine library, so beautiful, so perfect, so harmonious in all its parts, that he who made it and gazed upon it was straightway smitten with a passion which made his heart to beat and his cheeks to glow; and how presently the library became alive to him, a beneficent being, full of love and tender thought, as good as she was beautiful, a friend

who never failed him ; and how they were united in holy wedlock and lived together, and never tired of each other until he died, when the life went also out of the library, his wife, and she fell all to separate pieces, every piece a precious seedling of future life should it be planted in the right place. Is there not here the material for an allegory ? A library, you will perceive, is essentially feminine ; it is receptive ; it is responsive ; it is productive. You may lavish upon it—say, upon her—as much love as you have in your nature, and she will reward you with fair offspring, sweet and tender babes—ideas, thoughts, memories, and hopes. Who would not love the mother of such children ? Who would not be their father ?

The Furniture library never gets a new book added to it at all. But even this poor dead and dispirited thing is better than the Flimsy Library, common among persons who have had no scholar in their family, or else no family among their scholars. The volumes of the Flimsy Library consist almost wholly of the books collected during youthful and prænuptial days. They are beautifully bound in crimson cloth and gold, with a leaning toward too much ornament. They are the books which used to be presented to young ladies—ten, twenty, thirty, forty years ago, according to the age of the house. The titles vary, but the taste remains much the same ; they are books on the domestic affections, the immortal works of Mesdames Ellis, Hemans, Sigourney, Sewell, and Yonge ; Keble in many bindings ; the "Gentle Life ;" Longfellow, Scott, Tupper, Wordsworth, and so forth. Perhaps there is a row of the "Waverley Novels," and there are one or two "Hand-books." The Flimsy Library can go no farther.

A third class of library, and a very common one, may be called the Railway Library. It consists of two-shilling novels—nothing else—and each one represents a railway journey. They stand in rows with their paper bindings in red, black, and yellow ; they are treasured by their owners as if they were Elzevirs at the least ; there may be also among them, perhaps, a Bret Harte or a Mark Twain—humorists who have caught the popular taste. Burnand, Lowell, Le-

land, Gilbert, who somehow seem to have missed the uncritical ear, will not generally be seen on the shelves of the Railway Library. These three classes of library represent the broad divisions. There are, however, others—subdivisions—which should not be forgotten.

Thus, there is the Fashionable Library, in which every volume marks a passing phase of literary fashion, in *genre*, printing, or binding, from the Minerva school down to a Ballade or a Villanelle ; there is the Casual Library, in which the books seem to have been bought by the yard just to fill up the shelves ; the Technical Library, in which the seeker after literature finds the Dead Sea apples of scientific and professional works—fancy Charles Lamb shut up for an afternoon with a mathematical library ! the Goody-Goody Library, where the works are certainly intended to disgust the young with virtue and religion ; the Milk-and-Water Library, most of the books in which are at least thirty years of age, and were written by ladies who wore a velvet band about their brows, were great on morals, and knew how to value their Christian privileges ; the Baby Library, consisting of new books quite recently written and illustrated by wicked people with the object of making sweet little children self-conscious, morbid, and conceited ; the Theological Library, devoted entirely to controversial works now happily forgotten ; the Fast Library, in which the works of "Ouida" are found complete, and a great many French novels in yellow present the appearance of having been welcomed more affectionately than tenderly ; and, finally, the Good Library, in which one may sit among the best, the wisest, the most delightful, the wittiest, the tenderest men who have lived and written for our solace and instruction—happy heaven be their lot ! And oh, dear me ! how rare it is to find such a library !

The most remarkable feature of all these collections, except the last, is that you never find among them any new books at all except a few two-shilling novels. Yet, if you talk with the people who own them, you find that, thanks to a circulating library, they have some kind of acquaintance, greater or less, with current literature. They are not

without interest in new books and living writers. Such a book as Carlyle's "Reminiscences" stirs their curiosity; they like to know a man of literary distinction, they have some rudiments of literary culture—they do read books. For a truly remarkable thing has happened in this country, where more books are written, more published, and more read than in any other two countries put together: a large section of reading people *have left off buying books*; they do not think of buying them; they have lost the habit of buying them; it does not occur to them that they may be considered as things which may be bought. Everything else in the world that is delightful and precious and ardently to be desired, they know can only be had for money. Of such things they will, and do, buy as much as they can afford. But they do not desire to possess books, or to buy them. They read them and toss them away.

If we think of it, this is a very strange result of a love of reading. Those for whom books are written do not buy them. Were there not a very large number of people who read and ask for new books, and therefore make Smith and Mudie take a great many copies, the trades of author, publisher, printer, paper-maker, and binder would quickly fall into contempt by reason of poverty. Rags, you see, cannot long continue respectable. One would like to know, if the libraries could be induced to publish statistics, how many subscribers they have upon their books out of all our thirty millions. That question may be taken to mean, how many of our population habitually read books? Next to this, one would like to know what books are in most demand; but it is an inquiry which for the sake of certain reputations must be conducted with some delicacy. Further, one would like to ask what, if any, novels of the last season are asked for? whether there is any demand for modern poets and, if so, for whom; and at what social level people cease to belong to a library?—where, in fact, Mr. Mudie draws his line. Costers, for instance, certainly do not read new books; do fruiterers, bakers, butchers? Do the ordinary tradesmen? Where, in fact, begins that immense mass of people who never read books at all, have no

bookshelves, and reverence none of the great names of poets and authors?

It is really an APPALLING thing to think of the people who have no books. Can we picture to ourselves a home without these gentle friends? Can we imagine a life dead to all the gracious influences of sweet thoughts sweetly spoken, of tender suggestions tenderly whispered, of holy dreams, glowing play of fancy, unexpected reminding of subtle analogies and unsuspected harmonies, and those swift thoughts which pierce the heart like an arrow and fill us with a new sense of what we are and what we may be? Yet there are thousands and tens of thousands of homes where these influences never reach, where the whole of the world is hard, cruel fact, unredeemed by hope or illusion, with the beauty of the world shut out and the grace of life destroyed. It is only by books that most men and women can lift themselves above the sordidness of life. No books! Yet for the greater part of humanity that is the common lot. We may, in fact, divide our fellow-creatures into two branches—those who read books and those who do not. Digger Indians, Somaulis, Veddahs, Andaman Islanders, Lancashire wife-kickers, Irish landlord shooters, belong to those who do not. How few alas be those who do!

I lately saw in some paper, and was not surprised to see it, that the result of a complete Board-school course is generally that the boys and girls who have been triumphantly examined in special subjects for the sake of the grant go away without the least desire ever to read anything else for the rest of their lives. This seems a disappointing outcome of any system of education. With infinite pains and at great expense we put into a boy's hand the key to all the knowledge whereunto man hath attained, to all the knowledge whereunto he may hereafter attain, and to most of the delight of life—and he does not care to exercise that power! Perhaps it is not altogether the fault of the system. In every school, one knows there is the boy who loves reading and the boy who does not. He is found as a matter of course in the Board school as much as at Rugby. And many most respectable men, it must be confessed, have got on

in the world without any love for books, with no desire at all for knowledge, and with absolutely no feeling for the beauty and force of language. One such I knew in days bygone, an excellent person who had read but one book in all his life; it was Macaulay's "Essays." Nor did he ever desire to read another book; that was enough for him. On a certain evening I persuaded him to come with me to a theatre for the first time in his life. He sat out the performance with great politeness and patience; it did not touch him in the least, though the piece was very funny and very well acted. When we came away he said to me, "Yes; it was a pleasing exhibition, but I would rather have spent my evening over Macaulay's 'Essays.'" Another man I once knew who made one book last through a considerable part of his life, but this was perhaps mere pretence, with craft and subtlety. Thus, for many years, if he was asked for an opinion, he invariably replied, "I have not yet had time to investigate the question. I am at present engaged upon Humboldt's 'Cosmos.'" The taste for reading, in fact, is born with one. We may even conceive of a man born with that taste, yet never taught to read. He would grow up melancholy, moody, ever conscious that something was absent which would have made an incomplete life harmonious and delightful. Fancy the prehistoric man born with such a taste, uncomfortable because something, he knew not what, was wanting; restless, dissatisfied, yearning after some unknown delight, sorrowful yet unable to explain his sorrow; taking no solid pleasure like his fellows in sucking his marrowbones, crouching among the bones in the innermost recesses of the cave, regardless of his kitchen midden. Happy, indeed, for that small section of previously unsatisfied mankind when someone, after intolerable searchings of spirit, and with infinite travail, produced the first rude semblance of hieroglyph, Phœnician, Cuneiform, or Hittite. As for the rest of mankind, they might have gone on to this day, as indeed they practically do, without an alphabet, and would never have missed it. So that, after all, we need not feel too much indignation over the failure of the School Board.

A stranger thing, however, is, not that some men do not care about reading, but that those who do, those who read much, who read daily, as the principal part of the day's relaxation, have left off desiring to buy books!

Can it be that even bookish boys are no longer taught to value books? That seems impossible, to begin with. A bookish boy is at first a curious and inquiring boy, who, at every step of his progress, imbibes unconsciously the love of books. He first wants to know; he reads everything that tells him anything about the world and the nations of the world; the story of the stars and the wonders of the earth; the history of mankind and the growth of arts. As he reads he begins to understand the beauty of arrangement, and so, little by little, there grows up within him a new sense, namely, the sense of form, the fine feeling for a phrase, the music of words put together by the hand of a master. When once a man has understood so much, he is separated from his fellows as much as if hands had been laid upon him, as in a sense they have been. Language has become to him what it can never be to them—a wondrous organ upon which divine melodies may be played; perhaps he is content to listen; perhaps he may, with trembling fingers, assay to touch the charmed instrument. I cannot think that such a boy would ever cease to love books.

It is the development of this other sense, the sense of style, which causes this love. It is its absence which makes people indifferent to the books themselves as well as to what they read. How can people be expected to buy that which they cannot appreciate? How many are there among educated people who are capable of appreciation?

For instance, millions of people read, quite complacently, works whose literary merits are so small that they are intolerable to any who have the least sense of style. Yet this defect does not affect their popularity. Some men write with the end of a broomstick, some with a gold pen, some with an etcher's needle. The broomstick man is, perhaps, the most popular. Then people read books just as they look at a picture, or go to the play, "for the story." That is all they care about. The story read, they

dismiss it from their thoughts. There was once a French dramatist, Alexander Hardy by name, who understood this so well that when he constructed a new play he contented himself with devising story, situation, and tableaux, leaving his actors to supply the words. Who cared about the words? Of course the heroine screamed, and the villain swore, and the funny man dropped the plates—all in the right place. What more did the people want? And what more, in deed, do they want now?

Overmuch reading and promiscuous reading are great hindrances to the formation of a critical habit. The critic does not gulp; he tastes; he discriminates between Hamburg sherry and the true wine of Xeres by the aid of a wine-glass, not a tumbler. But the omnivorous reader is like unto one who takes his draught from a quart pot. Fancy a city dinner at which pea-soup, tripe and onions, fried fish, roast pork and stuffing, raw onions, and such viands were served up side by side with the most delicate preparations, the *sole à la maître d'hôtel*, the *côtelette*, the *ris de veau*, the *mayonnaise*; where thick sugared stout was handed round with Johannisberg, Château Yquem, and Piper *très sec*; fancy the guests indiscriminately taking one after the other without discernment, enjoying one quite as much as the other, with a leaning in the direction of roast pork and stout—that, if you please, is a fair example of the intellectual meals taken continually by the all-devouring reader. He reads everything; he reads whatever is set before him; he reads without consideration; he reads without criticism; all styles are alike to him; he is never greatly delighted, and seldom offended.

Another, and perhaps a more powerful cause why books are not valued as possessions is, without doubt, the great facility with which they may be borrowed. This brings upon them the kind of contempt which always attaches to a thing which is cheap. Such a thing, to begin with, must be bad; who can expect good wine, good cigars, good gloves, at a low price? What sort of books, one feels, are those which can be shovelled into the circulating libraries as fast as they are asked for? The ease with which a thirsty reader is supplied

destroys the value of a book. Young people, especially, no longer feel the old sweet delight of buying a book and possessing it. Therefore, the preciousness of books is going out. I believe they will before long substitute for prize books, prize bats, prize footballs, prize rifles. Yet, asks Ruskin, "is not a book of mine worth at least a physician's fee?"

We do not sufficiently realize what is meant by this cheapness of literature. It means that the most delightful amusement, the chief recreation of the civilized world—the pursuit which raises the mind above the sordid conditions of life, gives ideas, unfolds possibilities, inspires noble thoughts, or presents pleasing images—is a thing which may be procured in sufficient quantity for a whole household for three, four, or five guineas a year—judiciously managed, and by arrangement with other families, for three guineas a year. Compare this with other amusements. One evening at the Lyceum with the girls costs as much; a dinner at the club to one or two friends costs as much; sittings at church cost very little more. Three guineas will take one man to the seaside from Saturday to Monday; it will buy just one dozen of champagne; it will pay the butcher's bill for a fortnight; it will pay for one new coat or one new dress. From whatever point of view one looks at three guineas it is a trifling and evanescent sum—it is gone as soon as looked at; it is quickly eaten up, and the memory of the banquet almost as quickly departs with it; it is a day's pleasure, an evening's amusement; yet, administered in the way of a subscription, it represents nothing less than the recreation of a whole family for a twelvemonth. What an investment!

What an investment, indeed! It causes books to rain upon the house like the manna of the desert; so that—alas!—it seems to the younger members as if they came spontaneously, and it prevents boys of the bookish kind from looking upon individual books with that passionate love which comes partly from the delight of reading and partly from the difficulties of acquisition. Who has not read with admiration and joy, how the lover of books has hovered day after day over a stall where lay a treasure

which he cannot buy until he has denied himself a few more dinners? Who has not sympathized with him when he marches home in triumph, bearing the book with him; though he is fain to tighten his waistband for hunger? All that is over, because any book may be had by any boy for the asking.

To sum up. Let us try at least to be just, if not generous. Few among us can buy all the books which we like to read, but let us recognize literature as so great an essential, such an absolute necessary for our comfort and happiness, that since it *must* be had it ought to be paid for, just as much as protection from rogues, as much as dress and food. Then come the questions—how much should we pay for it? and how. As for the latter, it is easy to answer: we *must buy the books which please us most*. As for the former, if the principle be conceded that it is the plain and clear duty of every one to buy such books as he can afford out of those which have given him

pleasure, then the proportion to his expenditure must be settled by himself. But let us be practical; let us make a suggestion; let us estimate literature as a rateable thing. For my own part, I should be disposed to measure the amount by rental, which seems to rule everything. A lover of books would spontaneously tax himself a good fifteen shillings in the pound. The general reader will perhaps be startled at first at being called upon for five shillings. Yet I would not let him off for one farthing less. Five shillings in the pound is the lowest rate that can be levied for literature. In better times, when the public taste is cultivated, when a good book will not only be read but bought, when a good writer will be as greatly rewarded as a successful barrister, a physician of repute, or a bishop, the rate will of course be higher. But for the moment I think that authors will be satisfied with a simple five shillings.—*Temple Bar.*

A PEEP AT FRENCH SCHOOLS.

JOHN BULL is ceasing to be a good hater. The very Russians are no longer an abomination to him; and, in spite of Tunis, the very hero of Trafalgar could hardly persuade him to regard the French as "dangerous and even devilish individuals." Curiosity has conquered prejudice.

But, though it is now fashionable for us to gather honey from foreign weeds, the judgments we pass on the sweet spoil seem seldom to rise above a patriotic half-truth: "Our own institutions are the best for us; those of the French are 'good enough for them,' " the conclusive proof being that the first produce Englishmen and the second Frenchmen.

Read "schools" for "institutions," and no impartial jury could give us a verdict. Our own test fails us, for our schools do not always produce "Englishmen" in the best sense of the word. *Ubi qui post vota perierunt?* How many have been retarded by their school training, and how many have only made progress in spite of it? A nation like ours that has no national system of secondary schools to stand between its

board schools and its universities is making the best blessings of civilization a matter of privilege. The word "national" does not apply either to Eton School or to Oxford University, in the same sense in which it applies to the Board and Church Schools of our primary system of education. Philanthropists may induce all School Boards to copy London, and found scholarships to carry the best boys from the lower schools to the secondary. But these are a favored few; and the middle-class schools into which they are drafted are good or bad, according to the luck of the locality. For the masses, there is practically an infinite distance to divide an Oxford College, or even a "public school," with its multitudinous fees and strait exclusiveness, from a city board school, with its nominal charges and indiscriminate admission of all comers. The Scotch College, which is too often a public school and a university in one unhappy combination, is by no means at an infinite distance from the Scotch peasant. It is still sufficiently democratic to be national, and simply needs

to be "differentiated" in order to serve its purpose properly in the educational system. But in England, if we put ourselves in the position of a peasant's son leaving school and aspiring to higher things, we must feel that there are few facilities for him. His guidance ends in the board school; and, if he stands and sees and looks for the old paths to guide him farther, he finds their traces so indistinct that he can hardly guess whither they ever tended—was it to South Kensington or only to Dotheboys' Hall?

There is no such doubt about the public schools of the minority. They have strongly-marked features, unmistakably English, which give a sharp point to the contrast with their nearest French counterpart. The contrast applies to letter as well as to spirit. Dryasdust might discern the different genius of the French and English nations by their different ways of marking their school time. The Eton or Harrow boy goes as "the bell invites" him; the pupils of *Lycée St. Louis* or *Charlemagne* obey the tuck of drum. If this does not mean a different genius, it means at least a different history. The English public school rings the ecclesiastical bell in unconscious gratitude to its pious founders and benefactors, who were nothing if not churchmen. The French *lycée* is the handiwork of a soldier, and fitly beats the martial drum. There is much crystallized history in the *lycée*. Napoleon's drum is by no means the only contribution which the past has made to the present in the making of it. The Revolution, the First Empire, and the irrepressible Jesuits have all left their mark here. It was Bonaparte who turned the Catholic colleges into "lyceums" in 1804, and plaited them into the network of his "University of France," in 1808. That grandiose body, which for half a century "monopolized education, in the same sense as the law courts monopolize justice, and the army monopolizes public force," was certainly of Napoleon's creating; but the general plan of his educational institutions had little originality in it. He paid a tacit compliment to the Jesuits by modelling his new *lycées* on their colleges, which had survived not only the exodus of their founders in 1764, but the Great Revolution of a generation

later, and were little the worse for wear in the interval.

But besides the impress of priests and emperors, the *lycée* shows the footprints of democracy. By a kind of political irony, conservatism has guarded the results of that Revolution which seemed to destroy all conservatism. The very Bourbons learned to preserve the substance of its changes, and forgot to restore the old landlords and the old privileges. If we wish, however, to see the influence of the Revolution on society, as well as on politics, we find it nowhere more conspicuous than at school. If an English public school is very apt to become a junior Conservative club, an average *lycée* will have the opposite tendency. Of course we do not need to go to France to find schoolboys who scoff at titles. The new-comer at Eton who boasted of his birth was rewarded with "one kick for your father the marquis, and another for your uncle the duke." French equality could not go further. But there is more in a French *lycée* than a disregard of titles, which seldom after all outlives school-life, either in England or elsewhere. There is a disregard of fortune. The instinctive English disrespect for a man who is as poor as a church-mouse is not entirely absent at English schools. The same boy who kicked the aristocratic new-comer would probably prefer his society to that of a plebeian new-comer out at elbows, even if he were the son of a Faraday or a Coleridge. It is indeed too probable that the threadbare person would be spared humiliation by being denied admission. But let a stranger visit a large Parisian school like *Lycée Fontanes* or *Charlemagne*, when the afternoon drum has released the boys and they are crowding to the entrance; he cannot shut his eyes to the fusion of ranks there. The most casual glance shows him the rich and the poor meeting together; and the masters will tell him there is a fusion of sects as well as of fortunes. There is perhaps only one single case in which a man's religion is known by his face; and the English spectator would soon pick out the boys of this recognizable "persuasion." But in addition he would find Protestant, Catholic, and nondescript, arm-in-arm. *Charlemagne* and *Fontanes* happen to be the only two

day-schools among the *lycées* of Paris; they have no full boarders. Pupils come to them from families in the neighborhood, and from the boarding-houses, clerical or otherwise, which send their boys during the day for secular teaching, and withdraw them at night, to provide for their other wants. The *lycée* of the commoner type is itself a boarding-house; and the religious needs of the boys are supplied by Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish chaplains (*aumôniers catholiques, ministres protestants et israélites*), who come for the purpose at stated hours. But, so long at least as they are in the class-room, the scholars are not reminded of their religious differences. They learn no lesson of religious animosity at school, however quickly they pick it up out of doors. The Catholics are the large majority; but the toleration is said to be nearly perfect. The Revolution seems in this case to have made a very near approach in practice to that religious equality which it has always taught in theory. It is the greater pity that when the boys become men they unlearn this school lesson. It ought to be added that the occasional complaints made about the intolerance of teachers apply chiefly to the primary teachers in the country districts, where the temptations to abuse authority are stronger than in a Parisian *lycée*, the teachers being inferior men, and not equally under the eye of public opinion. After every excuse is made, it will still be very singular, and not altogether satisfactory, if equality, the prime gain of 1789, should be more honored in the *lycées* of Napoleon than in Guizot's grammar schools.

Look again at the boys before they have left school. How much can physiognomy and "ocular inspection" tell us of their character? Not a great deal; perhaps nothing more than the commonplace, "Boys will be boys." But it is refreshing to verify that ancient maxim in a country where all the boys are doomed to be soldiers, and where we might therefore expect them to pass all their school days subject to bondage, from fear of the drill sergeant. On the contrary, their games are hearty without being Spartan; and neither schoolmaster nor drill sergeant may test their endurance by the lash. The Revolution

venerates the human person even in the "untamed animalism" of the boy, and strictly forbids birching. Reward and not punishment is the inducement to learn. Philosophers have long debated which is the stronger motive, the fear of punishment or the hope of reward. The English as a general rule adopt the first alternative, the French the second. "Courage," said the firemen to their dying comrade, pulled too late from the ruins of the *Magasin du Printemps*, "you will be decorated," where the English consolation would have been, "You will escape dishonor." In the case of schoolboys in particular, we have good means of comparing French rewards with English punishments. There are several able teachers in Paris and all over France, who have had experience of both systems; and they declare for the French. They profess to find the French boy more willing to work, more attentive in the class-room and more subject to discipline. There is certainly no lack of keenness in competition. Boy competes with boy in the same class, and the picked pupils of one *lycée* compete with the picked pupils of another. *Quis virtutem amplectitur ipsam Præmia si tollas?* Cambridge itself does not apply this motto more confidently to education; and the doubtfully good result of ardent rivalry is said to go along with the undoubtedly good one of perfect discipline. We must accept the statement on faith; and our faith is apt to become scepticism when we look at the matter critically. We are puzzled, for example, by the unwillingness of the authorities of a school to admit strangers into the class-rooms during lesson. Every stranger who asks for this privilege in Paris must wonder at the difficulties put in his way, even when he is fortified with the all-important "*autorisation*" from the Rector of the Academy or the Prefect of the Seine. If he is so persevering as to gain his point, he may after all see no reason for the reluctance. But let him press the teachers to explain it, and they will in most cases confess that it was a question of discipline. If they can barely control the boys when they are alone with them, how can they do it when a stranger's presence lays the last straw? Fortunately the classes are never dis-

turbed through any childish "taking of places" by physical locomotion; the superintendent of a *lycée* is not likely to allow a stranger to visit any class that is not under the tight control of its teacher; and in Paris we may expect to find the best of teachers, and therefore the best of discipline.

Paris no doubt is not France; but in everything except morals it has probably the best of everything French. In schools as in dainties it has the first choice. Public opinion means something more powerful in Paris than it does in the provinces; it is more critical of public servants; and the eye of watchful boards and councils can scrutinize them with greater ease. It is the centre of the system of rewards as well as of all other machinery. To be called to London may not always be the highest possible promotion to the English teacher; but to be called to Paris is certainly so to the Frenchman. The Professor in a Parisian *lycée* has probably served many years in a provincial *lycée*, say at Lyons, Orleans, or Boulogne. He has the stamp of government upon him. He has suffered many things of many examiners. If he is teacher of Latin and Greek it is probable that he became Bachelor of Letters when he was sixteen, this degree forming not the end but the beginning of a French University course, and perhaps most nearly corresponding to the matriculation of London University. Then he probably heard lectures for a year; and proceeded to pass the more difficult examination for the "licentiate-ship" in his special subject, thereby becoming qualified to serve his apprenticeship as a teacher. After three years of this apprenticeship he surmounted one more examination, the greatest trial of all, and became "Associate in Letters." All his examinations were thorough, so far as they went; and they would undoubtedly have kept him out had he been an incapable man, which is perhaps all the good that any examination can ever do. The last of his trials differed from the first chiefly in being far more minute and special; and it tried his nerves as well as his brains more severely than the rest. One part of it consisted in teaching an imaginary class, in presence of his examiners. It

was, moreover, a competitive examination;—and our professor was perhaps one out of half-a-dozen "selected candidates," sifted out of a score or more. But this trial past, he had no more to fear. Once Associate, he was assured of an appointment "for life or for fault." He had gained the title and standing of a professor in a government secondary school. The authoress of "Villette" has accustomed us to the wide continental use of the word "professor." Indeed, the schoolmasters who bear this name are the stuff out of which the university professors are made; and there are many of them, in Paris, and out of it, whose lectures to their school pupils would do no discredit to any university. An Englishman wonders that so able and well-informed a body of men make so little of the *nexus* of cash payment, and are content with mere schoolmaster's work. But the position of a "professor" is independent. He has nothing to do with the boys after leaving the *lycée*, unless in the way of correcting their exercises. The internal arrangements of the boarding house are managed by the warden, proctor, and bursar, if one may so translate *provisseur*, *censeur* and *économe*. The professor needs care for none of these things. As soon as the drum beats, at close of the afternoon, he goes on his way home, light of heart. The ushers (*répétiteurs*) will make the boys prepare their lessons for his class that evening; but he himself, if his pile of exercises be not too high, may be at his ease. He may follow the devices and desires of his own heart, whether they lead him to write a learned book, in order to get a professor's chair of another kind in a university faculty, or whether they lead him to eke out his salary by private lessons, and count the days till his sixtieth birthday, when the drum will dismiss him for the last time, and his salary will become a pension.

It may seem a paradox to add that not only French teachers, but most Frenchmen everywhere are content with "that position in life in which Providence has placed them;" but it is a truth. The same feeling that makes Frenchmen so reluctant to emigrate makes them willing to acquiesce in the inevitable, as the Turks in Kismet, murmuring their Job-

like, "*Que voulez-vous ?*" "It can't be helped!" There is ambition everywhere; but the friction of competition seems to be less cruel than in England. There is a struggling crowd; but there is less damage to the sides and toes. When men have a good post, they are proud of it, and do not grumble that it is not better.

This feeling is not a mere listless conservatism. It may even tell in favor of reform. M. Paul Bert, the Forster of French education, was recently asked how he explained the apparent acquiescence of his Catholic countrymen in his sweeping educational reforms, involving, as they did, the establishment of at least two startling novelties, compulsory education and secular education. He replied: "They are accepting compulsory education because they are beginning to understand the blessings of education; and they are allowing us to take the schools out of the hands of the clergy, because they are indifferent on that subject. Fortunately for us, the majority of the people are rather hypocrites than fanatics." But he added (what is more to the present point) that the average Frenchman has such a habitual respect for law that he will quietly submit to a measure when it is an Act, even if he had disagreed with it when it was a bill. Englishmen are wont to thank heaven that they are not as other men are, who pay no respect to the law of the land; but, if M. Bert's analysis of this feeling is right, it is not wholly a feeling to thank heaven for. In his own Catholic countrymen he thinks it means partly a dread of *gendarmérie*, partly a genuine reverence; and the genuine reverence means that deep regard for authority which has been dyed into the people by centuries of church training. It is possible that our own first lessons in discipline came in the same way, through the church. But at least we can understand that our neighbors, from having been longer under the Roman schoolmistress, have more perfectly entered into the spirit of her lessons. The same explanation, on principles of "heredity," may account for the superior tractableness of French schoolboys. The notorious helplessness of French masters in an English schoolroom is not paralleled by any corresponding weak-

ness of English masters in France, if reports are true.

There is abundant proof, however, that the French respect for law is due to a strength and not to a weakness in the national character, namely, to the national talent for organization. It is possible for a man to be singularly skilful in making rules, and reducing all his work to system and method, while at the same time he has ideas too great for execution, and is led from time to time to break the network of his system, in a vain attempt to force these ideas into it. In the same way it is possible for a nation, that possesses great powers of organization, to fall from time to time into political confusion by attempting too much at once. If the French lack anything, it is not at least the readiness to provide machinery, or the will to give it trial; and it is on these points that we may learn from them. Their system of public instruction, with its ramifications of primary, secondary, and superior, represented by parish school, *lycée*, and university faculties, is a tolerably complete machine, needing it may be, improvement, but not reconstruction. Educational reformers in France—men like Bert, Gréard, Bréal—may be said to have only one end in view; and, that is to make education more democratic. The "open career" must cease to be a figure; the *βίος τέλειος* must be possible to every man. But, to secure this end, they say that three changes must be made in the French system. Primary education must be made compulsory, and therefore free and secular; secondary must be so connected with primary and superior that the poor man's son may be able to rise from the first to the third with the least possible difficulty; and in the third place the old narrow conservatism in regard to the subjects taught in the higher schools must be relaxed.

How is the son of a working man or of a farm laborer to reach the highest heights of learning? This question will inevitably meet us in England as soon as we have put our school boards in order and have time to look beyond the barest necessities of intellectual life. We know that in England it is hard for the laborer's son, handicapped by poverty, to scrape together enough Latin

and Greek to win a scholarship at an English college; and the public schools are too dear for him. How do matters stand on the other side of the Channel? M. Paul Bert is fond of telling how, in a country walk, he picked up a peasant lad by the wayside, found out his talents, and made him use them in gaining a bursary, by means of which he is now studying in a provincial *lycée*, on his way to the university. On the whole, sheer merit counts for more in France than in England. But even in France the three systems of primary, secondary, and superior are not sufficiently connected, otherwise the intervention of such a special providence as M. Bert would not have been needed to convey ploughboys to the university. The three systems have by no means been steps of one ladder. By an English standard the fees in a *lycée* are not high; even in Paris they are, for boarding and tuition, only about £4 per pupil a month for the lowest, and £5 for the highest classes; and the fees are frequently remitted in the case of the poorer pupils. Still it is confessedly a rare thing for the very poor to rise from parish school to *lycée*. The very programme of the *lycée* was formerly arranged on the assumption that such a thing could not happen. The *lycée* is not merely a secondary school. It is meant to give a boy all the education he needs from the time he leaves home to the time he goes to the university, the army, or the "school of arts." The paternal French government prescribes the work to be done in the eight or nine classes of a *lycée*, as our own lays down the code for the board school. The classes of a *lycée* are divided into three groups, the elementary division, the division of grammar, and the superior division. In the classes of the first group (IX., VIII., VII.) a boy will learn the three R.s and something more. He will study his own language, and receive his first introductions to history and geography. In the division of grammar (classes VI., V., IV.) he will learn Latin, Greek, with English or German, while he continues to study the three R.s and his own language. It is a virtue of all French schools that they train the scholar well in French. At the end of "grammar" a boy may, if he likes,

pass an examination and receive a certificate in grammar, qualifying him, *e.g.* to begin his studies for some of the inferior medical appointments. But, if he thinks of the university, he goes on to the superior group of school classes (III., II., and I.), where he gains a minuter knowledge of ancient and modern languages, history, and geography, and adds a little philosophy. If he is not to be a man of law or of letters, he may substitute scientific studies for some of the advanced literary subjects of the programme; and the *lycée* is often connected with a "preparatory school" which gives a training for special professions.

This is the case, for example, with the Parisian *Lycee St. Louis*, from which most of the above features have been taken. But in truth a French *lycée*, whether it be in Paris, Lyons, or Boulogne, in Doubs, La Vendée, or Algeria, is essentially the same institution, working after the same plan, and obeying the same rules. There is no "bazaar" of secondary schools in democratic France, as in aristocratic England; there is a single type. To understand how these schools are related to the "Faculties" of the university, we have only to think of the relation between the university and the colleges in Oxford or Cambridge. Suppose the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge to be elementary as well as secondary in their instruction; suppose boys to enter them at ten or eleven, and leave at eighteen or nineteen; suppose the discipline of school instead of the liberty of college-life; and lastly suppose the colleges to be scattered up and down the country and even over the colonies, instead of being congregated in one town; that would be a near approach to the system of secondary education in France. The "Faculties" of the university, the several professors of law, language, philosophy, and science, throughout the country are the common Board of Examiners, who examine the pupils of the *lycees* for their Bachelor's, Licentiate's, Associate's, or Doctor's degree. The expression "University of France," has, it is true, a wide sense; it means rather an Education Department, the Department of Secondary Education, than a learned body; and, as such, it includes the *lycees* as well as

the institutions which we in this country would call universities. But, as there are *lycées* all over France, so there are "Faculties" of the university, groups of university professors, in all the chief towns. Their lectures are free as air; they are open to all, without distinction of age, sex, rank, fortune, or qualification. Luckily or unluckily, they have seldom any near bearing on a student's work for his degree, and he is under no necessity to attend them. It would be interesting to know what proportion of *bonâ-fide* students fill the lecture-room of Mr. Caro, M. Rénan, or M. Beaulieu. But it is well that those whose education has been neglected in early life should have so pleasant an opportunity of remedying the neglect in their riper years. Knowledge cannot be made too cheap.

Let us, however, go down the ladder again, in order to see whether the poor man's son can ever make his way up to a university degree. The present authorities are removing one or two obstacles in his way. For the future, if he does not draw the marshal's baton out of his knapsack, it is to be his own fault. Till very recently it was not possible for a boy to resume his studies, on entering the *lycée*, at the exact point where he had stopped them on leaving his own parish school. He learned no Latin at the parish school; and if he came to the *lycée* and wished to begin Latin from the beginning, he must be put back to the eighth class, which in all other subjects would be too elementary for him. The remedy has been found in the deferring of Latin till the fifth class of the *lycée*; and steps are being taken to develop the system of bursaries and scholarships, so that poor boys may have abundant facilities for passing from Board School to High School. Perhaps our English remedy would have been not to defer Latin in the *lycée*, but to introduce it in the elementary school. But the French draw a hard and fast line between primary and secondary education. No subject is taught in the primary schools that is not deemed absolutely necessary for all citizens; and all the subjects that are to be studied by a boy at school are introduced to him in his very first year. Reading, writing, arithmetic, French grammar, French history,

and general geography, these six studies make up the entire literary programme. The child receives in his first year a sketch which he fills up in detail during the later years. The difference between the first and the third year is simply between an elementary and a complete way of treating the same subject. These main outlines are the code for all primary schools. Nothing is fixed and rigid, however, except the main outlines. The primary system of education in France is on the whole a system of local self-government. Within the bounds of the general programme, each department may fix the books and subjects for its own schools in its own way. There is an *Organisation Pédagogique des Écoles Publiques du Département de la Seine*, and similar local codes for the other eighty-six departments of France. Our neighbors are at present in somewhat the same critical position in which we found ourselves in 1870, when Mr. Forster's Act was passed. They are adopting great changes in popular education, and they are fully alive to the difficulties of the question. Some of our English solutions they reject very emphatically. M. Buisson, the writer of a small pamphlet, *L'Instruction Primaire en Angleterre*, which caused some stir last year in educational circles, condemns our system of "grants" or "payment by results," as "encouraging both among teachers and among parents a mercenary spirit, little adapted to raise the intellectual level of the English masses." The French way of rewarding a good teacher is to promote him from a provincial school to a Parisian, or to make him an inspector. A more important difference at the present crisis is in the treatment of religion in the school. Till now, the French schools, primary and secondary, have been far more demonstratively religious than our own. Thousands of their teachers have been clerical; and the crucifix and the virgin have been included, with tables, chairs, and clocks, as part of the ordinary furniture of a school. Only a few months ago M. Hérodol, the Prefect of the Seine, gave general offence, and brought on Gambetta's Government a not undeserved censure from the Senate, by sweeping all these emblems out of the primary schools of Paris in a fool-

ish fit of iconoclasm. But, "if that in the green tree, what in the dry?" The present change in the law will go beyond M. Hérold; it will exclude even the English "time-table." The experiment of a purely secular education is about to be made by a nation, which, unhappily, shows no great desire for anything beyond it. However un-Roman our creed, we cannot regard it as clear gain to France to have dismissed from her schools the enthusiasm and energy of her countless clerical teachers of both sexes. Our best consolation is, perhaps, to look at the enthusiasm of the lay teachers in Paris and Lyons, who conduct the nightly classes of the Association Philotechnique, the Association Polytechnique, or the Union Française de la Jeunesse. These are voluntary associations of educated people, many of them wealthy and in office, who do not grudge to transform themselves into unpaid amateur teachers of adult ignoramuses. They have brought knowledge within the reach of thousands who were never on speaking

terms with their school-master; and they are living proofs of the affinity between enlightenment and democracy. The societies themselves are the offspring of popular Revolutions. The political zeal of 1830, overflowing into an educational channel, produced the Association Polytechnique. The Philotechnique, which dates from 1848, and the Union Française, which dates from 1875, had a similar origin. It would be absurd to look on these simple societies as the salvation of France; but they are useful as pointing out where the hope may lie. They point to a store of humanitarian enthusiasm, which has survived the most extreme scepticism in theology, and preserved the essence of Christian charity. A nation whose "better classes" are of this mind has a heart as well as a head. Even if at present it seem to wish for no religion at all, it has the stuff out of which religion is made; and a time may come when it will be more guided by visions of goodness than by phantoms of glory.
—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

THE CURIOSITIES OF CRITICISM.

WHAT critics have said about authors, and what authors have said about critics, is a topic that might be treated of with more learning than Mr. Jennings has displayed in a little work on the "Curiosities of Criticism" (Chatto & Windus). He has written chiefly about modern and English critics. He has not gone back to the fine old quarrels in which Callimachus, Theocritus, and Apollonius Rhodius were mixed up. At the Court of the Ptolemies, poets and their rivals behaved much as they did at the Court of Louis XIV. They made fun of each other's legs, and verses, and compared each other to the scavenger bird of Egypt. Envy was then believed by Callimachus, as by Balzac, and by authors at large, to be the motive power of criticism. The quarrel in Greece was so old as to have become proverbial, and when Plato quotes the lines about "poets hating poets, and potters potters," he was doubtless thinking of feuds between the poets who succeeded and were popular and the poets who failed and

said disagreeable things. The philosophers were no better. Several Platonic dialogues are really criticisms of the popular Sophists, by the Sophist whose unpopularity ultimately took the strong shape of a dose of hemlock. There are few better examples of the "candid friend" style of criticism than the passages in which Aristotle reviews the Platonic theory of ideas. Later criticism at Alexandria produced the exuberant spitefulness of Zoilus and the meddlesome activity of Zenodotus. Aristarchus became the patron of all sound criticism, and commentators preferred being wrong with him to being right with Aristophanes. French society, from the age of Boileau to that of Paul de St. Victor, would have provided Mr. Jennings with abundance of anecdotes. Molière and his critics alone would supply material for a very curious and amusing chapter; and the quarrels of classicists and romanticists, of Balzac and Sainte-Beuve, of the critics who write and run away, and of the critics who cross

swords, might have been made no less entertaining. The mere name of Pope suggests a whole literature, at which Mr. Jennings has glanced, of spiteful criticism. But he has preferred to deal, as a rule, with the feuds of our own century—with Keats and the *Quarterly*, Mr. Tennyson and the same censor, Mr. Gilbert and the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

In any active literary age it must needs be that offences come. In such ages criticism is a profession. Now all professions, from acting to medicine, have their jealousies; but it is not the business of other professions to be perpetually talking. This is the business of criticism, and so the troubled waters are constantly being stirred over again, and the mud is brought up to the top. Criticism is an art practised on the most sensitive of all human beings—poets, and men of letters. No other class is so ready or so able to cry out when it is hurt, and Mr. Jennings has made an amusing selection of the cries of injured vanity. Swift called "the true critic" "a dog at the feast." Ignorance, he said, is the father of criticism; noise, impudence, pedantry, ill-manners, are her offspring. Mr. Ruskin, that gentle critic who has scalped Guido, Salvator Rosa, Claude, and Mr. Whistler, is, in his milder moods, of the opinion that criticism is a piece of bad breeding. Goldsmith thought that "by one false pleasantry the future peace of a worthy man's life is disturbed." And this is the incessant charge against critics, that they poison the existence of authors, good and bad. The accusation seems to have very little sense in it. Authors are really engaged, voluntarily, in a kind of game. They throw down the challenge to the critic, they are miserable if he does not take it up, and they become half wild with rage if his verdict is not favorable. Experience, by this time, might teach even authors that critics have little power to make or mar.

Let a book be good or bad, if it has the element of popularity in it it will succeed, in spite of the righteous or unrighteous wrath of reviewers. And, if a book has not the salt of popularity in it, no amount of favorable or even of gushing notices will rescue it from neglect. Every great poet of the century—except, perhaps, Scott—was violently attacked in

his beginnings. It was partly pedantry, partly dulness, partly political spite, that caused the *Edinburgh Review* to speak of "Christabel" as "a miserable piece of coxcombry and shuffling;" while the thin and precious volume that contains "Kubla Khan" was "one of the most notable pieces of impertinence of which the press has lately been guilty."

With one exception, there is literally not one couplet in the publication before us which would be reckoned poetry, or even sense, were it found in the corner of a newspaper or upon the window of an inn." This blatant nonsense no more harmed Coleridge than Jeffrey's "This will never do" harmed Wordsworth. Though the world is weary of the story of Keats and the *Quarterly*, we are obliged to agree with Mr. Jennings that the Reviewer did harm the poet. The publishers of "Hyperion" (Taylor & Hessey, 1820) say "the poem was intended to be of equal length with "Endymion," but the reception given to that work discouraged the author from proceeding," and thus a narrow and prejudiced criticism caused a heavy loss to literature. And yet even now a fair judge will admit that the *Quarterly* Reviewer did hit a number of terrible blots in "Endymion." It would have been a misfortune if Keats's first work had been eagerly applauded, and if all contemporary versifiers had followed the worst examples of his bad early manner. There was a good deal of truth in the remark, "he wanders from one subject to another, from the associations, not of ideas, but of sounds, and the work is composed of hemistichs which, it is quite evident, have forced themselves upon the author by the mere force of the catchwords on which they turn." Chapman had set the example of the same false method in his translation of the *Odyssey*.

But if Keats's energy was relaxed by the abuse of critics, we scarcely can remember another example in which malicious or just criticism stood in the way of a good book, or prevented a bad one from attracting its congenial audience. Of the latter process a rare example is Macaulay's crushing exposure of Robert Montgomery. Of the former we see a kind of trace when Shelley complains, after an assault by the *Quarterly*, "my

faculties are shaken to atoms and torpid; I can write nothing." The real mischief which even sound criticism does is to check spontaneity. A writer may be warned of a fault and may accept the warning, but his natural power is abated for the moment; he thinks of his paces, and, if we may say so, is thrown out of his stride. But this sort of effect soon passes away, and the results of criticism may, in the long run, prove salutary. That righteous judgment does not interfere with a bad book's vogue we see every day in the illustrious example of certain novelists. To take an example of the other sort, a powerful critic long ago informed the author of "A Daughter of Heth" that, whatever he might succeed in, one field was closed against him—the field of fiction." But this prophecy has been eminently unfulfilled. Again, it often happens that a new book, novel or poem, is very much to the taste of the critics. The press is unanimous in its praise. The author's heart rejoices; he looks forward to many editions, and thinks that even on the system of "half-profits" there must be money for him. But the public has not agreed with the reviewers, and the publishers' books show a sale of some fifty copies, and an alarming deficit. Authors should reflect on these verities, and so learn to bear criticism without screaming aloud or writhing in silent anguish. And yet, though no one knows better than the critic the truths which we have advanced, it is probable that critics, next to really great poets, themselves suffer most keenly from unfavorable reviews. These are the amiable inconsistencies of human nature.

The ingratitude of poets has often left us mourning. Mr. Tennyson has altered or suppressed almost all the passages in his volume of 1833 which the critics pointed out to his notice. The "wealthy miller's mealy face" is no longer affectionately compared to "the moon in an ivy-tod," whatever an "ivy-tod" may be. His chestnut buds are no longer "gummy." "Then leaped a trout" has taken the place of "a water-rat from off the bank." The famous passage about

One drew a sharp knife through my tender
throat
Slowly,—and nothing more,

which provoked the flippant inquiry, "What more would she like?" has been modified. An ecstatic address to "Darling room, my heart's delight," is omitted altogether, and, in short, Mr. Tennyson has usually accepted the advice even of unfriendly critics. Yet he has never shown any fervent gratitude, and even wrote fifty years ago an angry little poem on "Fusty Christopher."

We, in our humble way, are suffering from a want of kindly recognition. Two years ago we reviewed Mr. John Payne's privately printed translation of Villon's poems. While we found much to admire, we had to say that the version of the famous "Ballad of Old Time Ladies" was perhaps the worst ballade ever written. We did not like the expression "the middle modern air" from which Thais is supposed to hide. It did not seem a natural expression in Villon's mouth. "Heloïsa the staid" seemed not to be well fitted with an epithet. We disliked "the queen whose orders were" to the effect that Buridan should be drowned. And we complained that "But what has become of last year's snow?" was a poor rendering of *Mais où sont les neiges d'autan?* Mr. Payne has just republished his Villon, in a form suited to a "squeamish" modern taste, which dislikes the free filth of the Parisian burglar, when rendered, in cold blood, into English. The new volume deserves, and, we hope, will obtain, popularity. But while Mr. Payne has altered all but one of the peculiarities which offended us in his ballade, he does not seem the more grateful. He accuses us of probably being familiar with only one text of Villon (M. Lacroix's, 1877), and of not having taken the trouble to make ourselves "adequately acquainted with the subject under review." This unkindness is just what critics must expect. But still Mr. Payne has tried to act on our ignorant advice. For "Hides from the middle modern air" he now reads "cousins german in beauty rare," which is much more accurate. For "where is Heloïsa the staid?" he writes, "where did the learned Heloïsa vade?" Vade is a charming word, though Webster says "it is obsolete or not used." Mr. Payne might have written "wade" or "fade," but "vade" is certainly more old fashioned. As for

"the queen whose orders were," she has become "the queen who willed whilere." And, instead of making "where" rhyme to "were," "wear," "where" (repeated), Mr. Payne now calls our Lady, "virgin debonair." Thus criticism has

had some effect on him (which is in itself a curiosity), but has not begotten a spirit of friendly gratitude. The critic must be satisfied, then, with doing good, careless of its recognition.—*Saturday Review*.

HOW SOME AUTHORS WORK.

INTELLIGENT people are generally curious about authors and authorship. They long to know how certain ideas originated in the minds of the writers. Was such and such a book composed under the influence of sudden inspiration, or was it the slow product of laborious thought? Was it written off at once without stop or stay, or was it corrected and revised with years of anxious care? There are indeed few things more interesting, though few more difficult, than to trace the growth of a book from its first conception till it develops into full life and vigor. For the growth is different in different minds, and authors are peculiarly chary of lifting the veil, and letting outsiders penetrate behind the scenes.

It is only comparatively recently that we knew to a certainty how the idea of "Adam Bede" began to arise in George Eliot's mind. The usual report was that the Quakeress, Dinah Morris, was literally "copied" from Elizabeth Evans, George Eliot's aunt, who had been a female preacher at Wirksworth in Derbyshire. But from George Eliot's own account, given in her letter to Miss Sarah Hennell, we find what the facts of the case really were. She only saw her aunt for a short time. Elizabeth Evans was then a "tiny little woman about sixty, with bright, small, dark eyes, and hair that had been black, but was now gray;" of a totally different physical type from Dinah. For a fortnight, Elizabeth Evans left her home and visited her niece in Warwickshire. One sunny afternoon, she happened casually to mention that in her youth she had, with another pious woman, visited an unhappy girl in prison, stayed with her all night, and gone with her to execution. "This incident," adds George Eliot, "lay on my mind for years, as a dead germ apparently, till

time had made a *nidus* in which it could fructify. It then turned out to be the germ of 'Adam Bede.'" We may take this very remarkable account as a fresh proof of the adaptive faculty of genius. A slight newspaper paragraph; a passing word in ordinary conversation; a sentence in a book; a trifling anecdote, may suggest ideas which will eventually blossom out into volumes of intense interest. That germ is, however, the root of the matter; it is the mainspring on which the whole depends.

Mr. James Payn, the novelist, tells us that when he was a very young man, and had very little experience, he was reading on a coach-box an account of some gigantic trees. One of them was described as sound outside; but within, for many feet, a mass of rottenness and decay. "If a boy should climb up, bird-nesting, into the fork of it, thought I, he might go down feet first, and never be heard of again." "Then," he adds, "it struck me what an appropriate end it would be for a bad character of a novel. Before I had left the coach-box, I had thought out 'Lost Sir Mas-singberd.' Such a process lasted for a shorter time with Mr. Payne than with the majority of novelists; with many, the little seed might have germinated for years before it brought forth fruit. Yet Mr. Payne is remarkable for the clearness and coherency of his plots; they always hang well together, and have a substantial backbone.

Other writers do not lay so great a stress on plots. Dickens's plots are rambling and discursive in the extreme. They resemble a high road that winds, now into a green lane, now up a steep hill, and now down to a broad valley, while we are quite unable to tell how we arrived there. His personages are his strong point; it was they who haunted his imagination day and night. He

wrote under strong pressure, and with an intense consciousness of the reality of his men and women. For the time being, he lost his own identity in that of the creations of his brain. The first ideas that came to him were at once eagerly seized and committed to paper, without any elaborate circumspection, though he was at infinite subsequent pains to revise and correct both ms. and proof. With regard to Kingsley, we learn from his "Life," that none of his prose fictions, except "Alton Locke," was ever copied, his usual habit being to dictate to his wife as he walked up and down his study. Hence, probably, the inequality of his writings. His habit was thoroughly to master his subject, whether book or sermon, generally out in the open air, in his garden on the moor, or by the side of a lonely trout stream, and never to put pen to paper till the ideas were clothed in words. And these, except in the case of poetry, he seldom altered.

Charles Lever was one of those authors who hated the drudgery of copying and revising. He says himself: "I wrote as I felt, sometimes in good spirits, sometimes in bad, always carelessly, for, God help me, I can do no better. When I sat down to write 'O'Malley,' I was as I have ever been, very low with fortune; and the success of a new venture was pretty much as eventful to me as the turn of a right color at *rouge-et-noir*. At the same time, I had then an amount of spring in my temperament and a power of enjoying life, which I can honestly say I never found surpassed. The world had for me all the interest of an admirable comedy." Lever had remarkably little of the professional author about him; and his biographer tells us that no panegyric about his last book would have given him as much satisfaction as an acknowledgment of his superiority at whist.

It constantly happens that authors themselves prefer those of their books which the public fail to appreciate. This was certainly the case with the late Lord Lytton. In one of his letters to Lady Blessington, he says: "I have always found one is never so successful as when one is least sanguine. I felt in the deepest despondency about 'Pompeii' and 'Eugene Aram,' and was certain, nay,

most presumptuous, about 'Devereux,' which is the least generally popular of my writings." In the same way George Eliot was far more anxious to be known as the author of 'The Spanish Gypsy,' than of "Adam Bede." It is quite natural that authors who make composition a study, should pride themselves on those books which have cost them most pains and trouble. But these books are not always their masterpieces. The comic actor who is full of the idea that his forte is tragedy, suddenly and unexpectedly finds himself hissed.

Hardly any form of composition seems as easy as a good comedy; yet those theatre-goers who smile at the sparkling dialogue of *The School for Scandal*, would hardly believe the amount of thought and labor it cost Sheridan. The characters were altered and recast again and again. Many of the speeches put into the mouths of Sir Peter and Lady Teazle are so shifted and remodelled from what they were in the first rough draft, that hardly a word stands in the same order as it originally did.

Of all literary workers, Balzac was certainly the most extraordinary in his *modus operandi*. At first, he would write his novel in a few pages—hardly more than the plot. These would be sent to the printer, who would return the few columns of print, pasted in the middle of half a dozen blank sheets in such a way that there was an immense margin left all round. On this margin, Balzac would begin to work, sketching the personages of the story, interpolating the dialogue, perhaps even completely altering the original design of the book. Horizontal, diagonal, and vertical lines would run everywhere; the paper would be scrawled over with asterisks, crosses, and every kind of mark. The dreams of the unlucky printers must surely have been haunted by those terrible sheets, besprinkled with all the signs of the zodiac, and interspersed with long feelers like the legs of spiders. To decipher such hieroglyphics must indeed have been no enviable task. Four or five times this process was repeated, until at last the few columns had swelled into a book; and the book, in its turn, never went through a fresh edition without being revised by its over-scrupulous crea-

tor, "who sacrificed a considerable portion of his profits by this eccentric plan of building up a book."

Harriet Martineau at first believed copying to be absolutely necessary. She had read Miss Edgeworth's account of her method of writing—submitting her rough sketch to her father, then copying and altering many times, till no one page of her "Leonora" stood at last as it did at first. But such a tedious process did not suit Miss Martineau's habits of thought, and her haste to appear in print. She found that there was no use copying if she did not alter, and that even if she did alter, she had to change back again; so she adopted Abbott's maxim, "To know first what you want to say, and then say it in the first words that come to you."

We have a very different style and a different result in Charlotte Brontë's toil in authorship. She was in the habit of writing her first drafts in a very small square book or folding of paper, from which she copied with extreme care. Samuel Rogers's advice was, "To write a very little and seldom—to put it by—and read it from time to time, and copy it pretty often, and show it to good

judges." Another contemporary author, Mary Russell Mitford, frankly confesses that she was always a most slow and laborious writer. "The Preface to the Tragedies was written three times over throughout, and many parts of it five or six. Almost every line of 'Atherton' has been written three times over, and it is certainly the most cheerful and sunshiny story that was ever composed in such a state of helpless feebleness and suffering."

Every author must choose the mode of composition which suits him or her best. With some, copying may be but a needless labor; but to beginners it is almost indispensable; and the work which is not subjected to such careful consideration and revision is not likely to serve more than a temporary purpose. From this may be excepted the work of daily journalists and others whose writings are demanded as fast as they can be penned; but on the part of those who would aspire to do work that seeks a permanent place in the world of literature, much care as well as never-ceasing diligence is required.—*Chambers's Journal*.

LITERARY NOTICES.

HOW I CROSSED AFRICA FROM THE ATLANTIC TO THE INDIAN OCEAN, THROUGH UNKNOWN COUNTRIES. By Major Serpa Pinto. Translated from the Author's MSS. by Alfred Elwes. In two volumes. With maps and Illustrations. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

It is no fanciful paradox to say of Major Serpa Pinto that, with scarcely any of the qualities that are supposed to be indispensable to an explorer, he has achieved one of the most remarkable feats of exploration on record, and that with absolutely no literary skill he has produced one of the most readable books of African travel and adventure ever written. A Portuguese cavalry officer, without experience of the hardships that are necessarily encountered in the wilderness, feeble in health, ignorant of every non-European language, unacquainted to a great extent with the experience of previous explorers, impulsive in disposition and of a violent temper, meagrely equipped with supplies, and yet so dainty in his habits that his daily morning toilet, even when on the march, involved the use of an

india-rubber bath, fine linen towels, brushes, sponges, and the finest Godfrey soaps and perfumery, it would hardly have been supposed that he had within him the qualities requisite to a feat which places him in the same rank with Livingstone, Cameron, and Stanley; yet in his case, as in so many others, a resolute will and an unconquerable persistency overcame all obstacles—the obstacles which arose from his own personal deficiencies, as well as those which nature and "niggers" (as he always calls them) placed in his path. Of his narrative, which he has constructed with little expenditure of effort from his note-books and diaries, the main element of interest is autobiographical. There is plenty of adventure in it, of stirring incidents, strange scenes, and vigorous description; but throughout the book the most interesting particulars are the piquant and often unconscious touches by which the author depicts himself. The very personification of frankness, the Major keeps back nothing. Whether he is elated or despondent, whether he is thinking of home or laboring day after day in the almost hopeless attempt to

secure carriers, whether he is throttling a scoundrel and threatening to plunge his knife into him for smuggling slaves into the camp or subsequently repenting of his violence, whether he is racked with fever and rheumatism or "boycotted" in the Baroze country, whether he is repelled by the brutal sensuality of the natives or his own austere resolutions are almost overcome by the seductive wiles of a young African princess, whether he is discouraged at the faithlessness of his followers or sunk in despondent reflections upon his own errors of temper and judgment—whatever, in fact, may be uppermost in his mind at the moment, down it goes in his note-book, and the publicity of print has not terrified him into omitting or even modifying it. There is probably no other book in existence by means of which one can get so close to the actual thoughts, feelings, and sensations—the subjective experiences, so to call them—of the African explorer.

The actual contribution made by Major Pinto to our knowledge of the geography of Africa may be summed up very briefly. Starting from Benguela, on the west coast, he followed the usual and well-known caravan route to Bihé (the principal mistake made by the author is in assigning so much space to this portion of his journey); thence he went eastward and south-eastward to the Zambesi River, which he struck almost in the centre of the continent, a little below S. lat. 15°; descended the Zambesi to the confluence of the Cuando or Linianti River; and then marched almost due south to the Transvaal and Natal. The great western affluents of the Zambesi are his principal geographical discovery; though the very careful observations which he took with exceptionally good instruments throughout his journey will aid materially in determining the configuration of the entire interior of the continent. To ethnology his contributions are highly interesting and suggestive, though somewhat lacking, perhaps, in scientific precision.

In one respect the Major was remarkably fortunate; he succeeded in preserving and bringing home with him every item of his records and observations of every kind. As a result of this his volumes are abundantly supplied with local and general maps, charts, itineraries, etc., and the illustrations are among the most copious and useful we have had.

FIRST AND SECOND GERMAN BOOKS. By James H. Worman, A.M., Professor of Modern Languages in the Adelphi Academy, Brooklyn. New York: *A. S. Barnes & Co.*

Professor Worman is one of the few teachers of the languages who has a method of his own, and who has fully demonstrated the practical success of his innovations before com-

mending them to the public and the general fraternity of teachers. The method, as set forth in the two little books which form the subject of this notice, is essentially that of Pestalozzi, so long successfully applied in the schools of Germany; but to the main features of the original method the author has added several new features which represent his own improvements. The fundamental purpose is to teach the pupil to speak German at the same time that he is learning to read it, and the memorizing of dry grammatical details is completely subordinated to this idea. The text-book is entirely in German, and the pupil is not allowed to use a word of English in the class-room. Constant use is made of pictorial illustrations, with which the text-books are copiously supplied; the picture of some familiar object being taken as the subject of an easy conversation, such as might naturally occur in every-day life. Thus by concrete illustration the accurate use of every new word is learned, while the acquirement of the vocabulary is greatly facilitated by the natural operation of the well-known psychological law of the association of ideas. The grammatical structure of the language, though subordinated from the outset, is by no means neglected, as in many so-called natural methods now in use, which result at best in merely a superficial knowledge. Rules are given only after numerous examples have led up to and explained their use, and explanations of new constructions are introduced in the text and foot-notes as the need arises; so that the essentials of grammar are fully and systematically presented in the first book, on the completion of which the pupil is prepared to cope with the more complicated principles of the language which are unfolded in the same easy and progressive manner in the second book.

One who has seen the working of this system of instruction as conducted by Professor Worman in his own class-room may well doubt whether another could ever accomplish anything like the same results, yet if the contents of these introductory books be thoroughly mastered by any competent teacher of modern languages it cannot fail to lead to a decided improvement over the ordinary methods. The simple fact that in the same space of time the pupil is taught both to speak and to read the language is a sufficient vindication of Professor Worman's method, this result being seldom achieved by the usual modes of instruction.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By Hippolyte Adolphe Taine, D.C.L. Translated by John Durand. Vol. II. New York: *Henry Holt & Co.*

The great work on "The Origins of Contemporary France," which M. Taine began

with his volume on "The Ancient Régime," has already exceeded the limits which he first marked out for it. According to his programme the second part of the series, comprising the history of the French Revolution, was to consist of two volumes; but the two volumes have now appeared, and a third will be required to record in sufficient detail the history of the Revolutionary government.

The present volume is entitled "The Jacobin Conquest," and tells by what gradual and insidious steps the Jacobins, "born out of social decomposition like mushrooms out of compost," seized upon the government which had already been overthrown and disintegrated by the enactments of the Constituent Assembly. The period covered by it is but little more than two years, extending from about May, 1791, to June, 1793; but these years are among the most important in the history of France, as in them the Jacobins rose from a club of insignificant agitators to be the acknowledged masters of the nation. The process by which this stupendous result was achieved—the process by which a miserable minority of the French people succeeded in fastening its yoke upon a great majority in whose eyes they were odious—is what M. Taine has set himself to depict; and it must be acknowledged that the theme is one which furnishes ample opportunity for his marvellous powers of analysis and description. Few things that he has written can compare in intensity and vigor with his analysis of the formation and psychology of the Jacobin; and in none of the previous volumes of the series are his patient accumulation of facts and his graphic lucidity of style shown to better advantage. The defect of the book as a work of art is that it is too exacting in its demands upon the attention, and too sparing of comment, illustration, or description; but, as M. Taine says in his preface, his object is not to draw a moral or exemplify a principle, but simply to portray a period and a people.

SYNNØVE SOLBAKKEN. By Bjornstjerne Björnson. Translated from the Norse by Professor Rasmus B. Anderson. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

This is the initial volume of a series which is designed, we believe, to include translations of all the more important of Björnson's writings. To Americans Björnson has been known hitherto only as a novelist, but in his own country he has attained at least equal fame as a dramatist, poet, journalist, and lecturer. In an interesting biographical sketch prefixed to the present volume, a list is given of his various works in these several departments; and of the poems and dramas, at least, we may expect translations, as well as of the novels.

"Synnøve Solbakken" is the author's earliest story, and though it exhibits some of the crudities of a first work, it possesses much of the idyllic and romantic charm of "Arne" and "The Fisher Maiden," and is quite evidently the product of the same genius. No novel, probably, was ever constructed out of simpler materials. There is scarcely any character-drawing, or incident, or narrative, or action, and the social life depicted is almost Arcadian in its simplicity; yet we are interested by the story in a way that eludes definition, and the whole picture which it brings before the mind is bathed in an atmosphere of poetry and romance. Professor Anderson's translation is to be commended for its facility and ease, but Mr. Forestier's renderings of the occasional lyrics are far from happy.

AMENITIES OF HOME. No. V. of Appletons' Home Books. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Books of this kind, telling people how they ought to behave to one another, are usually insufferable for one of two reasons: either they offend the *amour propre* of the reader by the implication of ignorance or boorishness on his part which is involved in specific details and direct injunctions, or they soar off into those glittering generalities which furnish no help in the way of suggestion or stimulus, even when they avoid the facile glibness of platitude. To steer clear of both of these sources of danger implies a good deal of discretion and skill; and it is no slight tribute to the anonymous author of the "Amenities of Home," to say that in reading it one forgets even that such difficulties or dangers exist. It consists wholly of just such advice and suggestions as a kindly, cultured, and gracious mother might give to her sons and daughters—precise enough to touch the personal deficiency if it exist, yet so genial in tone, so persuasive in manner, and so replete with the *savoir faire* which comes from knowledge of the world, that the most sensitive or conscience-stricken could find no legitimate cause of offence. The worst surface fault of the American people—the neglect of those little amenities which lubricate the wheels of society and lessen the friction of domestic life—is pointed out and exemplified in a manner to compel attention; yet the book is wholly free from either satire or denunciation, and is quite charming to read.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

THE Institut de France has awarded the Prix Volney (for comparative grammar) to M. James Darmesteter, for his historical grammar of the Persian language.

PROF. HELMHOLTZ has collected his scattered scientific memoirs, which will be published in the autumn. Prof. Kirchhoff also intends to publish a volume of his scientific memoirs.

A FOUR-VOLUME edition of Rousseau's Confessions, preceded by an essay from the pen of Prof. Marc-Monnier, and illustrated by etchings by Hédouin, has been published by the Librairie des Bibliophiles.

It is stated that the memoirs of Barras, which were the property of the late M. Hortensius de Saint-Albin, and which passed from his hands into the possession of his sister, Mme. Jubinal, will shortly be published in eight volumes. They may be expected to throw considerable light on the history of the Terror and the Directory.

THE Marquis of Tseng has lately thrown out a hint to his diplomatic colleagues which, if acted upon, will add a new feature to despatch-writing. In reply to the Imperial missive ordering him to proceed to St. Petersburg in connection with the Kuldja affair, he telegraphed to Peking his acknowledgment in a couplet which, being translated, ran thus:

"My knowledge is scant, and my powers are frail.
At the voice of the thunder I tremble and quail."

DURING the last three months, three members of the Académie Française have died—MM. Duvergier de Hauranne, Littré, and Dufaure. The duty of receiving the successors of all these three would regularly fall upon M. Renan, who has filled the post of *directeur* during the past quarter. But it is said that, while he expressly reserves to himself the duty of welcoming the successor of Littré, in at least one of the other cases M. Maxime Ducamp will take his place.

"VISITORS FROM THE OTHER WORLD" is the title of a new work which Mr. Stuart Cumberland, who has done much to expose the chicaneries of spiritualism, has in the press. The book is intended to give a practical explanation of the means employed by the best-known mediums in producing those manifestations called spiritual, which have deluded many intelligent minds. On the other hand, a spiritualist is going to bring out a book called "The Occult World," based on his experiences in the East.

A RECENT number of the *Archiv für Post und Telegraphie* contained some interesting information concerning the circulation of newspapers and periodicals in Germany. The total number of papers to be obtained through the Post Office (the regular mode of distribution in Germany) is 7596, in thirty-one different languages. Of these, 5047 are German, 568

French, 469 English, 209 Austrian, and 128 American. Of the German papers, again, 388 are printed at Berlin, 230 at Leipzig, 76 at Munich, 75 at Dresden, and 70 at Stuttgart. The oldest paper in Germany is the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, which dates from 1615; the *Leipziger Zeitung* first appeared in 1660.

THE Bookseller gives an extract from a pamphlet published in 1774 which offers some particulars as to the rate at which books were then bought by the British public. From this it appears that an edition of Addison, in four volumes, took thirty-three years to sell; and Shaftesbury's "Characteristics" were in print for thirty years. It is gratifying to find that Bentley's wrong-headed edition of Milton remained on hand for forty-three years. Pope's edition of Shakespeare was not exhausted in less than forty-eight years. Even the popular novel of the then popular novelist, the "Sir Charles Grandison" of Richardson, took twenty years to sell. It would, of course, be more instructive in reading such a list if it were stated of what these editions numerically consisted.

THE month of December has been fixed for the sale of the celebrated Sunderland Library, which consists of the collection formed by Charles third Earl of Sunderland, in the early part of the eighteenth century. The total number of volumes is about 30,000, most of them being in fine old morocco bindings, and many printed on vellum. Among the chief rarities are first and early editions of the Greek and Latin classics and of the great Italian and French authors; a superb collection of early printed Bibles in various languages, including a copy on vellum of the first Latin Bible with a date; many extremely scarce works relating to America; a series of Spanish and Portuguese chronicles; a series of English and French works relating to the political and religious events of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; etc., etc.

A SOCIETY has recently been formed at Rangoon, by a number of wealthy and influential natives, which has for its principal objects the establishment of a large library and the printing of the whole of the literature of Burma. For this purpose a capital of 600,000 rupees is to be raised in 100,000 shares. The greater number of these have already been subscribed. A committee is to decide on the choice of the books to be issued, and to superintend the editing and printing of them. The "Pitakattaya" will, as a matter of course, take the lead. This religious and literary movement is not confined to Lower Burma, and, calculated as it is to create and spread an interest in the literature of the country, will

not fail, if properly carried out, to enlist the sympathies, and possibly call forth the support and co-operation of Pali and Burmese scholars in Europe.

M. PROCHASKA, of Vienna, is publishing a series of ethnographical and culture-historical sketches of the populations of Austria-Hungary. The work is to be completed in twelve volumes. The first four will treat of the Germans—(1) in the Austrian arch-duchies of Salzburg and Inner Austria; (2) in the lands of the Bohemian Crown; (3) in Hungary and Transylvania; (4) in the Tyrol. Vol. 5 will deal with the Hungarians; 6, the Roumans; 7, the "Semites"; and 12, the Gypsies. The remaining four volumes are assigned to the different Slavonic nationalities in the monarchy. Vol. 5, from the pen of the well-known Hungarian philologist, M. Paul Hunfalvy, is before us; and vol. 6 is to appear at once. The other volumes are to be published as each is finished, without regard to the order in which they appear in the above list. Each volume is an independent work, and each author is responsible for his own volume. The Gypsies are the only nationality that do not furnish a description by one of themselves. Vol. 12 as well as vol. 3, is intrusted to Dr. Schwicker, favorably known for his historical works on South Hungary.

SCIENCE AND ART.

FLEUSS' DIVING SYSTEM.—Mr. Fleuss, whose diving system has already been fully explained in these columns, has recently had the opportunity of demonstrating before the Admiralty authorities at Portsmouth the advantages of his invention both for submarine work, and for use in exploring places full of smoke or noxious gases. For half an hour, Mr. Fleuss remained in a chamber specially charged with the densest and most suffocating smoke it was possible to produce. At the end of that time, he was requested to come out, for it was considered that the test had been sufficient for all practical purposes. The experiment has, of course, special bearing upon the extinction of hidden fires on shipboard; and it is probable that its success may lead to the adoption of the Fleuss apparatus as part of the equipment of every vessel in commission. The same inventor is projecting the construction of a submarine boat, which will afford no mark for the fire of an enemy, and which will be able to carry on subaqueous torpedo warfare of a most terrible description. Mr. Fleuss, by his diving apparatus and his smoke-breathing contrivance, has done what he can to save men's lives. He now proposes with his submarine boat to destroy them wholesale.

It is difficult to say that we wish such an awful weapon success; but we may express a hope that, in the future, the general acceptance of the principles of arbitration, necessitated by such an invention, will prove it in reality a boon to mankind.—*Chambers's Journal*.

A SIMPLE SELENIUM CELL FOR THE PHOTOPHONE.—Mr. Andrew Jamieson, Principal of the Glasgow Mechanics' Institution, who has been experimenting with selenium in relation to its connection with the photophone, has recently brought a paper embodying his observations before the society which he represents. The form of selenium cell adopted by Professor Bell is of rather a complex nature, and certainly difficult for any one but a philosophical instrument-maker to construct. Mr. Jamieson points out how a most effective cell can be made by simple means; and the following is his manner of going to work. A glass plate or tube one and a half inches wide, and four inches long, is tightly wound at its centre part with two separate silk or cotton covered wires. The outer envelope of these wires is afterward removed by the application of a red-hot iron, so as to expose the metal. There is thus left a series of bare copper filaments, insulated from one another by the double thickness of cotton or silk still remaining between them. The cell so formed is now heated, and a selenium bar applied, which soon melts over the metallic surface. Mr. Jamieson has conferred a boon upon experimenters by showing them a very simple way of constructing a novel instrument.

EXPLORATIONS IN THE GABOON.—Hugo von Koppenfels describes in a letter to Mr. H. Ward the result of his very recent explorations in the Gaboon. On the Eliva Comi (an inland lake) he had met with the gorilla and shot a fine male specimen. He declares he has fully satisfied himself of the existence of hybrid forms between the male gorilla and female chimpanzee, and he would thus account for the many so-called species, many of which get local names from the natives. He found the Oschebas, visited by Du Chaillu, a harmless, though somewhat suspicious people. In the country about the Gaboon the mammalian fauna is poor; there are none of the large antelopes, giraffes, gnus, zebras, quaggas, rhinoceroses, gazelles, lions, etc., which abound in the interior, but the leopard is common, and the fine black variety, though rare, is now and then seen. Great wild hogs abound; otters and porcupines are common. Besides the man-like apes, the blue-faced mandril and the long-tailed dog-faced baboon are to be found. In the rivers and lakes there are hippopotami, which sometimes, but rarely, go down to the

ocean. The manatee, being much hunted for its delicious flesh by the natives, is continually decreasing in numbers, and will, in all probability, soon be quite extirpated. Of reptiles, there are two crocodiles, a leather-backed turtle, many serpents, among these the python, of which one was shot just 18 feet in length.

THE RAIN-TREE.—Some travellers in South America, in traversing an arid and desolate tract of country, were struck (says *Land and Water*) with a strange contrast. On one side there was a barren desert, on the other a rich and luxuriant vegetation. The French consul at Loreto, Mexico, says that this remarkable contrast is due to the presence of the *Tamai caspi*, or the rain-tree. This tree grows to the height of sixty feet, with a diameter of three feet at its base, and possesses the power of strongly attracting, absorbing, and condensing the humidity of the atmosphere. Water is always to be seen dripping from its trunk in such quantity as to convert the surrounding soil into a veritable marsh. It is in summer especially, when the rivers are nearly dried up, that the tree is most active. If this admirable quality of the rain-tree were utilized in the arid regions near the equator, the people there, living in misery on account of the unproductive soil, would derive great advantages from its introduction, as well as the people of more favored countries where the climate is dry and droughts frequent.

GROWTH AND WEIGHT OF CHILDREN.—Some interesting studies with reference to the health and growth of children have been made by Dr. Boulton, of the Samaritan Hospital, London; and, instead of taking the average of a large number of children measured once, he adopted the plan of measuring a number of children of normal growth, brought up under average circumstances, many times, thus ascertaining their rate of increase. By this means, the annual rate of growth was found to vary between two and three inches for each child per year. Dr. Boulton believes that when a child varies more than a quarter of an inch annually, or when his weight does not correspond with his weight within a margin of safety—put at seven pounds—then it is safe to conclude the child's diet is not good, or possibly some disease is lurking in his system. The curious fact appears that loss of weight always precedes the development of consumption.

STEEL ARMOR FOR SHIPS OF WAR.—Important progress has lately been made in the matter of armor for ships of war. The iron plates used for this purpose have hitherto been of such enormous thickness, in order to withstand the impact of shot of high velocity and immense weight, that ships had to be con-

structed of an unwieldy size, in order to bear the weight put upon them. Some experiments carried out with steel-faced armor-plates justify the hope that the old plating of iron will now become a thing of the past, and will be replaced by the newer and far tougher material. Hitherto, the armor has invariably cracked and split in all directions under the impact of the projectile, even if it succeeded in stopping its progress. The new plates not only shatter the projectile itself, but exhibit no wound beyond the dent caused by the collision. The steel-faced plates are made by a process not yet divulged, by Messrs. Cammell & Co. of Sheffield. The experiments on behalf of our own government have been followed by similar trials in France, with the result that the French ships of war now in process of completion will be protected by the new armor. The long-continued battle between big guns and armor-plates may therefore, for the present at any rate, be considered over, the victory being in favor of the latter.—*Chambers's Journal*.

INTERSTITIAL AIR IN PLASTIC SOLIDS.—It is known that gutta-percha in water of 60° to 70° C. becomes plastic; but, according to Professor Kick, of Prague, this soft gutta-percha is elastic to shocks, strokes of a hammer, or the like; while, under constant pressure, it will take the finest impression. This property, shared with other plastic masses, is due, he says, to *inclosed air*. Make two equally heavy balls of plastic gutta-percha, by simply working in the hand in water at 70°, and place one of them on pasteboard, under the receiver of an air-pump. While both balls, by reason of their weight, take a bun shape, that under the receiver swells up as the air is exhausted (sometimes to double the original volume), and gets wrinkled. If allowed to harden, then broken, the cross-section resembles bread in texture, while the fracture of the other piece presents only minute cavities. Very dense gutta-percha does not swell under the air-pump; but if brought into mineral oil and evacuated, it gives off air abundantly a long time, and after air is admitted into the receiver the gutta-percha will be found to have lost the property of hardening. A considerable development of air was also had from modelling clay, putty, and kneaded bread under oil in vacuum.

CAUSES OF SHORTSIGHTEDNESS.—From the inquiries conducted by Professor Hermann Cohn, of Breslau, for some sixteen years past, he ventures the assertion that shortsightedness is rarely or never born with those subject to it and almost always is the result of strains sustained by the eye during study in early youth. Myopia, as this ailment is called, is said to be of rare occurrence among pupils of rural or village schools, its frequency increasing in pro-

portion to the demand made upon the eye, as in higher schools and colleges. A better construction of school-desks, an improved typography of text-books, and a sufficient lighting of class-rooms are among the remedies proposed for abating this malady.

NEW PRODUCT OF THE GAS RETORT.—The ever-increasing importance of the by products of the gas retort—from ammonia to the beautiful aniline dyes—forms a remarkable instance of the value of applied chemistry. A new discovery in connection with these has recently been made by a Mr. Sanders of St. Petersburg. By a mixture of coal-tar, hemp-oil, linseed-oil, spermaceti, sulphur, and some other ingredients, he has been able to produce a material having all the properties of india-rubber without its disadvantages. It will bear extremes of heat and cold without injury, is very elastic and tenacious, and unaltered by long exposure to climatic influences. This last property would point to its application as an insulator for telegraphic purposes; and we shall doubtless soon hear of some trials of its capability for this work.

A GIGANTIC MAGNET.—An electro-magnet of enormous dimensions has lately been made by Herren von Feilitzsch and Holtz for the University of Greifswald. The case is formed of twenty-eight iron plates bent into horseshoe shape, and connected by iron rings so as to form a cylinder 195 mm. in diameter. The height is 125 ctm.; the total weight 628 kilogr. The magnetizing helix consists of insulated copper plates and wires having a total weight of 275 kilogr. With fifty small Grove elements the magnet will fuse in two minutes 40 grammes of Wood's metal in the Foucault experiment. The plane of polarization is rotated in flint glass after a single passage, etc. The core of the largest magnet hitherto known, that of Plücker, weighed 84 kilogr. and the wire 35 kilogr.

A NOVEL TAPER.—M. Friedel has introduced a new liquid hydrocarbon, which, according to recent experiments, seems to be possessed of extraordinary qualities. It boils at one hundred degrees Fahrenheit, gives a brilliant white light, unaccompanied by heat; and the slightest puff of wind will extinguish it in case of accidental ignition. The corner of a pocket-handkerchief, or even the finger, can be dipped into it, lighted, and used as a temporary torch without any injury to the novel wick. Owing to the cold produced by the rapid evaporation of the liquid, it would thus seem possible, by means of this new agent, to make one finger serve as a taper while stealing a letter with the others.

MISCELLANY.

HOW RUSSIA IS GOVERNED.—In directing the affairs of this vast Empire the Czar is assisted by our great councils, who superintend the various departments, but whose power emanates solely from the head of the State, and can be exercised solely through him. The Government of Poland is now merged in that of Russia, but Finland enjoys a separate and more liberal organization, under a Governor and a Senate partly nominated and partly elected by the people at large. Since the days of Nicholas, when everything in the shape of reform stagnated, the Empire has greatly advanced. Law-courts have been established in all parts of the Empire, and if the officials are notoriously corrupt and lax, this is mainly owing to the people themselves being wanting in foresight, firmness, energy, or that appreciation of the gifts vouchsafed them, which would speedily force the inefficient officials into a better train of work. Altogether, European Russia is divided into sixty governments or vice-royalties, each of which is a kind of autonomy administered by an elaborate machinery of self-government, and enjoying, in the case of the nobles and the peasants, an amount of freedom and independence strangely in contrast with the autocratic system under which the Empire at large is ruled.—*Countries of the World.*

HOW WE POISON OURSELVES.—Bernard, the great French toxicologist, made a series of experiments to illustrate, or rather to demonstrate, what bad air will do for us and what we can do with it. His object was not to prove that bad air was poison, but that it was a poison which we are able to take to a great and deleterious extent by gradual and continued doses. He proved it thus: He introduced a sparrow into a glass globe, all the apertures of which were hermetically sealed. The sparrow seemed lively enough for an hour, but then evidently suffered from the ill effects of breathing air that had already passed through its lungs. When a second hour had elapsed Bernard introduced a second sparrow into the same globe. It seemed stunned, and in the lapse of a few minutes died. The original bird was left in for an hour longer, when it dropped and fell. It was taken out apparently dead, but under the influence of fresh air and sunshine recovered. M. Bernard, in the interests rather of science than of the sparrow, cruelly restored it to the globe, when almost instantly it tottered and died. The application of this to the human subject is obvious enough. We are, at most English meetings and places of amusement, in the position of that first sparrow. We start with a fair field, and no favor. The gas is only lit just before the public are admitted; in

the dining-room the windows have been open till the guests arrive. In both something like hermetical sealing takes place, and there is gradual asphyxiation. If it were sudden, people would die, as the second sparrow died ; but being gradual, they get indurated like the first sparrow. They pant and gasp, and say the heat is intolerable, but they are able to stand it. It is not till the next morning that the headache asserts itself.—*Fireside.*

OVERWORK AND NERVOUS EXHAUSTION.—There is no disease so insidious, nor when fully developed so difficult to cure, as that species of nervous degeneration or exhaustion produced by nightwork or long hours. It is easy to understand how such a state of prostration may be induced. The brain and the nervous system have been very aptly compared to a galvanic battery in constant use to provide a supply of electric fluid for consumption within a given time. "As long," says a recent writer, "as supply and demand are fairly balanced, the functions which owe their regular and correct working to the fluid are carried on with precision ; but when, by fitful and excessive demands carried far beyond the means of supply, the balance is not only lost, but the machine itself is overstrained and injured—disorder at first and disease afterward are the result. This illustrates pretty clearly the condition of a well-balanced brain and nervous system, supplying without an effort all the nervous force required in the operations of the mind and body, so long as its work is in proportion to its powers, but if embarrassed by excessive demands feebly and fitfully endeavoring to carry on these mental and physical operations over which it formerly presided without an effort." The symptoms of nervous prostration are exceedingly painful ; we can afford to pity even the man of pleasure, who has by his own foolish conduct induced them, but much more so the brain-worker, who has been burning the midnight oil in the honest endeavor to support himself, and probably a wife and family, with respectability in life. He has made a mistake for which we can readily forgive him. In the pleasurable excitement of honest toil he has forgotten that the supply of work cannot be regulated by the demand or need for it, but by the power to produce it. He has been living on his capital as well as the interest thereof, and when he finds the former failing—when he finds he has no longer the strength to work as he used to do, and starvation itself probably staring him in the face if he ceases to toil, why the very thought of coming collapse tends only to hasten the catastrophe, and reason itself may totter and fall before the continued mental strain.

Probably the first sign of failing nervous energy is given by some of the large organs of the body ; it may be functional derangement of the heart, with fluttering or palpitation, or intermittent pulse, and shortness of breath in ascending stairs or walking quickly. The stomach may give timely warning, and a distaste for food, or loss of appetite, with acidity, flatulence, and irregularity of the bowels, may point to loss of vitality from waste unrepaired. Or brain symptoms may point out to the patient that things are going wrong. He may not find himself able to work with his usual life and activity ; he may have fits of drowsiness, or transient attacks of giddiness, or pain, or heaviness, or loss of sleep itself. This latter would be a very serious symptom indeed, for in sleep not only are the muscular and nervous tissues restored and strengthened, but there is for the time being a cessation of waste itself ; and if sleep be essential to the ordinary healthy man, it is much more so to him whose mental faculties have been overtasked. Long hours and night-work lead to loss of sleep, and loss of sleep may lead to insanity and death. Loss of memory, whether transient or general, is a sure sign that the brain has lost its power of healthy action, and needs rest and nutrition to restore it. Irritability of temper, and fits of melancholy, both point in the same direction, to an exhausted nervous system. Now I may safely say that there are very many thousands of brain-workers in these islands who are suffering, sadly and it may be silently suffering, from the effects of excessive toil and over mental strain. To warn such that they are positively shortening their lives, and that they cannot have even the faintest hopes of reaching anything like an old age, is only to perform part of my duty as medical adviser. I should try to point out some remedy for the evil. To bid them cease to work would, in a great many cases, be equivalent to telling them to cease to live. They must work, or they cannot eat. Well, but there is one thing that all can do, they can review, remodel, and regulate their mode and system of living.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

DESOLATION.

In fiercest heat of Indian June, I rode
Across an arid waste of burning sand,
At mid-day ; all around the lonely land
Seemed desert, and in shrunken channel flowed
The river ; overhead, a sky that glowed,
Not deeply blue, but wan with lurid glare.
The tyrant Sun, with fixed, unwinking stare,
Veiled by no cloudlet, in mid-heaven abode,
And crushed all Nature with his blinding ray ;
No living thing was to be seen, but one
Huge alligator ; on a sandbank prone
The loathly saurian, basking and serene,
Grim master of that grim, unlovely scene,
Fit type of utter desolation, lay. H. C. I.

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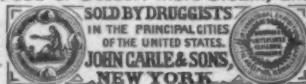


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